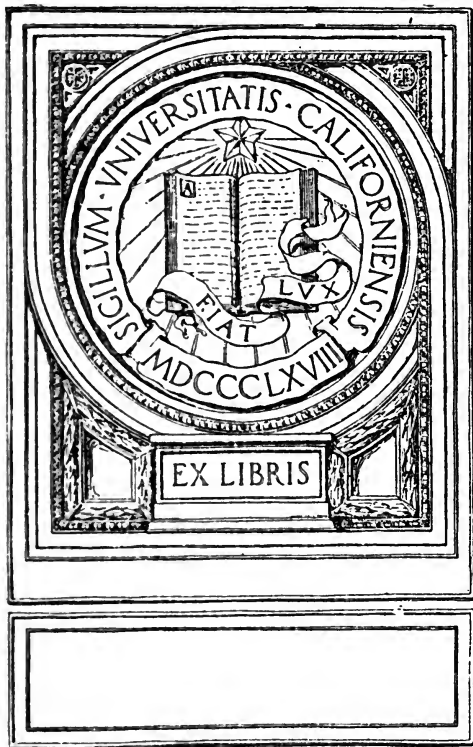


*Rev. H. A. Simcoe
Penheale*

GIFT OF
HORACE W. CARPENTIER



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Rev. H. J. Sherring

THE
INDIAN CHURCH

During

DURING

THE GREAT REBELLION:

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF

THE DISASTERS THAT BEFELL IT; ITS SUFFERINGS;
AND FAITHFULNESS UNTO DEATH OF MANY OF
ITS EUROPEAN AND NATIVE MEMBERS.

Don't say
Sherring

BY THE

REV. M. A. SHERRING, A.M., LL.B.,

FORMERLY MISSIONARY IN BENARES, AND NOW MISSIONARY IN MIRZAPORE.

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LIX.

18478
E 5

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
SOCIETY OF
ARTS AND
MANUFACTURES
Edinburgh

PREFACE.

THE Indian Church has passed through a fiery trial. When cast into the crucible, and the fierce flames and glowing heat had gathered round it, no little anxiety must have been felt by its fathers and fostering friends as to whether it would be entirely consumed and perish, or, dissolved though not destroyed, would issue a purer and brighter thing, more precious and more useful, because tried and not found wanting. We can easily conceive the feelings of the man who has purchased much of the precious ores, estimating their value, as then only he could, by their appearance, or perhaps their specific gravity, proceeding to the refiner to witness the result of the trial by fire: how wretched his feelings should his imagined gold prove only dross, or even if there be a little of the valuable metal intermingled that coated and partly penetrated the mass, yet utterly insufficient to meet the original outlay. Such, to some extent, must have been the anxiety of

all connected with the Indian Church, when they saw the flames kindle upon it, to test its intrinsic and hidden worth. But the result has been pre-eminently cheering and satisfactory. The prognostications of some who stand high as authorities on Indian matters in general, and who had supposed that the results of modern missions in Hindustan were of that superficial or hollow and flimsy character, that, as hay and stubble, the fire of persecution would at once consume them, and not a dozen sincere converts would be left remaining, have been utterly falsified. These pages shew that not only Hindustanee Christians, but even Bengalee native Christians—a people of an origin the most unwarlike and the least likely to possess any large share of physical courage—have been put to the test of martyrdom itself, and yet have stood firm, and not denied their Lord. Such a result is honouring to themselves, honouring to their pastors and teachers, and must be full of consolation and encouragement to the societies that support both, and ought to induce the entire Christian community to thank God, who has so blessed the preaching of His gospel in India, that strongholds have been pulled down by it, and the kingdom of Christ firmly erected on the site of the ruins.

The fiery trial has now, we hope, terminated, and our aim should be to use the advantages that have resulted

for the more effectual extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Our missionaries in India stand forth before the world, attested of God himself as faithful and efficient labourers in His service. Their converts, in the general, are men tried, and proved, and found faithful. What was in one view a common loss, has been a common gain: both have been humbled that they might be exalted; they have been impoverished for a moment that they might be filled with all riches of moral and Divine influence. The unbelieving heathen or the ill-taught European Christian will no longer be able to taunt them with having changed their religion for a piece of bread. All will acknowledge them as, at least, sincere; and with such convictions in their hearers, their teachings must be accompanied with a twofold power.

Previous to the outbreak of this rebellion, if there was one thing more desiderated than another, it was the existence of more thorough manliness, firmer and grander purposes, and more vigorous performances, on the part of our native agents. Most were thought to be still in a state of pupilage—there was a sad clinging to leading-strings, and a woeful hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. They were, in some respects, as Israel when he left the house of bondage, poor soldiers and uneasy subjects; but the lightning of

God has flashed around and over them—the thunders of His power have been heard by them—the depths have acknowledged His voice—and the very foundations of society have been laid bare before them ; and, in the midst of the awful turmoil and the commingling of earth and sky, the still small voice of His Spirit has been uttered to comfort and assure their hearts. Verily, it is worth while the passing through such a sea of troubles, and encountering the horrors of such an earthquake and tempest, for the sake of the moral influence which such experience, when sanctified, must insure. Our brethren in India were men of knowledge and faith before ; they are, in a new sense, men of experience now.

India has been given to Britain that it may be won to the Redeemer, and it ought to gladden our hearts to learn that the force in the field that represents us and acts for us in this enterprise, has not only stood firm in the hour of danger, but has derived from the trials and sufferings through which it has passed, new efficiency for future services.

The writer of this Preface was solicited to pen a series of letters on the subject treated of in this volume. It appeared to him that the work could be better done in India, and he requested the author of the present work, dear to him as a son, to undertake its production,

promising his editorial aid on occasion of its being presented to the Christian public. That promise has now been fulfilled; and his conviction is, that the perusal of this volume is well calculated to assure, to refresh, and to invigorate the spirits of all the friends of missions everywhere.

ROBT. COTTON MATHER.

TONBRIDGE, *November 25, 1858.*



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	1

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION IN MEERUT,	23
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONS IN DELHI,	33
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION IN MUTTRA,	69
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSIONS IN AGRA,	72
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

	PAGE
THE MISSION IN MYNPOORIE,	104

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION IN FUTTEGHUR,	118
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSION IN BAREILLY,	162
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

THE MISSION IN CAWNPORE,	164
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE MISSION IN FUTTEHPORE,	181
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSION IN ALLAHABAD,	201
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSION IN MIRZAPORE,	228
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MISSION IN BENARES,	250
-----------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER XIV.

	PAGE
THE MISSION IN JAUNPORE,	265

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSION IN AZIMGHUR,	282
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSION IN GORBUCKPORE,	291
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MISSION IN RANSEE, IN THE PROVINCE OF CHHOTA NAG- PORE,	309
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSION IN JUBBULPORE,	315
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSION IN LOODHLANAH,	318
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSION IN SEALKOTE,	323
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAPLAIN IN LUCKNOW,	328
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

	PAGE
THE ACTING CHAPLAIN OF SHAHJEHANPORE,	332

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE SPIRIT DISPLAYED BY THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS, AND THE SERVICES RENDERED BY THEM TO THE GOVERNMENT DURING THE REBELLION,	334
---	-----

THE INDIAN CHURCH DURING THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Church of the nineteenth century is the Church of the first century, and of all those succeeding, down to the present. Its history and characteristics continue unchanged. It has its heroes now, its earnest men, its men of invincible courage and flaming zeal, its noble army of martyrs, as it has ever had. Although its enemies are still formidable from their numbers and resources, it nevertheless contests, with undiminished energy, every inch of the ground they occupy, driving them from one position and refuge to another, and defeating them perpetually with more or less success.

The Church of the nineteenth century, however, has taken a bold step in advance of former times—not in advance in respect of the original design for which the Church was instituted by its Great Head—but in ad-

vance in respect of its manifold enterprises and plans for the full accomplishment of that design. It is the child matured into the man. Not content that the Western nations should be the exclusive boundary of its rule, it seeks to extend its dominion to the dense populations of the East, and to the myriad isles of the sea. Not satisfied that Europe and America alone should hear of Christ and Him crucified, it is restless to proclaim to India, China, and Africa the same thrilling tale. It is a Church developing mightily its native energies and capacities. It is a Church grasping at universal empire—not an empire based on fraud and tyranny, on persecution and torture, on blood and mortal hate, but based on freedom, on friendship, on love and good-will, subsisting between all men the world wide.

Yes, and this universal empire it will gain! And why? Because it is taking exactly the right means necessary to secure it. These means are laid down clearly in the canon of God's revealed will—the Bible. The Church's aim is to carry out the intention of this will in its fulness and completeness. It strives at nothing more—and, thank God, at nothing less. And yet these are all the postulates needed by the Church in purposing to take possession of the world as a kingdom for the Messiah. The actual work of conviction is God's work, which he accomplishes by His Spirit; but the instrument is the Church, which is called upon to expound faithfully and well, and with that enthusiasm which no mere human pursuit can inspire, the great

truths of salvation through a crucified Saviour, to every creature under heaven. The rest God Himself will perform.

It is only in modern times that the great idea of the Saviour, to send the gospel to all mankind, even to the utmost corners of the earth, is being accomplished. Previously this idea was only partially realised; and when the Church had sent the gospel to a new country, it remained satisfied for an age, and left posterity to prosecute further efforts. The thought of conveying the message of salvation to the whole family of man by one vast enterprise, and at one time, was not in reality the thought of the Church in any age prior to the age of modern missions. It may have entered the mind of many individuals as a most desirable thing; but it took no formal shape, and was embodied in no scheme. The page of ecclesiastical history, while it informs us how kingdom after kingdom in various parts of the world became Christianised, says nothing respecting any endeavour to bring the human race, in the aggregate, under the influence of the gospel.

The *idea* of modern missions may be regarded as perfect, or nearly so. The Church pants after the evangelisation of all men, of every tribe, race, language, and colour. It says anxiously, "Would that the nations of men were one family—were united together by one common holy tie—acknowledged Christ as Lord, and loved and served Him only!" The degraded state of the heathen, the destructive character of their idolatrous practices, their exposure to the Divine wrath and

condemnation, and the great and paramount necessity that salvation through Christ should be preached to them, are circumstances which have sunk deep into the hearts of God's people, and have aroused them to the importance of preparing some scheme which shall meet the religious wants of such an extensive community of human souls.

The grand *scheme* of missions to the heathen is now being acted on. It is a scheme which, it must be confessed, does not at present represent the missionary *idea* to its full extent. It is narrow in its dimensions—not broad as the earth—not reaching to every kindred and nation and tribe under heaven. It is by no means the complete realisation of the idea of Christ, or even of the Church now existent in the world. The scheme is defective in itself—or in the men by whom it is worked—or perhaps in both. Whatever may be the cause, the result is painfully manifest, that the heathen universally are not hearing of pardon and of immortality through faith in Jesus Christ, their Saviour.

Still, the scheme is widening every day—is making constantly nearer approaches to the effectual compassing of the necessity for which it has been invented and brought into operation. The missionary *idea*, and the *scheme of missionary enterprise* which is or should be its expression, are gradually becoming equal. The Lord grant they may soon be one, and that missions may speedily be as perfect a means as possible of making known God's purposes of grace to a world sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death!

Let the eye pass over the mission field. During the present century what vast tracts of country, what a multitude of races, barbarous and half-civilised, savage and cunning, debased and ignorant, and speaking a great variety of languages and dialects, have been taken possession of by the ambassadors of Christ in the name of their Master ! To this mass of people, almost countless in numbers, the gospel has been brought ; not to the whole perhaps, but to various members of the individual communities, whereby each race or people is by degrees becoming more enlightened upon the truths pertaining to its salvation. I will not call attention to Africa, or to the Polynesian Islands, or to China, but will speak only of India. This country of two hundred millions of men has been claimed by the Church, which has sent thither its ministers, to proclaim throughout its length and breadth the way of redemption through Christ. They have traversed the land from north to south. Christian institutions have sprung up in the midst of the people, in many directions. The influence of missions has been felt everywhere. There is scarcely a Hindoo or a Mohammedan who has not heard of Christ. Not a few are well acquainted with the tenets of our religion, and can reason upon them intelligently. The whole land has been shaken by missions to its innermost centre. The Hindoo trembles for his religion—the Mohammedan for his. Both religions seem to be crumbling away from beneath them. The jeopardy of idolatry before the mysterious power of the gospel is palpable to every thoughtful Hindoo. He acknow-

ledges the fact, and predicts the downfall of his own religion and the triumph of Christianity—predicts the time when there will be but one religion in all India, the Christian—predicts the destruction of idolatry and the extinction of caste, and the universal prevalence of a creed which in his heart he now recognises, and with his lip often avows, to be infinitely superior to his own.

It may well be exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" The result is sufficient to astonish the whole Christian world. That in so short a time such a prodigious multitude of human beings should have been visibly moved by the gospel, should call forth the liveliest gratitude from every disciple of our Lord. God has thus put great honour on His servants in India, in permitting them to be the instruments of such stupendous results. Their number is exceedingly small when compared with the native population ; and yet, through them, God has done great things for the people, whereof it behoves all men to be glad. I think it is manifest that God approves the work that is being done in India, and, I fain hope and trust, approves also the men performing the work.

In addition to the results just referred to, God in His sovereign mercy has gathered together a people for Himself from among the native community—a people who, as forming part of the universal Church on earth, may be distinctively denominated the Indian Church. This Church, like every division of the Church at various periods of its history, has had its sore troubles, its obstacles, its adversaries, aye, and its persecu-

tions too, even unto death. It was until lately a despised Church—its members were accounted feeble, as exhibiting little strength of principle, little faith, and little real earnestness and spiritual life. They were regarded as destitute of energy, and as unworthy specimens of their own race. Europeans in India neglected them, suffered them to reap no emoluments from the public service, and generally declined acknowledging that they had in fact entered the ranks of a Christian society at all.

Their own spiritual pastors and fathers estimated them very differently. They knew the genuineness of their conversion. They had confidence in the piety of not a few. They loved their flock, for its own sake, and because they saw in it the hope of India for the future. They perceived, indeed, that not all were equally strong in the faith, and did not display the high virtues of the Christian character in their full vigour at all times ; but they reflected that this, alas ! was no anomaly in Christendom ; on the contrary, that the Church has ever had within its pale those whose faith and love were feeble and dull. Much as has been said, by persons lacking true sympathy with native Christians in India, in the spirit of animadversion, I see no reason for supposing that they were far behind the Christianity manifested by their brethren in Western nations. They who knew them least had much to say ignorantly against them ; they who knew them best, while appreciating the great difficulties with which they had to contend, arising from their contact with

the heathen and their own previous debasement, yet regarded them as a people chosen of the Lord, who in many instances led a life in conformity with the precepts of God's holy Word.

The time came when the Indian Church was to be tried. Suddenly and unexpectedly the fiery ordeal of persecution and martyrdom was presented to it. No time was left for reflection. The danger came like a thief in the night. It fell upon the pastors and their flock. It might perhaps have been predicted that the pastors would remain faithful—would prefer death to the denial of their Lord—but would the native Church likewise be staunch and unyielding? would it prefer cruel torture and a barbarous death to the abjuration of its faith and the acceptance of a false creed? It was to be seen whether there was any life in the Indian branch of the Church of Christ; or whether it was a dead, sapless, useless member. It was to be seen what Christianity in India really was—a delusion or a reality, a glorious truth or a monstrous fiction and lie.

Each section of the Church was in the emergency left entirely to its own resources, or nearly so. The church at Delhi could not communicate with the church in Agra. The churches in Futtehghur, in Cawnpore, in Futtehpoore, in Allahabad, and in many other places, were left to themselves, to endure their own trial alone. There was no combination between them, such as to induce unity of action and mutual help and succour. The plot for their destruction approached too near per-

fection, and the danger was at once too imminent, to allow of such combination. Each church was therefore tested by itself; beyond itself it could look for no support. If its own principles were not sufficient to sustain it, in the awful moment when the enemy would present to its choice the terrible alternative of death or apostasy, then it must perish.

And what was its choice? What, when not merely life was threatened, but when the honour of wife and daughter was assailed? What, when the lisping infant was not even safe, but was about to be dashed to pieces by the inhuman foe? What, when the savage torture, which exhausted all the ingenuity of a depraved heart, was staring its members in the face? What was its choice then, I ask? Was indecision manifested? or a cowed, truckling spirit? or an absence of faith in an Almighty Friend? I thank God that I need not answer these questions. Their answer is already known far and wide. In regard to many of the native Christians the language of the apostle Paul is justly applicable, when in the prospect of the persecutions he was about to encounter on his journey to Jerusalem, he exclaimed, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."

Nor is this mere vaunt and display. The record of the faith and firmness, and of the calm, heroic, Christian demeanour which the native brethren evinced when in the hands of the enemy, and during the long season of their distress, has not been lost. Some have doubt-

less perished, the tale of whose sorrows and hardships, and of whose high trust in God in the moment of their departure, has not reached us ; but the histories of others, who were either cut off, or, after encountering prodigious suffering and anxiety, by God's providence eventually escaped, exist in abundance. The condition of the native Christians, and the spirit shewn by them throughout the rebellion, together with the persecutions they endured, are matters as well known by the missionaries and other European residents in the North-west Provinces, the chief seat of the conflict, as the circumstances of the slaughter of missionaries, and the cruel treatment to which multitudes of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen were subjected.

The manly conduct of the native Christians, and their readiness to face the extremest danger in the attitude of men adhering steadily to their principles, has surprised not only their enemies and all those who previously thought lightly of their Christian honour, but even their best friends. None are more astonished than the missionaries themselves. With all their prejudices in favour of the native Christians, they found that after all they had not duly appreciated their steadfastness. Cases occurred of men who had previously occupied a low position among their brethren for piety and zeal, yet when confronted with the foe, and exposed to all the horrors which he in his malice might possibly impose upon them, suddenly bursting forth like the sun from behind a cloud, and baffling their very adversaries by the dazzling brightness of their Chris-

tian virtues. One or two of such instances will be given in the course of this narrative. Again, when the native Christians were left alone without a spiritual guide, as in the example of the brethren at Futtehghur, the missionaries having been captured by the Nana and slain at Bithoor, they did not act like men in despair, who had no counsel of their own, and exercised no confidence in each other; but concerted together as to the best measures to be adopted for the security of themselves and of the mission, and, so long as it was prudent, carried out their plans in their collective capacity. Several such examples occurred in the Punjab, the missionaries having been obliged to quit their stations for others of greater safety, the native Christians remaining behind.

It is not to be denied that some few individuals apostatised. But, blessed be God, their number is, as described, few. It must be remembered that the sin of apostasy was committed by Europeans and East Indians also, and the proportion in which the latter were guilty of it, so far as I have been able to ascertain, greatly exceeded the proportion among native Christians. I should, however, state that it was principally committed by drummers and others in the old Bengal army, who almost of necessity fell into the hands of the sepoys when the successive mutinies took place. One or two glaring and shameless instances of apostasy, on the part of men bearing the English name, were blated about in the Indian papers, and, I blush to add, were more or less strongly defended by them, as if any defence were,

in the nature of things, permissible. One which excited considerable observation, inasmuch as the person referred to, who had apostatised to Mohammedanism, and I believe to Hinduism, and had finally reverted to the Christian faith, had himself written in a detailed form the account of his apostasy—was, so far as I understand, prompted by no grievous circumstances of exciting interest, begetting in the soul a sense of sickening anguish, such as were witnessed in the case of a poor native Christian, whose wife and mother were in jeopardy of losing what every woman prizes more dearly than life, and whose virtue was saved by the husband abjuring his religion and repeating the Kalima. Not that even this is in the least to be defended, though attended with something that presents, in the opinion of many, much to palliate the act.

It may be fairly asserted that the native Christians were, on the whole, singularly staunch to their principles. I use the word “singularly,” because it must have seemed remarkable to those who were in the habit of traducing them. Though Hindoos by birth, though surrounded by an idolatrous and intensely superstitious race, though exposed on every hand to the influence of evil customs and rites, though never having enjoyed the high Christian privileges, and the thorough moral and religious training of Englishmen, yet when sore temptation came, and it was to be seen who would be faithful to his Lord and Master, and who would deny Him, they vied with us in meeting death in the true spirit of the gospel.

I doubt not that when the Christian public in Britain and elsewhere shall peruse this narrative of the sufferings, persecutions, and martyrdom of many of the faithful servants of the Lord, including missionaries, chaplains, and native Christians—shall read of the heroic constancy they displayed when the rebels had them completely under their control, and rang in their ears threats of horrible maltreatment and mutilation—shall hear of their holy serenity and of their deep devotion when perishing beneath the stroke of the enemy,—I doubt not, I say, that when the Christian public shall become acquainted with all this, it will feel a glow of pride that it had such glorious representatives in India of the Church of Christ, and that so many self-sacrificing men and women were found there who were in every way worthy successors of the noble army of martyrs of ancient times. Moreover, the accounts of many who, for a long period, endured great privations, who were kept in ceaseless alarm for several months, who were driven from their homes, and, wandering about from place to place, were at last seized by the mutinous soldiers, from whom, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, they managed to effect their escape, or who hid themselves in marshes, in rivers, in huts, and in corners of houses, or who roamed about among the bypaths of villages, parched with thirst, without food, with only a dirty rag of clothing on their persons, and under a fiercely blazing sun, or who sought refuge among the heathen, and lived on day after day in the utmost agony of suspense, and so, by God's

mercy, obtained deliverance from peril after peril, and eventually saved their lives ;—the accounts of many such, hard pressed by the foe, and expecting that every hour would be their last, yet who never let go their hold on Christ, but clung fast to Him to the end, will not fail, I hope, to awaken in the hearts of multitudes intense gratitude to God that they were kept faithful under such trying circumstances, and at last were released from their awful dangers.

It is not becoming in one who belongs to the missionary body in India, and who resided in the heart of the disturbed provinces throughout the rebellion, to offer more than a passing remark respecting the conduct of his brethren who were exposed like himself to its anxieties and terrors. It is matter for thankfulness to God that our missions were not all destroyed, and that any of our lives and the lives of the native Christians were spared, when the enemy came upon us like a flood. It is matter for thankfulness also that such good opportunities have been afforded for testing the genuine character of our native Christians, and that such abundant evidence has been presented of their stability and fidelity. And it is matter for very special thankfulness that some of our number were counted worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ, and were summoned away in the midst of their labours—surrendering their lives as an offering to the Lord on the altar of missions. It is permitted to speak in honour of the dead. We miss the departed. Their loss is seriously felt in the mission field in these provinces. Yet we bless God in

their death. They perished in the service of Christ, in the effort to save the Hindoo and Mohammedan—their murderers—from the eternal death of the soul, and to prepare them for an entrance into heaven through faith in the Redeemer. The Lord elects but few to shed their blood for Him. How great the dignity the Lord set upon our beloved brethren! How high the position their names occupy in the Christian Church, especially its Indian branch! When the people of India shall turn to the Lord universally, these missionaries, and the native brethren who have suffered, will be reckoned amongst the most valued trophies the Indian Church possesses, and from age to age their memories will be cherished fondly and sacredly.

In the following pages I have attempted to give a representation of the disasters, troubles, and losses which befell the missions in India, mostly situated in the North-west Provinces, during the rebellion. I have attempted to furnish a description of the peculiar trials to which the missionaries and the native Christians were subjected, the dangers through which they passed, or the cruelty and death they had to encounter. Many personal narratives are interspersed throughout the volume. Accounts written by missionaries and native Christians themselves, I have preferred inserting in their original dress to recasting them in my own language. The tale is therefore told by many persons rather than by one. Some of the statements have already appeared in print. My object has been to

gather together, from every source, whatever was related to the subject. It seemed to me important as well as desirable to reproduce the sketches of personal adventure which have been floating about in the Indian journals for months past, some of which, doubtless, have found their way to England, and been inserted in the periodicals there; and to amalgamate them with communications sent to me, and with observations and details collected from a multitude of sources; so that the history should be homogeneous and consecutive, and also be illustrative of the individual parts of the entire tale. To a considerable extent, then, my labours have been those of a compiler. I do not think the narrative will suffer in interest, in that it is the product of many hands. The accounts written by native Christians in Hindustanee have been translated; but those written in English have been mostly retained in their original form. I have striven to present a view of the damage done to the separate mission establishments, and of the aggregate loss each has sustained. My success in this department has not been so complete and thorough as I have wished—nevertheless, it will be seen that much interesting matter on this subject has been amassed. I have added too, a brief notice, and in two cases a biographical sketch of those Company's chaplains who were either slain by the enemy or who died from wounds and exposure.

It is impossible to arrive at any accurate computation of the number of native Christians who were killed, or who sank under the troubles and privations of the

insurrection. It is an easier matter to ascertain the number of ministers of religion and members of their families who fell. I have thought it might be satisfactory to the reader to know not only their number, but also their names. And, moreover, respect and veneration for the memory of the departed, who died in the service of their Master, have prompted me to place their names together on record in this book. I have also added a list of the native Christian catechists and teachers who perished by the hand of the enemy, or from anxiety and sickness. These men should ever occupy a high rank amongst the confessors of the Christian Church. Some of them were astonishing instances of the triumph of true religion over the cruel fanatical zeal of those who were bent on their destruction.

May the perusal of this narrative tend to increase the faith and piety of God's people in Britain and elsewhere—to awaken within them gratitude to God, that many members of the Church in India have lately “witnessed a good confession,” and sealed their testimony with their blood—and to stimulate them powerfully to renewed earnestness, and to more diligent and effective labour for the conversion of the natives of India!

*List of Missionaries, Chaplains, and their Families,
killed in the Rebellion, or the cause of whose
death may be attributed to it.*

Rev. M. J. Jennings, Chaplain of Delhi, and Miss

Jennings. Both killed, it is supposed, in their own house on the gate of the palace.

Rev. A. R. Hubbard, Missionary of the Propagation of the Gospel Society, Delhi. Killed by the mutineers in the Delhi Bank.

Rev. John Mackay, Missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society, Delhi. Defended himself with several friends in Col. Skinner's house for three or four days, when the roof of the cellar in which they had taken shelter was dug up by order of the king, and they were all killed.

Mr David Corrie Sandys, Assistant-Missionary of the Propagation Society, Delhi, and son of the Rev. T. Sandys, Missionary of the Church Society, Calcutta. Killed by the mutineers near the magazine, in attempting to return from the Mission-school to his own house.

Mr Cocks, Assistant-Missionary of the Propagation Society, Delhi. Killed by the mutineers in the Delhi Bank.

Mr Louis Koch, Assistant-Missionary of the Propagation Society, Delhi. Killed by the mutineers in the Delhi Bank.

Mrs Thompson, wife of the late Rev. J. T. Thompson, formerly Baptist Missionary in Delhi, and her two adult daughters. All three killed in their own house in Delhi.

Rev. Thomas Hunter, Missionary of the Church of Scotland, Sealkote, Mrs Hunter, and their infant child. Killed in their buggy, while fleeing to the fort. A ball

passing through the face of Mr Hunter, entered the neck of his wife; a gaol chaprassee completed the murder with a sword, killing the child also.

Rev. John M'Callum, Officiating Chaplain of Shah-jehanpore. Rushing from the church, where the residents had assembled for Divine worship, on its being surrounded by the mutinous sepoys, he escaped with the loss of one of his hands; but in the evening of the same day, he was attacked by labourers in a field, and was finally decapitated by a Pathan.

Rev. J. E. Freeman, Missionary of the American Board of Missions, Futtehghur, and Mrs Freeman. Killed by the cruel Nana at Bithoor.

Rev. D. E. Campbell, Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, Futtehghur, Mrs Campbell, and their two children. All killed by the Nana at Bithoor.

Rev. A. O. Johnson, Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, Futtehghur, and Mrs Johnson. Killed by the Nana at Bithoor.

Rev. R. M'Mullen, Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, Futtehghur, and Mrs M'Mullen. Killed by the Nana at Bithoor.

Rev. F. Fisher, Chaplain of Futtehghur, Mrs Fisher, and their infant child. Escaping from Futtehghur in boats, they were attacked by sepoys, and on jumping into the river, Mr Fisher swam with his wife and child towards the bank, but they were both drowned in his arms on the way. Mr Fisher was afterwards captured by the Nana's party, and slain at or near Cawnpore.

Rev. E. T. R. Moncrieff, Chaplain of Cawnpore, Mrs Moncrieff, and their child. Killed at Cawnpore. Mr Moncrieff was killed in the intrenchments on the ninth day of the siege.

Rev. W. H. Haycock, Missionary of the Propagation Society, Cawnpore, and Mrs Haycock, his mother. Both killed at Cawnpore. Mr Haycock was shot just as he was entering the intrenchments.

Rev. H. E. Cockey, Missionary of the Propagation Society, Cawnpore. Wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball, and afterwards shot on the parade-ground at Cawnpore, together with other Europeans, in the presence of the Nana.

Rev. G. W. Coopland, Chaplain of Gwalior. Killed on occasion of the mutiny of the Gwalior Contingent.

Rev. H. I. Polehampton, Chaplain of Lucknow. Shot by a musket-ball, while attending on the sick in one of the hospitals in the Residency ; but partially recovering from his wound, eventually sank from an attack of cholera.

Rev. W. Glen, Agra, son of the late Dr Glen, of Persia, and formerly Missionary of the London Missionary Society, Mirzapore, and his infant child. Both died in the fort of Agra from the privations endured there.

Mrs Buyers, wife of the Rev. W. Buyers, Missionary of the London Missionary Society, Benares. Died from dysentery, brought on chiefly by anxiety of mind induced by the disturbances in Benares and its neighbourhood.

List of Native Christian Catechists and Teachers killed in the Rebellion, or the cause of whose death may be attributed to it.

Wilayat Ali, Catechist of the Baptist Mission, Delhi. Killed by a party of Mohammedans in the streets of Delhi, at the time of the outbreak.

Thakoor, Catechist of the Propagation Society's Mission, Delhi. Killed by troopers in the streets of Delhi.

Dhokul Parshad, Head-teacher of the Futtehghur Mission-schools, his wife, and four children. All killed in company with the Europeans on the parade at Futtehghur. The sepoys first fired grape on the party, and then despatched the survivors with their swords.

Paramanand, Catechist of the Baptist Mission, Muttra. Killed by the rebels.

Solomon, Catechist of the Propagation Society's Mission, Cawnpore. Cruelly put to death by the Hindoos during the occupation of Cawnpore by the Gwalior Contingent.

Ram Chandra Mitter, Head-master of the American Presbyterian Mission-school, Futtehpoore. Supposed to have been murdered at or near Futtehpoore.

Jiwan Masih, Catechist. Supposed have been killed near Delamow.

Sri Nath Bhoose, formerly Catechist and Teacher, his wife and children. All supposed to have been murdered in Oude.

Raphael, Catechist of the Church Mission, Gorruck-

pore. Died from wounds inflicted by the rebels, and from anxiety and sickness, during the troubles in Gorruckpore.

There is still a name left, which should live in the memories of God's people. I refer to Chaman Lál, Sub-Assistant-Surgeon of Delhi; who was massacred by the mutineers in his own house in Delhi. He was a man of exemplary piety, and was thoroughly in earnest in his Christian life and profession. The native Church has lost in him one of its brightest ornaments.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION IN MEERUT.

It was in Meerut that the embers of rebellion, which had been smouldering in various parts of the country, first burst into a flame. That flame lit up all Northern India. Darting from place to place with the speed of lightning, and carrying destruction in its flash, it seemed for a time as though it would consume all that was combustible, and leave the country without government, law, and order, without rulers and administrators—without anything, in short, save a people bereft of reason, and plunged in anarchy! For several months after the commencement of the outbreak, the blood of the European flowed like water. Property was spoliated without distinction. It was sufficient that it belonged to the ruling class, or to Christian converts in the country, who were everywhere supposed to be in league with it: no further information was needed to warrant its ruthless and wanton devastation. Churches, mission-schools, the bungalows, cottages, and household stuff of missionaries and their flocks—all shared in the common and indiscriminate ruin. The object doubtless was to obliterate the European and Christian name

from India, to uproot British institutions of every character, to destroy the records of Britain's power and pride in the land, to raze to the ground Government buildings, colleges, and missions, to exterminate the foreigner and all his adherents and co-religionists, and to sweep away from the face of Hindustan the vestige of everything not of Hindoo or Mussulman origin. It appears to have been a determined effort to throw back the country a hundred years, to the condition it occupied previous to the battle of Plassey—a determined effort to annihilate all the products of the intervening period, arising from the science and art, the civilisation and commerce, the first notions of religion and morality, introduced from Western nations. The attempt might have proved more successful—and, to be sure, might also have proved less so. Let us take a warning by the attempt, and by its strange results.

The mission at Meerut is of recent establishment, and is presided over by the Rev. A. Medland, missionary of the Church Missionary Society. Previous to the mutiny, it possessed also another missionary, the Rev. R. M. Lamb, who, when the disturbances began, was residing at Mussoorie for the benefit of his health. While there, he met with a serious accident, in falling from his horse down a precipice, from the effects of which he died. The mission had two schools, one within the cantonments, the other in the city, in which two hundred children were under instruction. A head-master, Mr J. Parsons, was appointed to these schools. There was a girls' school also in connexion with the mission.

The outbreak commenced during the time of public worship. The life of the missionary was for some time in great peril. Providentially, on leaving the mission chapel, Mr Medland did not return to his bungalow, but took a direction opposite to it. Had he gone home, he would in all human probability have fallen into the hands of a murderous body of natives, who, to the number of a thousand, rushed into his compound in search of him and his wife. Much mission property fell a prey to their revenge. But it does not appear that a single individual connected with the mission was cut off. This is cause for great thankfulness. A few days after the mutiny, Mr Medland penned the following narrative, which furnishes a vivid picture of the terrible dangers through which he and his friends had so wonderfully passed:—

Narrative written by the Rev. A. Medland, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Meerut; dated May 16, 1857.

“Whilst I was performing service in our mission chapel on Sunday evening, I heard a great noise, shouting and yelling, accompanied by an occasional fire of musketry. At the conclusion of the prayers, I inquired into the cause, and was informed that the sepoys were fighting in their own lines. Apprehending no danger, as the lines were at some distance, I commenced my sermon, but had not proceeded far, when a man rushed in and informed me that the sepoys

were advancing upon us, and murdering all the Europeans they could lay hands on. Mr Parsons, our catechist, quickly followed, confirming his statement. I at once dismissed the congregation, and, at his suggestion, drove off in a direction opposite to my house. By this time huge masses of smoke were ascending in various directions, and, shortly after, we passed the European troops marching to the scene of the disturbance. Being assured the danger was imminent, we proceeded to seek shelter in the house of a friend. Ere we could enter his compound, we heard a savage yell behind us, and an empty buggy passed, the owner of which, we have since heard, was massacred on the spot, and a gentleman who accompanied him very dangerously wounded. We, however, were mercifully permitted to enter our friend's house in safety, where we remained until escorted by some officers to a place of greater security. The night was spent in a state of fearful suspense, whilst the illuminated sky, and the distant firing, proclaimed that the work of destruction and carnage was proceeding. Towards morning the firing ceased, when we were horrified by the various accounts of the carnage and destruction which had taken place.

“On Monday, my servants came and informed me that a large crowd of natives from the city, probably a thousand, came to my house on the preceding evening, inquiring for Mrs Medland and myself, and threatening to cut us to pieces. Finding, however, that we were not in the house, they instituted a diligent search throughout the compound, but, failing in their object,

they deliberately set fire to the house and adjoining premises. The whole of the property was either burned or stolen, and, with the exception of a few articles of wearing apparel, which had been thrown into the compound, we have nothing left save the clothes we have on. The people next inquired for Joseph, my catechist. He, however, was at church, and fled with me as far as he could keep pace with my horse. I then directed him to follow me as he best could; but, mistaking my directions, he proceeded by a circuitous route to my house in the city. He was unfortunately recognised, beaten very severely, and left for dead. After a short time, however, he revived, ran away and hid himself; and, a day or two after, having carefully disguised himself, returned to me. I have since heard that a crowd approached the mission premises, but, hearing from the chowkedar that Mr Lamb's house was empty, and the Sahib in the hills, they departed without doing any damage. I have not yet been able to venture into the city: it would probably be risking my life to do so; but I gather from my servants that the dwelling-house, school-rooms, and a small bungalow used as a girls' school-room, have all been destroyed. We have been most hospitably received by Major Scott, formerly a member of the Calcutta Committee, who, with Mrs Scott, have, in the most kind and hospitable manner, ministered to all our wants. We are now quartered, with the civilians and ladies of the station, in the Artillery depôt, where it is supposed we shall be obliged to remain for some considerable time.

“We are living in a state of continual excitement; and when the intelligence of the Delhi massacre was received, and it was generally supposed that the insurgent troops would return here, the faces of many ‘gathered blackness,’ and many—I may say all—began to prepare for the worst. However, thanks be to God! we are still in safety; and now that favourable accounts are being received from many of the surrounding districts, hope again beams on our countenances, and confidence is being restored. Several regiments are ordered here; and it is supposed that, shortly after their arrival, an attack will be made on Delhi, which still remains in the hands of the insurgents. Martial law has been proclaimed.

“*18th May.*—Since writing the preceding, the Sappers and Miners have arrived from Roorkee. On Saturday afternoon, one of them deliberately shot his commanding officer, and all the men who were in the barracks at the time—about four hundred—fled into the open country. They were quickly pursued, and about fifty were killed: the rest escaped in different directions, carrying their arms with them. Last night was passed very quietly, and we are now awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

“The missionaries and native Christians at Delhi are, I believe, killed. All our Christians are in safety, and have returned to the mission compound.

“We cannot be too thankful to Almighty God for His merciful preservation of us; and whilst praising Him for the past, we are encouraged to confide in Him

for the future, being confident that He who has helped us will continue to do so, and ultimately will overrule even this afflictive dispensation for the promotion of His own glory."

The steadfastness of the native Christians during the time that they as well as the Europeans were objects of such virulent animosity on the part of a considerable portion of the native inhabitants of Meerut, is worthy of especial observation. In a letter of the Rev. A. Medland, dated October 30, he furnishes high testimony to the truly Christian bearing of a catechist named Joseph. He says—

"I enclose a verbatim copy of a letter I received a few days after the outbreak from Joseph, my catechist, whilst in concealment. He accompanied me when I fled from the mission church. Discovering that he was unable to keep pace with my horse, I directed him to follow as he best could, in an opposite direction to the scene of disturbance. Mistaking my direction, I suppose, he shortly after endeavoured to return to the city, and unfortunately met with the sad treatment he has himself described. His exclamation, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' was made under very peculiar and trying circumstances. He then discovered for the first time that the whole of his little property, amounting to between four hundred and five hundred rupees, had been destroyed, and was in ignorance of the fate of his wife and father. The young

man who sheltered him so nobly was a Brahmin youth of our first class. I had always considered Joseph a promising young man, and a sincere and consistent Christian. This trial of his faith has greatly confirmed my former opinion of him."

Letter from the Catechist Joseph, written from his place of hiding to the Rev. A. Medland.

"REVEREND SIR,—It had been much better if I went with you, because, as I was going through the Lal Kuttra Bazaar, I saw that the sepoys were firing at the Begum's bridge; therefore I turned to the left, and ran away very fast. In the way I met with two villagers, who were coming from a certain village. They said, 'Don't go to the city, but let us go to Abdullahpore.' I said, 'No, I will go to the city.' When I came to the little village which is near the Shahpeer Darwaza (gate), although I had disguised myself, yet people recognised me, and one of them said, 'Oh, he is a Christian—kill him.' I could not deny the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was the very moment of my death. I said, 'I am a Christian, but don't beat me or kill me.' One of them gave me a very severe blow with his lathee (a thick stick, or kind of club). After this they ran towards me, and began to beat me. I don't know how many there were who beat me; and when they perfectly killed me, as they thought, they went away. When I received the last and severe blow, which I thought would be fatal, I fell upon my knees and prayed, 'O

Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit—I commit it into Thy hands.’ For some time I remained half-dead, and after a little while I heard the voice of a man, who said, ‘Throw the dead man away ;’ but no person came to me. When I came to myself, I got up and ran away. They ran after me again, saying, ‘He is still living—kill him.’ They could not catch me. I did not know what to do, and where to go. At last I went to Deghee village. When I reached there, people recognised me (we had preached there a week or ten days previously), and ran after me ; but I went out of their reach. After this I went to the jungle, and concealed myself under bushes, where I remained all the night. Very early in the morning I got up, and came in the city, where I saw that the kothee (house) and bungalow were burned to ashes. I said, ‘It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good ; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—His name be blessed.’ I did not find any of the servants there, save Kullu Singh (a teacher in the school). He took me to his house, but his father did not like to let me stay there ; therefore I sent for Maheshpershad (a schoolboy). As soon as he heard of me, he came and took me to his house, and gave me every satisfaction. Please tell Mariann (his wife) that, now I am better, she should not be troubled, but rather pray.—I remain, Sir, yours most obediently,

JOSEPH.

“*P.S.*—Maheshpershad sends his salaam to you.”

“In reply to the foregoing,” says Mr Medland, “I

sent word to Joseph to remain where he was until he was strong enough, and he considered that he could safely attempt to return to me. A few days after, he made his appearance, disguised in such a manner that at first I could not recognise him."

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONS IN DELHI.

THE history of some places is so deeply stained with blood and crime, that whenever revived in the memory it never fails to touch strongly a painful chord, which continues long to vibrate, notwithstanding every effort to lull it to rest. The tale of the Delhi tragedy is a history of this sort. It cannot be thought of without a sense of horror being experienced that well-nigh suffocates the soul. I can imagine the sensation produced in England when it first became known that this catastrophe, and many others of a similar nature, had occurred in India ; but my fellow-countrymen, I believe, utterly failed to realise the feeling which took possession of the Europeans residing in India, especially in that part in which these frightful dramas were being enacted. The mind was so overmastered by the magnitude of the deeds of cruelty and treachery that were transpiring, that its powers of realisation and perception seemed benumbed and paralysed. It grew faint and exhausted. It tried to think, but could not. It tried to feel, but the ability was gone. It tried to weep, but the fountain of tears was dried up. Although many did not actually with their eyes behold the massacres, yet all

suffered mentally, as though they had been committed in their very presence. Each of us waited for his turn, and thought it might come next. And therefore it seemed to all inhabiting the Upper Provinces that they were in the midst of a field of battle, in which a conflict, stretching over several months, was waging, and men, women, and children were being slain on every side. It was a time that called forth the highest qualities of man. It was an emergency too profound for patient sorrow and the pangs of grief. It demanded action. It demanded an oblivion of social ties, and of the heart's deepest woes. It demanded endurance—courage—and a determination to oppose the swelling tide against all odds, though it should appear like one man breasting the ocean. It demanded faith in God, and resignation to His will.

It is needless to recapitulate the circumstances of the insurrection in Delhi, and of the dangers into which the Europeans were so suddenly thrown. These have already been chronicled by many, and will be doubtless some day collected together by the historian. But there are sacred reminiscences connected with this ensanguined spot, on which, for ages to come, the man of God will delight to linger, that from them he may gain fresh courage to encounter trial and temptation, and fresh zeal to engage in his Master's work. As he contemplates the fidelity of those holy men and women who fell in the struggle, he will feel a glow of enthusiasm awakened in his breast, and will almost wish to die, like them, a martyr's death.

Previous to the mutiny, two missionary establishments existed in Delhi, the one under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the other in connexion with the Baptist Missionary Society. The former, I might almost say, was founded by the late chaplain, the Rev. M. J. Jennings. This excellent man was anxious not only for the spiritual welfare of the Europeans to whom he ministered in his own church, but also for the conversion of the heathen and Mussulmans who densely peopled this ancient capital of India. The mission was exceedingly well conducted, and there is good reason for believing that it was exercising a powerful influence on the community. Its ordained missionaries were the Rev. A. R. Hubbard, and the Rev. J. S. Jackson, the latter of whom was absent on leave. Its unordained missionaries were Mr Sandys, Mr Cocks, and Mr Koch, all of whom, I believe, were hoping to enter into holy orders. The school was in a flourishing condition, and was a most valuable auxiliary to the mission. The native Christians, though few in number, were of a superior class. Some of them were men of remarkable piety and zeal, as is manifest from the steadfastness they exhibited when in the hands of their enemies, a narrative of which will be presently given. In a letter written by Dr Kay, and inserted in the *Times* newspaper of July 15, 1857, I find the following interesting passage respecting this mission. He says—"I cannot withhold from you a remarkable testimony to the character of the mission, which was sent to me by the

Bishop of Calcutta only a few days before the outbreak. It is an extract from the Visitation Report of the Bishop of Madras, who, you know, went up to the Punjaub at the beginning of the present year. He says, — ‘Of the latter missions, viz., those of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, I have already expressed my opinion that the one at Delhi is among the most hopeful and promising of our Indian mission fields. The intelligent and well-informed converts, holding, as they do, high and important positions independent of the mission, the superior nature of the school with its 120 boys—among the best I have visited in India—and the first-rate character for attainments and devotedness of the missionaries and schoolmasters, are making an impression which is moving the whole of that city of kings.’”

The Baptist mission in Delhi had been in existence for many years, and was long under the charge of the Rev. J. T. Thompson. On the death of this gentleman no successor was appointed immediately. It being exceedingly desirable that the station should continue to be occupied by the Baptists, it was determined to send a native brother there, to undertake the superintendence of the mission in the absence of a regular missionary. The person selected was the native preacher Wilayat Ali, a man of apostolic character, of towering zeal, and of unflinching courage. After a time, the Rev. J. Mackay was sent out from England to the mission, which he reached on the 27th March 1856. In addition to the above-mentioned members of

the mission, there were also the widow of the late Rev. J. T. Thompson and her two unmarried daughters, besides a small body of native Christians.

The work of destruction among these two missions it is sad to contemplate. The Church mission, its school, church property, and the Government college, were plundered, and to a considerable extent destroyed. The Baptist mission suffered less than the Church mission. The chapel was not broken up, but it lost its furniture, and also a number of books intended for distribution. All the missionaries, the chaplain, their families, including Mrs Thompson and her daughters, Wilayat Ali, and a number of native Christians, were foully butchered. The Lord thus permitted the enemy for a season to be victorious. And yet their victory was a defeat, for, in addition to other high purposes He graciously intended to accomplish by this extermination of some of His devoted servants from the earth, there was one purpose which stands out in conspicuous colours. He doubtless designed to shew to the heathen how His children could die as well as how they could live. It is matter for praise to God that the record of some of them is in existence—a record which illustrates the lofty spirit of Christianity which animated them while being persecuted to the death.

I proceed to give various narratives concerning our brethren, both European and native, who were slaughtered in Delhi, or who were able to effect their escape out of the hands of the enemy.

Some account respecting the Rev. John Mackay, Missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society, Delhi.

One of the most painfully interesting circumstances connected with the heavy losses our missions have sustained, is the number of young missionaries—men of earnestness, men of faith and prayer, men of singleness of purpose—who have been removed with such violent abruptness from the mission field. With few exceptions, God has taken away men who were in the “blossom of their years,” and, in the majority of instances, those who had but recently commenced their missionary labours. They were young men of great promise, whom the older missionaries regarded with pride, and from whom they anticipated much successful service in their evangelistic efforts among the heathen.

Mr Mackay was a new-comer to India. He had evidently left his native country with one object in view—to save souls; and had entered upon his work with a heart burning with love to his fellow-creatures. He was called away while his eagerness to do good was yet hot within him, and while his hands were yet rigid and unyielding in grasping the great enterprise of man’s salvation. It is pleasing to perceive the spirit with which he carried on the duties of his mission. In a private letter written in the beginning of the last year—the year of his death—certain passages are to be found testifying to the genuine Christian spirit which actuated him. They will repay the perusal of the

reader, who will rejoice that he has such evidence from which to judge of the departed missionary's zeal.

Extracts from a letter written by Mr Mackay, dated Delhi, 25th January 1857.

"I arrived here on the 27th March 1856, and from that time have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to discharge the duties which have devolved upon me in this locality.

"Everywhere in the villages we meet with a cordial welcome, and a disposition to cavil is very seldom manifested. On one occasion we visited Shadrah, a large and populous village, or rather town, about six miles from Delhi; and after having spent some time talking and disputing with the people in the bazaar, we were about to return home, when we were surrounded by a number of persons belonging to the Chumar caste, who earnestly invited us to come and address them. 'We are poor people,' they said, 'and won't cavil and dispute with you like those in the bazaar; we want to hear you preach to us.' We told them we had already spent some hours in the bazaar, and that it was now time for us to be going home, but we should come another day soon and address them. But this they would not listen to, and some of them actually prostrated themselves upon the ground, and offered to kiss our feet to get us to stay. Of course, we should have been unworthy followers of Him who sat at the well of Samaria, refusing to partake of the food which had been brought Him till His Father's work was per-

formed, if we had resisted such an appeal as this—though it cost us the loss of our breakfast.

“In a little village called Pahar Ganj, about a mile from Delhi, our native preacher, Wilayat Ali, had apparently succeeded in producing a favourable impression on the minds of some persons belonging to the Chumar, or shoemaker caste, who are held in great contempt by natives of the higher castes—so much so, that they would consider themselves as polluted if they should accidentally touch them ; and I was hopeful that as in the days of our Lord the poor heard Him gladly, so might the gospel be more readily received now by these poor despised Chumars than by the proud, self-righteous Brahmins. But after repeatedly visiting them, and endeavouring to instruct them, I found that they were making very little progress; and it occurred to me that, by establishing a school in which both children and adults might be taught, we should be brought into closer connexion with the people, and our labours be facilitated in various ways. Accordingly I got a room fitted up, and a teacher appointed; and as I was resolved that the school should be established on right principles, I made it a rule that all should be admitted, irrespective of caste. But although the people seemed very much pleased when informed of our proposal to establish a school amongst them, yet, when it actually was established, none of them would send their children. The higher caste natives would not send their children unless we excluded Chumars, and the Chumars would not send their children lest we should kidnap them, and

send them to Calcutta or England. With so little confidence in our good intentions had we succeeded in inspiring them, notwithstanding all our efforts.

“On the whole, we may say we have many difficulties to contend with, and little appreciable success to cheer us; but yet we never think of despairing. With a noble cause to advocate, with millions of intelligent minds to operate upon, and, above all, with the imperishable promises of Divine assistance, we cannot but feel that if we do not ultimately and speedily triumph, the blame must rest with the unfaithful workmen.”

And he did speedily triumph, even beyond his highest anticipations. He triumphed over both his earthly and spiritual foes, when his soul was set free from its tabernacle by the cruel hands of the enemy, and when he entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. When the city was captured by the rebels, Mr Mackay, with several other gentlemen, took refuge in Colonel Skinner's house, in the cellar, where they defended themselves for three or four days against their assassins. A native Christian, who escaped to Agra, stated that, when he quitted Delhi, Mr Mackay was still alive, but the people were pulling down the house upon him. It was supposed, therefore, that he must have soon perished, either by the hands of the rabble, or by the fall of the building. The wife of Wilayat Ali, however, gives the information, that the king ordered the roof of the cellar to be broken up, and its occupants to be killed.

The Lord has said, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Account of Wilayat Ali, Catechist of the Baptist Missionary Society, Delhi, by the Rev. J. Smith, late Missionary at Chitoura.

"Wilayat Ali belonged to a respectable and once wealthy Mohammedan family in Agra. His father was a haji of considerable repute, having made two pilgrimages to Mecca, and consequently the several members of his family were well known among the Mohammedans of the North-west. Wilayat Ali possessed all the fiery enthusiasm of the Mohammedan sects, and hence, after his conversion to the truth, his boldness in defence of his Master's cause was striking; and the captious opposition ever met with in bazaar-preaching, so exciting in its effects, sometimes carried him perhaps a step beyond what prudence dictates, in his exposures of the wickedness of Mohammedanism. His thorough knowledge of the system in its practical results, as well as its theory, made him a most formidable opponent; and his faith in the gospel, combined with childlike sincerity, rendering him impregnable to bribes and flattery, it is not surprising that he should have been one of the first victims on which the fanatics of Delhi chose to wreak their vengeance, when once British power was broken down.

"It was from the labours of Colonel Wheler at Agra

that Wilayat Ali received his first religious impressions, and was induced to commence reading the Bible; but notwithstanding the unsettled state of his mind, he long clung to Mohammedanism, and sought for the removal of his doubts through its priestly ceremonies. His last attempt thoroughly opened his eyes to the real nature of Mohammedanism, and drove him with renewed diligence to the Bible. He went to a moulvie of reputed sanctity, and sought to become one of his disciples. For this the priest required a fee of twelve shillings; but, after hard bargaining, he came down to two shillings, at the same time cautioning our friend against telling any one of the small price he had paid, and exhorting him to say to all that he had paid the full price, twelve shillings. This was too much for his credulity. The thought struck him, 'I can sin enough without the aid of a priest: sin is the burden under which I am groaning, and yet this man would have me tell lies in order to fill his pockets.' From henceforth he turned to Christianity, and long continued to visit the missionaries of all the denominations in Agra. Colonel Wheler being an Episcopalian, he would have preferred joining that communion, but his convictions of the scriptural correctness of believers' immersion were so strong, that, after considerable delay, he felt himself compelled to join the Baptist church, and was baptized by one of our missionaries at Agra—I think in 1838—and from that time to his death by violence in May last, his life had been one continued scene of persecution and trial.

“No sooner was he baptized than his own family and neighbours commenced to throw bricks into his yard, stopped him from getting water at the well, and attempted to poison him. A dish of food was sent to him, but his suspicions being aroused, he gave it to his dog, which died almost immediately. His younger brother commenced an action against him for a large sum of money, and while preaching at Shamsabad, near Chitoura, one evening, he was seized by two policemen, and must have passed months in prison, had not two kind Presbyterian friends in Agra (Messrs Frazer and Smith) become bail for him. This action was more than twelve months carried on amid the intrigues of a Mohammedan court, with a Mohammedan Sudder Ameen for judge, and yet eventually our brother came off triumphantly, and was at liberty to enter fully on evangelistic labours for the benefit of his countrymen. Shortly after his baptism, it was thought necessary to remove him from Agra, for the better security of himself and family, whose lives were in continual danger; and hence he came to Chitoura, where he was my companion for seven years. He taught his wife to read; and although she had been all her life secluded in the zenana, I had the privilege of baptizing her, with her eldest daughter.

“The eldest son, fourteen years of age, died at Chitoura of consumption, after giving the strongest proofs of a change of heart. When his mother wept by his sick-bed, he comforted her by the prospect of another meeting, where sorrow and persecution can never come.

I remember how feelingly he said, 'I am going to the Lord, and we shall meet again in heaven.' After Delhi had been long vacant by the death of brother Thompson, the brethren there, as well as ourselves, felt anxious to see the station re-occupied, and, after several visits, we determined to send a native preacher until a European missionary was appointed by the Home Committee. Wilayat Ali appeared most fit for the position, and was eventually chosen to fill it. When I asked him to go, he hesitated for some time. He knew well the dangers and difficulties he should have to grapple with, and the peculiar hatred of the Mohammedans to any one who had left their ranks, and he might well hesitate before he undertook such an arduous task. When once, however, the path of duty had been ascertained, he consulted no more with flesh and blood, but declared to me his readiness to go, though he might be called to lay down his life for his Lord and Saviour. When he bade a sorrowful good-bye to us at Chitoura with his interesting family, little did I expect how soon he would be called to the presence of his Lord in the martyr-chariot of fire. I visited him at Delhi when other duties permitted, and often preached with him to large and attentive crowds of people in the Chandi Chouk Bazaar, and other great thoroughfares; and I heard, the last time I was there, that his influence was being felt among the respectable Mohammedans, and that one of the princes from the palace paid him an occasional visit during the darkness of the evening. There can be no doubt that many in

Delhi, who had failed to stop his mouth by fair argument, were too ready to stop it by the sword, as soon as the dread of British power was removed ; and hence, I conclude, the town's-people (who knew him, and not the sepoy from Meerut, who could not know him), on the breaking out of the insurrection, rushed on and cut him down. Silas, an eye-witness, who escaped to Agra, says, that between every cut of the sword his murderers said, 'Now preach to us, now preach to us ;' and I trust his innocent blood will speak to them, and remind them of his warnings and teachings. The blood of the martyrs will again, I doubt not, be the seed of the Church, and a brighter day dawn in India."

The circumstances of the death of this eminent servant of God have been described with considerable minuteness by his widow, who, for several months, had to endure frightful hardships and trials, and yet eventually, by God's mercy, escaped with most of her children to a place of safety. There is something exceedingly inspiring in the devotion, the meekness, and the courage displayed by this excellent woman.

Narrative of Fatima, widow of Wilayat Ali.

"On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher named Thakoor, of the Church mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the sepoy had muti-

nied, and that the Mohammedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once, if possible, else that we would all be killed. My husband said, 'No, no, brother, the Lord's work can not be stopped by any one.' In the meanwhile, fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakoor said, 'Here they come, now what will you do? Run, run: I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakoor ran—was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said—

“O Lord, many of Thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire for Thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast the faith. Now, O Lord, *we* have fallen into the fiery trial—Lord, may it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall or faint in heart under this sore temptation. Even to the *death*, oh, help us to confess and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord! Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory!’

“After we had prayer, my husband kissed us all, and said, 'See that, whatever comes, you don't deny Christ, for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as serpents, as well as innocent as doves. So if you can flee, do so; but, come what will, *do not deny Christ.*' Now I

began to weep bitterly, when he said, 'Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus; and if you are spared, Christ is your helper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of—and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh, *then* take care you don't deny *Him* who died for us! This is my last charge, and God help you.'

"Now some horsemen came up, and the faqirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband, that he was an infidel preacher, and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the *Kalima*,* but he would not. Two of them then fired at us, and one shot passed close by to my husband's ear and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children ran through a back-door towards the house of Mirza Hajee, one of the Shahzadas (or princes), who respected my husband, and was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faqir, and seemed partial to the gospel.

"He took in my seven children who fled for refuge. Now one of the troopers interposed, saying, 'Don't kill them. Wilayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca; and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the

* Mohammedan Creed.

sake of money, and he may again become a good Mus-sulman.' Another trooper now asked my husband, 'Who then are you, and what are you?' He answered, 'I was at one time *blind*, but now I see—God mercifully opened my eyes—and I have found a refuge in Christ. *Yes, I am a Christian, and am resolved to live and die a Christian.*'

" 'Ah,' said the trooper, 'you see that he is a kaffir (infidel); kill him.' Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed to his breast, and asked to repeat the Kalima, with a promise of our lives, and protection. My husband said, 'I have repented once, and have also believed in Christ Jesus; so I have no further need of repentance.' At this time, two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, 'Let us run after these Feringhis first; then we can return and kill these infidels;' so they went.

"My husband now said to me, 'Flee, flee—now is the time, before they return.' He told me to go to the faqir's tukya,* while he would go to the Rev. Mr Mackay's house to try to save him. I went to the tukya, but the faqir would not allow me to go in, and would have killed me, but for the interposition of Mirza Hajee, the Shahzada, who said to the troopers, 'This woman and her husband are my friends; if you kill them, I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this they let me go. Then I began to cry about my children, but Mirza Hajee told me that he had them all

* The place where a religious mendicant practises his austerities.

safe. Now I went after my husband towards Mr Mackay's house in Duryagunj, the house formerly occupied by Mr Parry, of the Delhi Bank.

"On the way, I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes, some saying, 'Now preach Christ to us; now where is your Christ in whom you boast?' and others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kalima. My husband said, 'No, I never will; my Saviour took up His cross and went to God; I take up my life as a cross, and will follow Him to heaven.'

"They now asked him mockingly if he was thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water?' He said, 'When my Saviour died He got vinegar mingled with gall: I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of the prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear; but I won't: your swords have no terror for me; let them fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ.'

"Now a trooper came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian who won't recant; so do you kill him.' At this the sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, '*O Jesus, receive my soul!*' I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much

terrified, and shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the chapel compound, where I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of Mirza Hajee, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect, that if any one should be found guilty of harbouring or concealing Christians they would be put to death. The queen, Zeenut Mahall, had some fifty Europeans concealed, and she did all in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gohur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Hajee, and he remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Hajee now told me that I must at once take one of two steps—either become a Mohammedan, or leave his house. Both of them urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to dwell in, and thirty rupees a-month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, ‘No, I cannot forsake Christ. I will work to support myself and children, and if I must be killed, God’s will be done.’—I now had to go out with my seven children. A coolie (porter) who came with me led me to the *Kotwali* (or police station), and some sepoy there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me.

I now went about seeking for some place to dwell in ; but no one would take us in lest they should be murdered on our account ; so I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place where to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to go out.

“ On the thirteenth day, a large body of the sepoy went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi called Phulwaree, where I got a room for eight annas a-month. Six rupees was all the money I had ; all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohammedans.

“ When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position anything but safe ; for the sepoy had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes ; cannon-balls came near us again and again, and one day one even came into our room, but did us no harm.

“ I heard that many people went to a place called Sunput, twenty coss (forty miles) from Delhi ; so I accompanied some people there. In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna for grinding nine seers (eighteen lbs.) ; and, in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day ; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

“ When I heard that the English troops had taken

Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into Sunput in a great terror, I left with two other women, who went in search of their husbands.

“I again came to Phulwaree, when the whole of my children were taken ill of fevers and colds, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a pice to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it; so I went about the sad task myself. They indeed said that if I would become a Mohammedan they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked me why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I took up the little corpse and buried it.

“I was now anxious to get into the city, and sent a message to a native Christian, Heera Lal, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. I got Heera Lal to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our missionaries might be alive; and when you wrote back, I cried for joy, and thanked God, for now I knew what my dear husband said would be fulfilled—that if our missionaries were spared, I and the children would be provided for.

“Of the Rev. Mr Mackay, and Mrs Thompson and family, I have to say, that before I left Delhi, I went one day to Mrs Thompson’s house, where I saw a sight which horrified me—Mrs Thompson and one daughter lying dead on a couch, grasping each other,

and the other daughter on the floor by the side of the couch ; their heads were quite severed from the trunks.

“Of Mr Mackay I heard that he and several other gentlemen were killed in Colonel Skinner’s house, after resistance for three or four days. The king ordered the people to dig up the roof of the cellar where they had taken shelter, and to kill them.”

*Some account respecting the Rev. A. R. Hubbard,
Missionary of the Church Propagation Society,
Delhi.*

There were three brothers bearing the name of Hubbard in the North-western Provinces before the rebellion. Two of these, who were twin-brothers, were missionaries. The one, the Rev. H. D. Hubbard, was a missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Benares ; the other, the Rev. A. R. Hubbard, was a missionary of the Propagation Society at Delhi ; the third brother was a Professor in the Government college at Agra. They were all engaged in a benevolent work—they were all seeking the welfare of the natives of this country, and hoping to live to see some important results of their labours. Two of them were slain by the rebels ; the other is still discharging his sacred duties in the Benares mission—cast down, yet not in despair, and longing and praying for the time when the inhabitants of India, reclaimed from their idolatries and sins, will become a people consecrated to the Lord.

One brother, the Rev. A. R. Hubbard, was killed by the mutineers at the outbreak in Delhi; the second, Professor Hubbard, was cut down a few weeks later in Agra, as he was hastening towards the fort for shelter. A short notice of the previous life of the former may prove interesting to the reader.

Mr Hubbard was a native of Rochester, in Kent, in which city he received his early education. In the year 1847, he left for Cambridge, and entered as a student of Caius College. After taking his degree, he became curate of St John's Church, Derby, which position he held for two years. It was during his residence in Derby that the idea of becoming a missionary to the heathen first presented itself to his mind. It was proposed to him to join his college friend, the Rev. J. S. Jackson, in commencing a mission at Delhi, in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. It is singular that he accepted the proposition just at the time that his twin-brother, the Rev. H. D. Hubbard of Benares, connected himself with the Church Missionary Society, and was about to proceed to India as its missionary there. The consequence was that they both quitted England together in the same ship, embarking in the month of September 1853. In the month of January following, they arrived in Calcutta. For upwards of three years Mr Hubbard laboured in the Delhi mission, and latterly, in the absence of his colleague, Mr Jackson, had undertaken the entire charge of it. I have already remarked that his piety and earnestness, and the Christian virtues of

his fellow-labourers in the mission, were already becoming powerfully felt in the city. But his service on earth was suddenly closed, He was sought out by the mutineers and the Mohammedan rabble on the fatal 11th of May, and was killed in the Bank buildings. According to the statement of the catechist, Heera Lal, the servants of the Bank behaved treacherously in not locking the doors of the Bank buildings, though they pretended to do so. In the letter of Dr Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, already referred to, I find the following observations, with which I will close this brief narrative:—"I will not," he remarks, "say much of those whom God has taken in this solemn way to Himself. You well know the unwearied diligence of the secretary (the Rev. M. J. Jennings), I might almost say, founder of the mission; Mr Hubbard's subdued energy, and Mr Sandys' eager and zealous activity, and Chaman Lal's honest integrity, were known to all."

Sketch of the Life and Death of Mr D. C. Sandys, Assistant-Missionary of the Propagation Society, Delhi; by his Father, the Rev. T. Sandys, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Calcutta.

"David Corrie Sandys was born Nov. 10, 1834, in Calcutta. From the earliest period of his life he was of a remarkably docile and affectionate disposition; yet possessing, at the same time, much energy of character. For several years he attended the High School in Calcutta. On my departure for England, he accom-

panied me, and was placed in King William's College, at Castletown, Isle of Man, under the care of the Rev. Dr Dixon. From letters which I received from him, as well as from the Principal, I was led to look forward to his becoming a missionary of the gospel to the heathen. In the year 1852 he returned to Calcutta in order to prosecute his studies, with the direct object of being qualified for missionary work. He was soon after admitted as a student into Bishop's College, and, after carrying on his studies for several years, was accepted by the Committee of the Propagation Society as one of its missionary labourers, and was shortly afterwards sent to take charge of the mission-school at Delhi.

"Here he entered most heartily upon his various duties, both in the school and in conferences with natives. The attention which he gave to the school caused it to attain such a state of proficiency, that the Rev. Messrs Jackson and Hubbard, as well as the committee, were well satisfied with both his diligence and his qualifications, and he was considered by them as a candidate for the office of the ministry. It was especially among the pupils of the English school that he endeavoured to sow the seeds of eternal life. While he did his utmost during the school-hours to give the minds of the pupils a right direction, and to set their feet in the way of salvation, he instituted a Scripture reading-class in his own dwelling, for the benefit of such pupils as desired to obtain instruction respecting the Christian religion.

“It appears, so far as can be ascertained, that on the morning of the mutiny, the 11th of May, the Rev. Mr Hubbard and Mr Koch went for greater security into the Delhi Bank, which ordinarily was guarded by some sepoys. The guards, however, joined the mutineers, and Messrs Hubbard and Koch, together with Mr Beresford’s family, were killed in the Bank. My son appears not to have accompanied them, but to have gone out in his buggy to place a youth who was with him in safety among his relatives, at some distance from his own house. It is supposed that, as he was returning home, he was set on by the mutinous sepoys near the magazine, and killed. A native Christian, who escaped from Delhi to Agra, stated that he had seen the corpse of Mr Sandys lying near the magazine, and that he had seen Mr Hubbard and Mr Koch cut down at the Delhi Bank.

“Thus, so far as is known, fell the missionary party at Delhi. My dear son was in his 23d year, and was looking forward to being ordained to the office of a minister at the close of the year, when he would have attained the prescribed age, and for which he had diligently been endeavouring, in the spirit of prayerful devotedness, to become prepared. I may state, in reference to the character of my beloved and departed son, that from his childhood he appeared to be under the influence of Divine grace. The great and necessary change had taken place, I believe, in him at a very early age ; and as he grew in years, he grew in grace. He knew and loved the Lord Jesus, and hav-

ing dedicated himself to His service, all his studies were directed to the one object of becoming an efficient labourer for the promotion of His kingdom and glory. He was ever a most dutiful and affectionate son—one who truly loved and honoured his parents—and they loved him with an affection grounded not only on their earthly relationship, but as a child of God, and a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, and of the various languages necessary to understand them in the original, and to impart instruction in them both to the Hindoos and the Mohammedans. It was his desire to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ in the missionary work, and to this all his time and study had been devoted with untiring energy, in the spirit of prayer, and in dependence on the Divine grace and blessing.”

*Deposition of Heera Lal, Native Preacher at Delhi,
respecting the death of Mr Sandys and the Rev.
A. R. Hubbard.*

“On the 11th of May last, I (Heera Lal) was in the Delhi Dispensary with the late Sub-Assistant-Surgeon Chaman Lal, when at once Makhan Lal, the son-in-law of the late Sub-Assistant-Surgeon, informed us that the mutineers had entered the city gate and were killing the Christians. Having heard this, I instantly returned to my house in the compound (close) of the Rev. A. R. Hubbard’s kothee (house), and went to see the gentleman,

who was dressing himself at that time. I informed him of the outbreak, but he smiled, and seemed to discredit my report. I assured him that the gates of the city, palace, and magazine were closed, and that what I tell you is true. As I had heard the above, and not seen it with mine own eyes, I went myself to inquire into the fact. When I arrived near the magazine, I saw that its gates were closed, and a man was standing there. I returned to Mr Hubbard's house, and saw on the way that great clouds of smoke were rising from the burnt bungalows in the Duryagunj, and that Mr H. and two teachers of the mission-school were standing in the verandah of the kothee. Mr Sandys, one of the schoolmasters, riding in his buggy, went to Mr Collins, the late deputy-collector of the treasury. After a short time, I saw that some of the mutineers' cavalry-men were running towards the magazine; and some minutes after, the syce of Mr Sandys returned and informed us that Mr Sandys was killed by the mutineers near the magazine. On hearing this, I dragged Mr Hubbard and the other gentlemen towards the gate of the kothee which leads to the Bank. When we came near the gate, a chaprassee (orderly) of the Bank came to us and desired us to give up the key of the doors, that he might lock them. I replied that the key was with the chowkedar (watchman)—he must go to him. The chaprassee went in quest of the chowkedar, and I remained at the gate, and Mr Hubbard and the other gentlemen went to the Bank. No sooner was Mr Hubbard gone to the Bank than the mutineers rushed towards his kothee, and set on fire our houses

and plundered the kothee. Being fearful of my own life, I left the gate and stood under the shade of the trees of the garden. I saw from that spot that the jemadar and chaprassees of the Bank came to the gate, and there conversed with two or three other persons who had come from Mr Hubbard's kothee, and laughed, and then returned to the Bank without shutting or locking the doors after them. While the jemadar and the rest were conversing together, I left that spot and hid myself under the walls of the garden, and there remained to see what might happen. From this place I saw that no sooner had the jemadar left the gate than a great crowd of men rushed from the gate and made their way to the Bank, and began to break the doors of the Bank-house. I heard the shattering of the doors from the place where I was standing. Afterwards, I saw that the gardener, bihishteas, and some sick workmen were sitting near a well in the garden. I myself repaired to that place and sat with them, and remained with them till two P. M. During my stay there, I heard that the gentlemen had concealed themselves in the cook-room, and I very well remember that the name of Mr Hubbard was also mentioned among the gentlemen in the Bank. At about two P. M., I heard the match-lock-firing, and the men with whom I was sitting said that now the sahib-log are killed."

Heera Lal himself escaped from the city in a miraculous manner, and eventually found his way into the British camp.

Narrative of the Escape of the Christian Convert Baboo Ram Chandra, late Professor of Mathematics in the Government College, Delhi, and now Professor of Mathematics in the Thomason College, Roorkee.

“According to my promise, I send you a very brief account of my escape from Delhi on the 13th May last, when the mutineers occupied the city. The 10th was Sunday. I saw the Sub-Assistant-Surgeon M. S. Chaman Lal, and when we had returned from the evening service at church, I dined with him and then went to our missionary friends at night. As customary, we took tea, read a chapter of the New Testament, said a short prayer, and then I and the doctor both returned to our respective homes. When we were taking tea, Mr Hubbard, missionary, told me that he had learned from the paper that the cause of the sepoy disaffection had now been removed, for they had been allowed to apply ‘glue’ to their cartridges. I went to bed as usual, little dreaming then of the dreadful scene which was to confound us the next day. As it was the summer season, we attended the Delhi college at six A. M.; so the next day, the 11th of May, I went to the college early in the morning. At about eight o’clock A. M., when I was teaching my class in the yard of the upper room, some students told me that the mutineers from Meerut had come to the city. I threatened the students who had said such things, not in the least believing the report. At last some servant of Mr Roberts brought the

news that the mutineers from Meerut had actually arrived, and had killed an European officer in charge of the bridge. Then Mr Taylor, our Principal, thought proper to give leave to the whole college, though still he and others did not consider this as a very serious matter. I went to the college hall, and sat down with Mr Taylor, Mr Roberts, Mr Stewart, junior, and we were talking on the subject. Mr Taylor wrote a letter to the captain of the magazine, to be informed whether these reports about the mutineers had any foundation. The captain wrote only these words in reply—‘Come quickly.’ No sooner were these words read by Mr Taylor, than we were all struck with horror. Mr Taylor, Mr Heatley, the editor of the *Delhi Gazette*, Mrs Heatley, Mr Roberts, and all the European teachers of the college, went over to the magazine immediately. I looked on these things with amazement. When all had left the college, I also left it with Moulvie Subhan Buksh, of the Arabic department. We went towards the Calcutta gate to see what was the matter. There we saw that it was shut up, and a number of nujjees, police sowars, &c., and a vast crowd of citizens. We learned that the Commissioner, Mr Fraser, was on the city wall, watching the movements of the mutineers. We then proceeded towards the Lal Dighee (reservoir), but we saw nothing excepting the crowd of the city people, and the kotwal (head of the police) on horseback. On the way I met Captain Douglass, of the palace guard, who returned my salam with a smile. Till this time I had no fear, nor dreamed

that the sepoy in Delhi were also in league. At last I, with the moulvie, reached the tank. There I saw the magistrate, Mr Hutchinson, going on horseback, with a sowar, in full speed towards Duryagunj. After a few moments, I saw that gentleman returning in a great hurry, and lo, I observed, at a distance, some fierce mutineer troopers following him with great rapidity. Seeing this, all the people at the tank fled away, and I did the same, but I soon commenced to walk slowly; and some of the mutineers passed by me, and I looked at them, little thinking that if any of the city people were to tell them that I was a Christian they would shoot me down instantly. Many of the Hindoos and Mohammedans passing by knew that I was a Christian, but God shut their mouths, and they did not say to the mutineers that I was a Christian. Dr Chaman Lal was shot, because some good people of the city took the mutineers to his house and told them that he was a Christian. It was the will of our heavenly Father to take the doctor to himself, and to preserve me in the world for a few days more. For my part, I consider it a miraculous interference of God. On the way I was informed that the commissioner and the magistrate were both murdered. When I reached my house, I stood up in the verandah towards the bazaar side, looking at the mutineers and the crowd of the city people passing that way. I heard a man saying in the bazaar that the poor sub-assistant-surgeon, Chaman Lal, was shot and killed. I was thunderstruck at hearing this, but till this time I did not believe all that I heard. I sent

my old servant, Boodh Singh, to ascertain the truth of the murder of Europeans and Christians ; in the meantime, I was terrified to see a buggy in the bazaar, drawn by a horse in full speed, but without a driver or a syce (groom). Soon after, my two brothers came to my house, and told me that some of the European officers and Chaman Lal were murdered, and requested me to leave the place immediately for the house in the lines. I did so, and concealed myself in the zenana. There I continued to hear of the murder of many English gentlemen, and, in the afternoon, I saw the explosion of the magazine. I also learned that the mutineers were seeking after me, and some of the mutineers actually passed in the lane where I was hid, and the chowkedar of the lane pointed them out the house of my concealment, but other people of the street soon gathered round and assured the mutineers that the house belonged to a Káyasth, who was a Wakeel, so they went away disappointed. Just consider in what state I was in then, expecting death every moment. In this manner the first day passed away. On the next day, the 12th of May, I was again told that the mutineers were seeking after me in different places ; then, about ten, on opening my Bible with the Prayer-book all bound in one, I found the following psalm, to my greatest consolation—a psalm which has exactly been fulfilled :—

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press ;
In him undaunted we'll confide.

Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the raging tide.

In tumults, when the heathen raged,
And kingdoms war against us waged,
He thunder'd, and dispersed their powers.

Come see the wonders he hath wrought;
On earth what desolation brought;
How he has calm'd the jarring world;
He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess.

“This, my friend, was the psalm I observed on first opening my Bible! What comfort I received from this I cannot tell. I was expecting an English army in a day or two, but God does what he pleases in due time; so the second day, or the 12th of May, passed off. On the third day it was notified by the mutineers, that if any Englishman or Christian were found concealed in any person's house, that man should also suffer death. I feared greatly, not only for myself, but for my family, as I was concealed with them. My brother also feared, and so I determined to leave the house, but still wishing to stop two or three days more, hoping that during that time an English army might arrive and destroy the mutineers. Our landlady, in whose house we lived, urgently requested my mother to expel me (as I was the only Christian in the family) from the house instantly, for she feared that if I were found in her house,

she would also be punished. This vexed me much, and I felt grieved at her very unfriendly conduct; but this was a wise providence of God. That very day (third) I leaped over a wall, and went into an adjoining house, where I stopped till it was dark. I dressed myself like a common coolie, and with my old and faithful servant, Boodh Singh, left the city for Dheeruj-Kee-Paharee, where my servant's family lived, and, thanks be to God, no one recognised me on the way. Next day, I and my servant went to a village named Mutra, ten miles from Delhi, where one of his relatives was a lumburdar; there I received comfort, but still I was in danger, for some zemindars knew me to be a Christian. But the psalm I remembered. I lived in this village for about a month. 'Jauts' and the 'Jautnees' inquired why I lived in the village, as the mutineers were not against any native, but I could not satisfy their curiosity. At last the English army came, and defeated the rebels at Badlee-Kee-Sarai. I expected Delhi would be taken in a day or two, but it was not so. On the tenth of June last, at midnight, some rebel troops passed by the village I lived in, and some zemindar opposed to the lumburdar who gave me protection, informed the mutineers that a Christian was living in the village. But before the mutineers came over to the place where I was, my servant learned all the particulars, awoke me from my slumber, and told me of my danger. I went inside the hut, and expected a bullet or a sword-thrust every moment. At that time God alone was my refuge, for I was certain that the mutineers would search for

me in the hut, and that my days were numbered. A zemindar friend advised me to leave the hut immediately, and fly to the jungle. I did so, and my old faithful fellow followed me into the wilderness. When we had gone about half a mile from the village, I heard the noise of the mutineers entering the village, and, as it was moonlight, I feared lest I had been seen during my flight. They fired their muskets; they plundered the house where I had lived (as I came to know afterwards); and when I heard the galloping of horses distinctly, I then believed that they were pursuing after me into the jungles. I found a small thorny bush, into which I thrust myself (so dear is life to man!), though many thorns went into my flesh; still, having a white kurta (tunic) on, I was in constant dread of being discovered—it was clear moonlight then. But God turned away the mutineers from that direction where I was hid; and when I ceased to hear the galloping of the horses, I came out of the bush and met with my servant Boodh Singh; and then we both started for Dheeruj-Kee-Paharee, and the following day (the 11th of June) we went by a circuitous way to Allipore, and thence to the English camp before Delhi. On the way I was plundered by the worthy Goojurs,* who robbed me of my rupees and a flannel jacket, which was all I had. The British camp I reached with only a dirty piece of rag around my waist. Sir T. Metcalfe, Bart., assisted and comforted me a great deal, and I remained in the camp till Delhi was taken.”

* A predatory tribe, like our gipsies.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION IN MUTTRA.

THIS city lies a few miles to the west of Agra, on the road to Delhi. Only a short time elapsed before the spirit of disaffection and revolt, which spread through the country immediately after the catastrophes at Meerut and Delhi, threatened the safety of Muttra. It was a place peculiarly exposed to attacks, inasmuch as the sepoy troops proceeding from the various stations in which they had mutinied to the common focus, Delhi, naturally felt exceedingly inclined to pay a visit to a city so opulent as this was known to be. In fact, on several occasions after the first outbreak, bodies of mutineers actually entered Muttra, and were only kept from sacking the houses of the rich natives by the payment of a large sum of money, and by the curse which the Mahant (a very sacred personage amongst the Hindoos) held over them, that if they destroyed such a venerated city, whose sanctity had been for ages past recognised by the entire Hindoo race, from the north to the south of India, no prosperity would attend them in any of their enterprises.

On the 30th May, the Lieutenant-Governor sent two companies of native troops from Agra to Muttra, for

the purpose of relieving the guard there and bringing away the treasure—a policy dictated, no doubt, by the troubles of the times. When these men reached Muttra, they joined with the sepoy in the station, shot down their officer, and plundered the rupees. As usual, the rabble broke loose, and committed every kind of depredation that unrestrained frenzy suggested. The property of the residents was spoliated. The mission was given up to the flames. The bungalow of the missionary, his furniture, the mission chapel, were all burnt. In short, the mission was soon in ruins. Providentially, a few days before the mutiny, the Rev. J. Evans, missionary of the Baptist Society in Muttra, considering the place too insecure to warrant his remaining in it, had left for Agra. Painful to the last degree as it must have been for our brother to quit the scene of his labours, and abandon the valuable property of the mission to its fate, yet there can be no doubt that his decision was, humanly speaking, the saving of his life.

After Mr Evans had spent eight or nine months in the fort of Agra, and had experienced its privations and discomforts, he had the misfortune to lose the few things he had managed to save on leaving Muttra, in a fire which broke out in his quarter of the fort. He himself escaped with some difficulty.

The native Christians were, to some extent, exposed to the cruelty of the rebels. One of their number, Paramanand, a catechist of the mission, was put to death. The acting chaplain, the Rev. Mr Nicholls, and

his wife, twice escaped to Agra. On the first occasion they only remained there a short time, and then, thinking the danger had diminished, returned to Muttra; but on the second occasion they had nearly stayed too long at the post of danger, for they had just time to enter a buggy and fly hastily to Agra, to escape the horrors of the outbreak. I need not say that all their property was destroyed, like that belonging to the mission.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSIONS IN AGRA.

THE most considerable missions in the North-western Provinces, in point of numbers, and in the aggregate outlay on the institutions connected with them, were doubtless situated in Agra. This arose principally from the fact of Agra being the seat of Government. The Church Mission having established a press there for the purpose of affording employment and the means of livelihood to its native Christians, the Government bestowed on it most of its patronage. The consequence was, that many Christians from the various missions scattered throughout the North-west found their way thither, and, together with the converts there, formed an extensive community. Their number in all the missions in Agra could not have been less than a thousand persons. The most valuable portion of the mission property in this city was the Secundra Press, which was worth two lacs of rupees, or twenty thousand pounds. I should not be doing justice to other missions in the North-west, were I not to add, that while the Agra missions were thus the most considerable in numbers, and the most costly in a pecuniary point of view, they were nevertheless not the most extensive

in the means they employed for the conversion of the natives. For instance, it may be safely asserted that in Benares, where the number of native Christians was much smaller, the arrangements for carrying on direct missionary labours amongst the heathen were on as large a scale, and on as efficient a system, as those existing in Agra prior to the disturbances. I make this remark in order that I may steer clear of invidious distinctions, and that the reader may have an accurate perception of the relative position of the Agra missions. These missions were, and are still, presided over by men of sterling excellence and of great zeal, and I should be exceedingly sorry to utter one word which might be interpreted as a disparagement of them or their labours.

The losses which have been sustained in Agra will be best understood by a brief description of the ecclesiastical establishments existing there previous to the outbreak.

There were five churches of the Church of England. St George's Church, built at a cost of twenty-six thousand rupees, and capable of holding a thousand persons, was situated in the cantonments. Christ Church, or the Soldiers' Chapel, held three hundred people. St Paul's Church, which had space for about two hundred persons, was in the civil lines. St John's Church, in which was accommodation for four hundred individuals, was at Secundra. There was also another church at Kuttra, built for three hundred persons. Two chaplains were located in Agra; and the Church Missionary Society had four missionaries there. It

had also schools and other important institutions, including the magnificent press, to which reference has already been made. This press was under the management of Mr E. H. Longden.

The American Presbyterian Mission had three missionaries in Agra. It had also a church, bungalows, and other valuable property. The Protestant High School for the instruction of East Indians, a most interesting institution, was under the superintendence of this mission.

The Baptist Mission had two missionaries in Agra, and one at Nistarpore, Chitoura, near Agra. There were in both places chapels, schools, and other establishments of much pecuniary value. In the mission at Chitoura were one hundred and fifty Christians, who were supported by means of a manufactory of cotton fabrics, producing table-cloths, towels, and various other kinds of cloth, by the English hand-loom.

The Tract Society and the Bible Society for the North-western Provinces both had their head-quarters in Agra, and contained in their depositories publications which it had required years to accumulate.

These publications, I believe, have been entirely destroyed. Then the press, with its vast store of types, apparatus, paper, and so forth, is a clear loss. The damage done to the Mission College, and to the house of the Principal, the Rev. T. V. French, amounts to seventeen hundred rupees. The injury done to St John's Church, a new building, ready for use but not yet opened, in the destruction of church furniture,

railings, pulpit, reading-desk, benches made of Sisoo wood, velvet cushions, punkahs, doors and windows, and in stone-work and masonry, is estimated at two thousand two hundred rupees. The old chapel of St John's, in Abdool Masih's Kuttra, has sustained a loss in chairs, tables, benches, wall-shades, pulpit, punkahs, doors and windows, &c., of seven hundred rupees. The other churches and chapels in Agra have, for the most part, I believe, suffered in a similar manner. A thatched house at Kuttra, belonging to the Church Mission, and valued at four thousand five hundred rupees, was completely destroyed. A girls' school, in the same place, was injured to the extent of eight hundred and fifty rupees. The utter ruin of native houses and of building materials is set down at one thousand rupees; and the loss on dwelling-houses and other buildings on the Church Mission premises in the Thandee Sarak, near the Delhi gate, is not less than two thousand eight hundred rupees. Then, in the Church Mission buildings at Secundra, exclusive of the press, the total amount of damage sustained is about thirty thousand rupees. To all this fearful list of losses in one mission, is to be added the very heavy item of two lacs of rupees for the press property, which is now a perfect wreck.

In regard to the Baptist Mission in Agra and in Chitoura, I find that the mission bungalow in the former place was burnt down, and that the two English chapels and native chapel were plundered of all their furniture, and of nearly all their doors and windows.

Considerable damage, too, was done to the school-house of the Benevolent Institution. The mission buildings at Chitoura were but partially injured at the time that Agra was demolished; but they have been more seriously injured at various times since by rebel villagers. Two dwelling-houses and a chapel have been burnt down; also a line of native Christians' houses, containing seven tenements. A similar line, thatched, and two with flat roofs, have been injured, but not destroyed. The looms, and much of the stock-in-trade of the Chitoura weaving establishment, were plundered.

The losses of the American Presbyterian Mission in Agra, though heavy, were not so great as the losses of this body in some other places. It is consoling to think that, while such extensive disasters befel the mission institutions in this city, yet that none of the lives of the missionaries were sacrificed to the cruelty of the enemy. They all found shelter in the fort. The brother of the missionary in Benares, Mr Hubbard, Professor in the Government College, was killed, and the Rev. W. Glen, formerly missionary at Mirzapore, fell a victim to dysentery, which attacked him in the fort, and carried him off after eight or ten days' illness. "He had been zealous in attending to the spiritual and temporal wants of the sick and wounded in hospital, though not strong in health, and was under the impression that he should not leave the fort alive." For five or six long months, and in some cases for seven or eight weeks, the missionaries were compelled to con-

tinue in the fort. This was a time of much distress of mind, on account of the ruin which had come upon the missions around them, and of the difficulties to which they looked forward in the future. But they remembered the covenant of the Lord, and were not in despair.

It may be interesting to receive an account of the outbreak in Agra, and of the devastation which followed in its wake, which occasioned the long confinement of the Europeans in the fort, from the pen of a missionary of the Church Society stationed there.

Account of the Outbreak in Agra, and of the Destruction of Mission Property there, by the Rev. F. E. Schneider.

FORT, AGRA, 21st July 1857.

“By God’s mercy we are still in the land of the living; but what a change has taken place in Agra since I last wrote to you! To describe to you all that has happened, I feel myself altogether unfit. You must content yourself with the short account I give. Up to the beginning of this month we had been in comparative rest and peace, but since that time, fears, anxieties, and alarms of approaching dangers increased. Information was brought in that an army of from ten to twelve thousand mutineers, with a body of cavalry and horse artillery, were advancing to Futtehpoore Sikree. The Roman Catholic establishment, the Protestant High School, and the soldiers’ families, together with the females of the militia-men, were ordered to the fort,

and all the ladies had to leave for the same place of refuge. The jail, with its three or four thousand prisoners, and the several places which had hitherto served for refuge, were given up as indefensible. On the evening of the 4th, we all went to the fort. On the 5th, the insurgents had come within one or two miles of Agra, and had taken up a strong position in the village of Shahgunj. Five hundred men of the 3d European regiment, with the six horse-artillery guns, and a body of the militia, met the enemy. A most bloody battle began on the afternoon of the 5th instant, which lasted for three hours without interruption. Our small force was obliged to retreat, on account of want of ammunition, for one of our guns had been made useless by the explosion of one of our tumbrils. Our loss was great—forty-nine killed and ninety-one wounded: the loss of the enemy was much greater. It was in their power to destroy our whole force, as they had above eight hundred cavalry, while we had only forty. God, however, in His mercy saved our little brave band from destruction; they retreated in perfect order, with their five guns, to the fort. Immediately after the battle had begun, the prisoners in the jail broke loose, and they, with the immense number of bad fellows from the city and surrounding villages, commenced the work of burning, plundering, and destroying, which they continued for three days and nights without being disturbed. It was an awful sight from the ramparts of the fort to see the burning houses. You have no idea of the destruction, and it would be in vain to describe

it to you. May it suffice to tell you what I have seen, when I went out with an armed party on the 17th instant. We visited the Kuttra College and mission compound. The new church in the Kuttra, which was ready for service, has been deprived of every door, windows, railings, chairs, benches, the handsome pulpit and reading-desk, punkahs, and everything they could lay hold on; the wood-work is either all burnt or so destroyed that it is quite useless; even the stone-flooring they have partly torn up. The bungalow which Mr Wright occupied, and which had only just been thoroughly repaired, and every house in the Kuttra, have been burnt, and all the wood has been taken away from the roofs. The old chapel has been pulled down. The Mission College and Mr French's house have experienced the same fate—all the doors have been taken away. The mission compound, which we occupied, is a complete wilderness; our dwelling-house, with all the doors, burnt to ashes; the catechist's house, the servants' houses, stable, godown (building for stores), and out-houses deprived of the roofs and doors—only the bare walls are standing, and these must fall in when we have heavy rains.

Secundra is a complete ruin. I myself have not been there, but the description which Mr Longden gives of the destruction is most melancholy. The church, with all its furniture, organ, bells, railings, pulpit, font, &c., utterly destroyed, no door, no window left; the village nothing but naked walls, most of them ^{dig} round about, so that they must fall; the extensive press buildings,

which had only just been completed, with all the stores, presses, machinery, and furniture entirely destroyed; all the dwelling-houses, schools, and out-houses, in ruins. Mr Longden has not even saved his office-books, so that the ruin of the press establishment cannot be more complete. Our native Christians have lost their all; they had been removed from Secundra on the 4th and 5th instant to a place in the city called Hamilton-gunj, under the guns of the fort. All our endeavours with the authorities, military and civil, to procure for them admission into the fort, proved in vain. There, at the last hour, when the wounded and the troops were returning from the field of battle and entering the fort, our poor Christian families were standing before the gates, imploring the guards to let them in, but in vain. Mr French and myself took advantage of the time when the troops entered, and brought in the children and women, to the number of about two hundred and forty; the men entered afterwards. I cannot describe to you the scene which I witnessed when we thus brought in our native Christians. The men did good service immediately afterwards in saving medical stores from a house nearly a mile from the fort, in carrying sick and wounded, and taking service wherever they found it. All the heathen and Mussulman servants had fled from the fort during the battle, and the applications from the most respectable parties in the fort, the Lieut.-Governor not excluded, for Christian servants were far more than could be procured. From two parties I had applications each for five hundred men for the public service.

“The burden upon me for the first three days was beyond my strength ; on the fourth day, Mr Longden was appointed superintendent of all the native Christians, and I have now only to care for the thirty-five orphan children, for whom I cannot here procure a place to live in. Oh, what anxieties and cares, which the Lord only can help to bear !

“The great loss which our mission has experienced makes me less feel my own loss, which is certainly not trifling, having lost my library, nearly all my furniture, my palkee-garee, buggy, and two horses. At present we have plenty of provisions in the fort, as it is open for all who bring provisions ; but prices are high, and, it is feared, will rise still higher, as all communication with the country has ceased. The bridge of boats is broken up on both sides of the river. We have a small room as large as a ship's cabin : the heat is often fearful. It is certainly a matter of thankfulness that we had not more sickness in the fort. There have been several cases of cholera ; I had three fatal cases in my flock ; local complaints are very frequent. The oldest member of my Kuttra congregation, old Thakoor, a convert of Bishop Corrie, (he remembered well the first taking of Agra by the English in 1803,) was cruelly wounded by the Mussulmans when they plundered the Kuttra. Three females, who were obliged to remain behind at Secundra, were saved by God's mercy, although they were in imminent danger. Our two Christian catechists, Jeremiah and Husain, are still at their post at Runkutta. The villagers, among whom they have now

lived for so many years, have indeed behaved nobly towards them ; they have defended them against the Mussulmans, and will not let them go, comforting them with the assurance that they will not forsake them, but defend them with their lives. It is a pleasing instance of the influence which our Christians have exercised on the minds of their heathen neighbours."

An old member of the Church Mission in Agra, the Rev. T. C. Hoernle, was in Landour, on the Himalayas, when the insurrection commenced. He had retreated there for the benefit of his health. Great and overwhelming must have been his distress when the news of the disasters in the North-west first reached him. As he contemplated the fate of the mission, in which he had laboured for nearly twenty years, he poured out the anguish of his soul in the following strain :—

Reflections by the Rev. T. C. Hoernle, suggested by the catastrophe which befell the Church Mission at Agra, of which he was a member.

"My heart is bleeding when I think of the melancholy termination of this mission, the scene of nineteen years' labour, of our prayers, our fears, and our hopes. The thought that the enemy should, after all, have the gratification of having succeeded in devastating this garden of the Lord, planted in the midst of heathen idolatry and Moslem infidelity, is peculiarly painful to my mind ; yet our trust must be in the Lord and His

sure promises. He has permitted this calamity to befall us, and who dare say, Why? His wisdom is unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. His wrath endureth for a moment, but His loving-kindness for ever; and He is able to cause light to shine out of darkness, and life to come from death. I cannot make up my mind to think that this visitation, just as it is, is intended to result in the abolition of Christ's kingdom in India, or the termination of those missions that have been trodden down by the enemy; but rather, that it is a process *per crucem ad lucem*, or, as our blessed Saviour Himself expressed it in John xii. 24, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

"It is a matter of sincere gratitude to the Lord that our native Christians have managed, though with difficulty, to escape into the fort, and thus to save their lives; but many of them are in great distress. They have not only lost all their earthly property, but the majority also the means of subsistence, at least for the present. For them this crisis is a severe trial of faith, the first of the kind which they have had to undergo; and oh, may their faith come out of the fire as gold tried and purified by fire! I am thankful to add that, with the exception of two men who are said to have denied Christ, all have stood fast in the midst of their dangers by the enemy. They were entirely on our side—ready to live with us and to die with us. This will appear from the following copy of a letter, which

I received from one of those Christians after the first alarm at Agra. I am glad of this opportunity of communicating its contents, as I am sure the spirit of faithful reliance on the Lord and His word, under their trial, which the writer shews, will rejoice the Committee, as it did me."

Letter from a Native Christian in Agra, respecting the troubles and persecutions which many of the Christians there had to encounter at the hands of the enemy, addressed to the Rev. T. C. Hoernle, Landour.

"The Lord, in His great mercy, has saved us all until now, but the Mussulmans are only waiting for an opportunity to cut us up. Last Sunday we had no divine service. We were anxiously waiting for Mr F., who was to administer the Lord's Supper to us; but, instead of him, news came, 'No service—fly for your lives—guard and save yourselves!' We then took refuge in the Press. For three days we had no work. During the day we went to our houses, but at night we stayed with our families at the Press. Mr Longden having procured arms for us from the magazine, we have armed ourselves, and kept a regular guard over the place. Horrible rumours sometimes quite discourage us, but our hope is in the Lord; and when we take up our Bibles and read in them, especially in the Psalms, we find great consolation and rest for our alarmed minds. The Mussulmans tell us the *jihad* (religious

war) is now commenced. They are gnashing their teeth at the Christians, wishing to abolish Christianity from the face of India. Some of them said, in our presence, 'We shall hang your padres first, and then kill you all.' But they cannot do this. The Roman emperors wished the same, and they persecuted the Christians of the first centuries very much; but they never gained their object, much less will the Moham-medans now. Christianity, being the only true religion, has its roots firm, and the enemies dare not pluck them up. Kind father, do not forget your flock before the throne of grace. Never take rest till the enemies are put to shame and confusion. Do what Moses did when the Israelites were fighting with the Amalekites—lift up your hands for us.

"Two persons who have escaped from Delhi—Rustam's son-in-law and an East Indian Christian—are now with us; but the latter only came away on the denial of his faith. Oh, unhappy man! He has saved his body, but destroyed his soul. Christ says, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels.' The present trial has, if I am not mistaken, proved the faith of your flock. We are ready, if necessary, to give up our souls for our Lord. Oh, may He grant us mercy, that we may live for Him and die for Him!

"This is a scourge from our kind heavenly Father for our good. He has indeed alarmed us from our spiritual sleep; for we are very weak—weak in faith, weak in His obedience, and the like. It is also a heavy punish-

ment for the British Government; and why? It is above a century that India has been in their hands. God has only given it them that He might, through them, spread His gospel in India; but, alas! Government have entirely forbidden the use of the Bible in their colleges, whilst it ought to have been first introduced, being the best of all books."

Mr Hoernle thus pursues his reflections:—

"This letter shews that there was not only nothing to fear from these poor Christians, but that, on the contrary, had the gospel had a free access to the natives—had it spread, and knowledge among them been more favoured by the Government, the present crisis might have been avoided. It is a remarkable fact that our two catechists have been able to hold out at their outpost, Runkutta, amidst all the dangers that surrounded them, being nobly treated and protected by the Hindoo zemindars. This shews that their work of faith and love among those villagers was not in vain, but that it will bear its fruits after the subjugation of the Moham-medans, who have been all along their great and constant opponents.

"In the midst of these present disturbances, when our prospect for the future is beset with dark clouds, it is refreshing to see a ray of light, if ever so small. Thus I had the pleasure to instruct and prepare two persons for holy baptism—a Hindoo man and a Moham-medan woman. The latter was baptized on the 12th of August. She had been acquainted with the way of

salvation and Christian people for some time, and quite convinced in her mind that she can be saved only by faith in Him who came into this world to save sinners ; but for some cause she had deferred to make a confession, and to receive baptism. The present calamities, however, in the country, shewing her the uncertainty of life and all the things of this world, roused her to a sense of her duty with regard to her immortal soul ; and she at once made up her mind to enter into the sheep-fold of Christ ere it be too late. She appears to be quite sincere, and I trust will conduct herself worthy her calling. Her Christian name is Maria.

“ The man is a young Brahmin of about twenty-four years old. He became acquainted with Christianity a year or two ago, when at Jullundur in the service of a Christian officer. He had read a good deal of the New Testament before he came to me, and has now gone through a regular course of instruction in the chief truths of our holy religion. As he appeared sincere, and anxious to make a confession of his faith in Christ the Saviour, I baptized him on the 6th instant. May the Lord give him strength and grace to walk as a faithful disciple and soldier of Christ, fighting manfully under the banner of the cross against Satan, the world, and the flesh ; and may, ere long, many more of his benighted countrymen imitate his example ! And I confidently hope the present crisis will tend towards breaking down the bulwarks of the prince of darkness and building up the temple of Christ.”

I add also a narrative of the outbreak from another point of view, giving details of a different nature from those already furnished, written by the Rev. J. Parsons, missionary of the Baptist mission, Agra. In the narrative will be found an account of the second meditated attack of the enemy on Agra, and of the important battle fought with our troops on the opportune and providential arrival of Colonel Greathed from Delhi, on the 10th of October.

Extract from a letter of the Rev. J. Parsons, Baptist Missionary, Agra, dated Fort Agra, 12th November 1857.

“The hand of God was conspicuous in the events that occurred here on the 31st of May. A plan had been formed for the massacre of every European in Agra, military as well as civil, at the hour of Divine service, by the two native regiments, and a large body of the city people who had engaged to assist them. Had that plot succeeded, few probably would have escaped, for we were living in the scattered station, and sepoy guards had charge of the fort. But the despatch of a company from each of the regiments to Muttra, to relieve the guard there and bring in treasure, was improved by the whole of the sepoys thus collected at that station as an opportunity to mutiny, which they did in the afternoon of the 30th. Intelligence was promptly brought in to Agra, and as promptly did our late respected Lieutenant-Governor

arrange for the disarming of the remainder of the two regiments. They were evidently taken by surprise, and, without a shot being fired, laid down their arms before not one-third their own number of European soldiers. We gladly pay our tribute of thanks to the prompt conveyer of the important news from Muttra; and still more do we remember with gratitude the judgment, firmness, and promptitude of the Lieut.-Governor, to which, instrumentally, the preservation of our lives is without doubt to be attributed. But while we give due honour to the instruments, how much gratitude do we owe to our heavenly Father, who directed them and gave success to their plans! Especially do we mark His gracious providence in so awing the native troops that they submitted without opposition; for had a shot been fired, there is little doubt but the report would have been the signal to let loose the whole city rabble on the European population. Mohanmedans were seen coming in from the villages on succeeding days, with downcast looks, to inquire by what infatuation the sepoys, on whose co-operation they were leaning, could have been induced to submit so quietly to be disarmed. The God of Israel had heard prayer, and looked from on high to save His people, and to confound the projects of their foes.

“The Word of God distinctly announces His control over the hearts of kings. We gratefully recognise, therefore, His hand in inclining so many native princes to remain faithful to our interests. Especially have we in Agra reason to be thankful for the friendship

and fidelity of the Maharajah of Gwalior. The Gwalior Contingent mutinied, and being a strong body, with powerful artillery in their hands, they have all along been a source of painful apprehension. But the Lord has graciously used the tact and firmness of the Maharajah to keep them from attacking us, which weaker bodies from greater distances have done. At one critical period God seemed manifestly to interfere for us, by granting timely and copious rain, swelling the intervening rivers, and rendering it next to impracticable for the mutineers to reach us with their heavy guns.

“Many, many were the ‘rumours of war’ that disturbed our peace between the 31st of May and the 5th of July, when we were attacked by a mutineer force, chiefly from Neemuch, and after a severe action in the outskirts of Agra, the station was burnt and plundered by the Mohammedans and rabble generally of the city, and insurgent villagers. Often had we to look up to God as our only protector from threatening dangers, and often to bless Him when these dangers were averted. And when at last we were shut up in the fort, and beheld from the ramparts the wide and desolating conflagration that left the once busy station a series of blackened and smoking ruins, I think there were few who did not feel their minds oppressed with gloom. And yet, in looking back on the event, we see how graciously God wrought for our preservation. It was of His mercy that the authorities had such a clear perception of the danger that was approaching, as to have us all safely lodged in the fort before the first report was heard of

the cannonade at Shahgunj. Dreadful would have been the consequences had a majority of the residents waited till then to escape to the fort, as is testified by a sad list of thirty-two persons mutilated and murdered on that day—a list including, I apprehend, nearly every individual bearing the Christian name that was in Agra, but not in the fort.

“Thus our gracious Lord permitted us to suffer in our property, but preserved our lives. Why did He permit our enemies to prevail even to that extent? All His purposes cannot be fathomed by us. But this much, subsequent events have constrained some of His people to acknowledge with deep emotion, that the destruction of our property has been without doubt the saving of our lives. Had our residences escaped the flames, we might have been induced to venture on occupying them, and then been surprised and killed.

“For nearly four months and a half this fort has been crowded with such a multitude of people that one cannot but admire the ingenuity with which the authorities have contrived accommodation for them. During three months and a half of this time it was the rainy season. Last year Agra experienced a dreadful visitation of the cholera: what to human calculation would seem more likely than that it should re-appear, under such circumstances, in its utmost virulence? But our merciful Father, though He had taken His chastising rod in hand, withheld this appalling stroke. We would bless His forbearance, and we feel assured that His leniency is a gracious acknowledgment of the many

prayers that have gone up on our behalf, from closets, and sanctuaries, and family altars, to His throne.

“Nor ought we to overlook the blessings that we have enjoyed in our stronghold. Having kept us free from the inevitable sufferings and privations of a siege, the Lord has vouchsafed to us a measure of outward comfort, religious privilege, and cheerful feeling, vastly greater than we anticipated, and much greater doubtless than those who have been praying for us have supposed. In this respect, God has fulfilled the petitions of His people in a richer measure than they could ask or think.

“The last attempt of our enemies upon us brought to view the watchful care of our God over us more conspicuously than on any previous occasion. A large body of mutineers, with thirteen guns, approached us, boasting that at noon of October 10th they would fire the first shot at the fort, and in three hours it would be in their power. But the kind providence of God enabled a column from Delhi, under the command of Colonel Greathed, to respond to the call of our authorities, and by a forced march, to arrive here on the morning of that day. With joy and thankfulness we saw our first reinforcements precisely five months after the Meerut massacre. But we were not fully aware how timely this aid was until, between ten and eleven A.M., our joy was beclouded by the noise of artillery, betokening a sharp contest on the parade-ground, where the column had encamped. Great anxiety took the place of exultation, but maintained its sway only a few hours. And when,

by the evening of that day, we ascertained that only an hour or two's delay would almost to a certainty have involved the destruction of a party of militia stationed in a building adjoining the parade-ground, and the attack of the fort by hostile artillery ; while, on the other hand, the opportune arrival of the column had led to the utter discomfiture, dispersion, and spoliation of our foes—then did our anxiety give way to triumph and gladness. Not a few, I trust, poured forth their joyous feelings in grateful praises to the God of our salvation ; while even the careless could not refuse to own the workings of an Almighty arm in our deliverance."

The native Christians, as a body, were exposed to much trial and temptation. Some of them were destroyed by the enemy, who treated them with animosity amounting to virulence. At first, they were not permitted to enter the fort, and were, therefore, placed in imminent danger, which was altogether unnecessary, as there was abundance of room in the fort both for them as well as for the Europeans. When admitted within its enclosure, they were regarded superciliously, and held at a distance. When it was seen how handy they could make themselves, and how valuable their services in reality were, more consideration and favour were shewn towards them. It is a cause for thankfulness to know that the native Christians, notwithstanding their vexations, troubles, and perils, evinced, on the whole, a good spirit, were effective servants in peace, and courageous soldiers in war. The policy of the

Europeans was, for a time, such as to force them to become rebels, if they could have been forced. But they could not. They were staunch men and true. They were more—they shewed their fellow-Christians, bearing the name of Englishmen, or Scotchmen, that they were men of principle. They shewed them how they could endure persecution, and not deny the Saviour in whose holy name they had been baptized. They shewed them how they were ready, if need be, to die for Christ.

The Rev. J. L. Scott, late missionary of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions in Agra, and recently transferred to the Futtehghur Mission, has favoured me with a few remarks, the result of his observation, respecting the conduct and spirit of the native Christians in Agra. They are all the more valuable on account of the temperateness and caution with which they have been written.

Remarks by the Rev. J. L. Scott, Missionary of the American Board of Missions, respecting the conduct and spirit of the Native Christians in Agra during the rebellion.

“Before we were driven into the fort, it was the opinion of those who were in authority, that the native Christians should not be admitted, as it was believed they would be in little danger, and their admission would give to the struggle the appearance of a religious war. Owing to this infatuation, no arrange-

ments were made beforehand for their reception, nor were they allowed to come in until after the work of destruction had begun ; and even then with difficulty. Thus most of them lost everything they possessed, and escaped barely with the clothes on their backs. Of these, I think, two escaped, and two or three were killed. It is certain that any one bearing the name of Christian was hunted out, and if found, put to death.

“After the native Christians came into the fort, they were put to a severe trial. They were allowed to remain only on the understanding that they should make themselves useful as servants, gunners, &c. This was, I suppose, right ; but as many of them had never been accustomed to service of that kind, it is no wonder if they did not give a great deal of satisfaction. There was a great outcry against them, and they were very unpopular for a time. I believe, however, the fault lay partly in their masters, who expected too much from them. I remember that I sympathised with them at that time very much, and thought in my own heart, that should they turn rebels it would be no great wonder. This state of things, however, soon passed away ; our old servants came back, and the native Christians were not so much needed.

“As to their general conduct in the fort, it would be very hard to speak with any degree of certainty ; and I suppose that the most correct thing I can say in regard to it is, that it was very much what it had been out of the fort.

“One interesting fact I must not omit. At a village

about twelve miles from Agra, there were two native Christians with their families, a catechist and a teacher of the Church mission. These men remained in their village nearly all the time, and were protected by the zemindars from the fury of some Mussulmans who wished to kill them. They were known through all the country as Christians, but they were not molested."

Another missionary brother belonging to one of the Agra missions, who knows the character of the native Christians thoroughly, thus speaks of them—"Their conduct as a body, during the time of their dangers, losses, and privations, has confirmed their expressions of reliance upon the Lord. Out of the whole body of the native Christians at Agra, only two, as far as I know, have turned out unfaithful; and these were always before considered unsatisfactory characters. Their parents and relatives were Mohammedans, and they shewed, on many occasions, a leaning towards that faith. But all the others have stood on our side, and have proved steadfast." He also says—"It is a great satisfaction indeed, and a cause for heartfelt gratitude to the Lord, that the native Christians as a body have stood their ground so well. During the insurrection, with the exception of a very few, they proved faithful everywhere, and that in individuals in whom steadfastness was least expected. This is the Lord's doing, and it is an encouragement for the friends of Indian missions, and especially the labourers in Christ's vineyard."

A third missionary brother, writing from Agra, adds

the following. He says, "The native pastor of Chit-oura stayed here some time after the outbreak, under the protection of the zemindar, and afterwards came safely into Agra. Our old native preacher has been residing in a neighbouring village all the time, was twice seized by rebels, but escaped through their hearing of the defeat of the insurgent forces with whom they were connected; and when a measure of peace was restored, recommenced his labours in the villages. The native pastor is still in Agra, and assists in bazaar preaching."

Towards the close of the last year (1857), a native Christian, by name Nathaniel, made his appearance in the Mirzapore mission. He had formerly belonged to this mission, but when the mutiny broke out in Agra, was a workman in the Secundra press. At the time of the outbreak a few of the native Christians did not enter the fort at all. Nathaniel was one of these. Seeing the commotions around, he thought he would be exposed to less danger if he fled from the city. This he did, and commenced a most extraordinary journey, which at that time, when rebellion was rife throughout all that part of the country, was one of extreme hazard; and at length, after an absence from Agra of nearly five months, arrived safely in Cawnpore, and finally in Mirzapore, where I saw him. At my request he has drawn up a narrative of his wanderings, which I have translated and curtailed.

*Narrative of the Escape of the Native Christian,
Nathaniel, from Agra, and of his journey thence
to Cawnpore.*

“When the native Christians went into the fort, I remained on the mission premises at Secundra, with nine other Christians, six of whom were heads of families. After the fight between the mutineers and the Europeans, the rebels began to destroy the bungalows. They came to the press buildings and burnt them. They then inquired after the Christians who formerly lived there. On hearing and seeing this, I burst into tears, and said, ‘O Lord Jesus! where is Thy Church which Thou didst establish here?’ I was exceedingly terrified, but presently the rebels left, and directed their steps towards Muttra. The Mussulmans in the neighbourhood began to be very angry and fierce, and went about with swords in their hands to kill the Christians. Four who lived in the city, namely, Thakoor, Muraint, Thomas, and Christy, they slew. We in the press were still safe, but out of fear of the Mussulmans, some low-caste Hindoos employed in the press hid us. They were much distressed at our misfortunes, and at the calamities which had befallen the Europeans, as they said that their means of livelihood was now destroyed. On perceiving that for three days the gates of the fort continued shut, William, a native Christian, and I, left the city and went to the village of Runkutta, where two families of native Christians were residing. These families were preserved from the enemy by the zemin-

dars of the place, whose children had been instructed by the teachers. We thanked God on hearing of their safety, but were in too much fear of the Mussulmans to hold any conversation with the zemindars. We then left for Muttra, as the bridge leading to Agra had been destroyed by the English. On the road we began, with much lamentation and many tears, to think upon our perilous condition and the uncertainty of life, and to direct our thoughts to our heavenly Father for help and direction. While thus engaged, we met with a man who proved to be a Hindoo servant of the Secundra press. He greatly pitied us, and begged us to accompany him to his house, and he would pass us off for Mussulmans, and by some means or other save us. We refused to accompany him, and said that we had eaten and drunken enough of his kindness. He was afraid of our falling into danger on the road, but I told him 'that God would go with us, and in some way deliver us.' So, with much sorrow of heart, he left us to go on our way. On approaching Muttra we observed that, for a distance of twelve miles, great crowds of people, with naked swords and matchlocks in their hands, were on the road, who were killing, wounding, and plundering whomsoever they wished. They demanded several lacs of rupees from ten mahajuns, who, on their refusing to comply with their request, were blown away from guns. Similarly they demanded money from other persons. On proceeding into the city, a most frightful state of things presented itself. There was indeed a city, but no inhabitants. On

seeing this, my companion William was much affected, and said, 'Brother Nathaniel, it is better to die than to remain in such dangers and troubles ; let us return to Agra, where there are the tombs of the Christians, and die there !' But I reasoned with him, and reminded him of the words of our Lord, that 'when thou art persecuted in one city, flee to another.' As William said he would not cross over the river, I was obliged to leave him behind in Muttra ; but I was wishing to get away and to proceed on my journey. So I bade him farewell, and crossed the river.

"On reaching the other side of the river Jumna, I sat down to consider what I had better do. Presently four men, armed with swords, guns, and bows, came in my direction. I prayed to God for a moment, to be delivered out of their hands. On coming near, they asked me where I had come from, and whither I was going ? I replied, 'I have come from Agra.' They inquired, 'What is your caste ?' I answered, 'I am a Christian faqir.' They then took from me all my clothes and money. On my earnestly begging that they would give me something back, they abused me, and threatened to kill me, but at last gave me two annas, and then left me. In the evening, I went into a village named Raya, and related to a kind zemindar all my distress. He lamented the calamity that had befallen the Company's government, and spoke in great praise of the British rule. He took care of me for two days. On leaving his village, I had not gone more than four miles when I saw two men lying dead on the ground ;

and on going on, I saw four men and three women coming along crying. I asked them why they cried. They said that some men had set on them and plundered them of everything. When I heard this, I durst not proceed further, but turned back and came to a village called Prithipore. Then a Thakoor befriended me, and the people gave me plenty of food. On quitting this village, I found that the country all around was laid waste. Here and there plundered travellers met me, and I also saw bodies of plunderers prowling about. I came by a large village or town, which the enemy had sacked and burnt. After a time, I met with four persons who had left Agra, and were on their way to Hattras. I agreed to accompany them. On proceeding together, a number of sowars belonging to the Rajah of Moorsung, met us. These men told us that no one would obstruct us on the way to Moorsung. On reaching this place, we found that the rajah was carrying on the affairs of the local government, in behalf of the Company. He gave orders that all travellers should be well attended to. I continued there three days, and then left for Hattras. Here I supported myself by begging. I then went on to the village of Rahimpore, which was inhabited by Mohammedans. Here I was stripped naked, and my few clothes were shaken, that it might be seen whether they contained anything secreted in them or not. Some of the people thought me a spy—others thought me a miserable, unfortunate fellow. I thought my life would have been taken here. But some of the people

pitied me, and let me go. I then went on to Ragunathpore, where I was questioned about myself, and about the state of Agra. The villagers lamented the troubles which had come upon the Europeans. They told me, what I knew, that Hattras had been destroyed, just as Agra had been. After receiving some food, and resting there that night, I made my salam to the Thakoors and departed. Thus I went on for several days, when I reached the village of Bhusy. Here I heard that at a place near by, four thousand men were assembled, and that it was dangerous for any traveller to go that way. I remained in Bhusy one day. On the second day, what did I see but fifty horsemen, with three Europeans, leaving the village? The horsemen said to the Europeans, 'We will go on to Delhi. You can return, if you like, to Agra, but we will not go with you.' When the Europeans on this took the road to Agra, they were surrounded by the horsemen. Two were killed—the third fled on his horse in the direction of Mynpoorie. The horsemen then left in high spirits for Delhi. My path now lay through a most dangerous country. Signs of desolation and ruin were visible wherever I went. The enemy burnt villages, killed people, and did as they pleased. After encountering a variety of dangers, I at last made my way as far as Furruckabad."

(After arriving at Furruckabad, the writer seems to have pursued his perilous journey until at last he was taken under the protection of a friendly jamadar, with whom he remained four months, receiving very kind

treatment at his hands.) "This jamadar," he continues, "was a very good man. I said to him, 'Kind Thakoor, may God's blessing rest upon you for your kindness in saving my life, and protecting me for four months.' One day, when I was sorrowful, he told me that the English were coming. On hearing this I was very glad. Thanks be to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour, who has delivered me from so many calamities! I had been constantly thinking of the many persons who had been either plundered or killed, and treasuring up in my mind the remembrance of the Lord Jesus. When I heard that the Company's government had been restored as far as Cawnpore, I asked the jamadar to allow me to depart. He replied to my solicitation, 'Do not leave at present; there is still much confusion in the state of affairs.' On my pressing him, he at last consented to my leaving, and accompanied me for some distance on the road. He said also, 'If God gives you life and peace, you must again pay me a visit.' I then took leave of him, and pursued my journey towards Cawnpore, which I reached. By God's great mercy, I at length arrived in Mirzapore, and was delighted at seeing you and the native brethren there."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISSION IN MYNPOORIE.

THIS mission was established under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Board. It had two schools; one situated in the city, the other in the cantonments. These were superintended by the Rev. J. Ullmann, who also devoted much of his time to preaching in the bazaar, for which his excellent knowledge of the language and his fluency of speech well adapted him. This missionary brother had been for several years a labourer in the Futtehghur mission, which was much more extensive than that at Mynpoorie; but on new arrangements being made by the American missionaries belonging to the various missions of their body in the North-western Provinces, it was thought advisable that Mr Ullmann should proceed to Mynpoorie, to take charge of the mission there. This transfer of our brother from the one station to the other, was, no doubt, under the providence of God, the means of the saving of his life and the life of his family. A few short months after his departure, the outbreak at Futtehghur occurred, with its frightful atrocities, and, in anticipation of it, all the missionaries with their wives and children fled from the place, when they fell

into the hands of the inhuman Nana, and were cruelly butchered.

Part of the 9th Regiment N. I., was stationed at Mynpoorie, and part at Allyghur, a city fifty miles distant. The regiment was considered to be exceedingly staunch—a delusion that was cherished, for a time, in regard to a multitude of regiments, which subsequently entered heart and soul into all the excesses of the mutiny. Can we imagine anything more extraordinary, more fickle, and more absurd, than the conduct of the 9th at Allyghur? One of the emissaries of treason had found his way into the fort, and was tampering with the men to induce them to join the ranks of the mutineers at Delhi, when he was seized by consent of the whole body, and handed over to the commanding officer. A court-martial, composed of native officers, was held, which condemned him to death, and a parade was ordered for his execution. At the appointed time the regiment assembled, and the gallows received its victim; but before the traitor was cut down, the rifle company from Boolundshuhur came in, and marched on to the ground. A fanatic from the ranks stepped out, and proclaimed that they had destroyed a martyr to the cause of religion, since the Company's government was firmly bent upon destroying caste throughout India. The men listened, debated, wavered, and finally broke up with loud shouts, declaring their intention of marching to Delhi, which resolve was speedily put into execution. A number of the well-disposed assembled round their officers, and

told them, that although they were powerless to oppose the general will, they would take care that no harm should happen to them ; and they kept their word.

Their brethren at Mynpoorie mutinied on the same day, but through the singular influence which an officer of the corps, Lieutenant De Kantzow, who was a great favourite with the men, had over them, they were persuaded to leave the treasure behind. It seems to have been an anxious question with the residents, previous to the mutiny, what place they should flee to in case of an outbreak. Danger seemed to wedge them in so that it was difficult to decide the question. Futtehghur was some miles nearer than Agra, and, therefore, a few of the Europeans, considering that it was a place of greater safety than Mynpoorie, had already proceeded thither before the revolt. These poor people, no doubt, perished with their friends of Futtehghur. Others, it seems, had sought refuge in Agra. The decision of Mr Ullmann was to fly to the latter place. Leaving the mission, he and his family took the road to Agra, and, through God's mercy, accomplished the journey without accident or obstruction. It is remarkable that any one living in Mynpoorie, should have entertained, for a moment, the idea of a flight to Futtehghur, which had no European troops, and had only an insecure and unmanageable fort for an asylum to rush to in case of an attack ; whereas, in Agra, there was not merely a good strong fort with ample accommodation, but also a regiment of British troops for its defence.

The damage done to the mission property on occasion of the mutiny, was not very considerable. The rebels might have caused far greater mischief, if they had had the opportunity, or been so inclined. The mission church, school, and bungalows were gutted—windows, doors, furniture, &c., being removed; but the buildings were not burnt down. The school in the city was taken especial care of, and was not injured in the least. The amount of the loss the mission has sustained is estimated at nearly six thousand rupees, or six hundred pounds. The native Christian teacher, Baboo Hulass Roy, who was head-master of one of the mission schools, remained in Mynpoorie during the entire period of the disturbances. Although exposed to much danger, he was spared from the cruel designs of the enemy.

Baboo Hulass Roy, the native Christian teacher above mentioned, has written me the following graphic account concerning the revolt in Mynpoorie, the dangers to which the residents were exposed, the calamities that befell the mission, and the frightful perils which for several months he and his family encountered, and from which, by God's mercy, they eventually escaped.

Narrative by Baboo Hulass Roy, Head-teacher in the School of the American Mission, Mynpoorie.

“Scarcely a week had passed since the receipt of the alarming news of the Meerut mutiny, when, on the 21st May 1857, about midnight, the tahsildar of Bhoegaon came in to Mr Power, then magistrate of the dis-

trict, and informed him of his having heard positively of the mutiny of the head-quarters of the 9th Regiment N. I., at Allyghur, and warned him to beware of the conduct of the three companies of the regiment which guarded the station at the time, and which he had a firm conviction would follow the example of their Allyghur comrades, and join their standard in a day or two. On this, the district authorities and officers commanding the detachment, having met together, came to the conclusion, that the ladies and children should at once be despatched to Agra, and that the detachment should be removed from the station under the pretence of its presence being urgently required at Bhoegaon, to punish some dacoits there.

“The women and children were sent away instantly to Agra as proposed, under the escort of Mr W. Power and some Nizamut sowars (horsemen); and after this the whole of the soldiers were ordered out. They marched off eastward from the station, under the command of Captain Crawford and Lieutenant De Kantzow. A party of nujcebs (jail police) was then placed over the treasury, and all the gentlemen in the station assembled together at Mr Power’s bungalow.

“Shortly after their departure, Captain Crawford galloped back, and stated that his men had broken out into open mutiny on the way, and killed their lieutenant. In the meantime, Mr Cocks and the Rev. Mr Kellner (the chaplain) left the station for Agra. Shortly after this, the sepoy fell back on the station, having Mr De Kantzow with them. On this, Mr

Power quitted his house, and, together with all the other gentlemen, took up a position on the bridge across the river Eesun, on the Agra road. The sepoy burnt down the dawk bungalow, broke open the ammunition store-house, and emptied it of all its contents, and attacked the treasury and jail. The presence of the present Rajah and late Rao Bhawany Singh, the courage and eloquence of Lieutenant De Kantzow, and the persuasions of the jail guard, caused them to depart from the station, and to leave the lieutenant perfectly uninjured.

“While on his way to Agra, the Rev. Mr Kellner stopped at the mission premises, woke me up from sleep, and communicated to me the dreadful news of what had happened. I immediately called up the Rev. Mr Ullmann, who recommended me to leave the compound and to take my family to some village and conceal them there, and then rode off with Mr Kellner, taking his own family with him. I learned shortly after, that they all reached Agra safely.

“Myself and two other native Christians, Dummer Singh and Zabardast, removed our wives and children to an adjoining village, named Deopoorah. We also removed there such of our valuables as in that moment of confusion and perplexity we could collect. Here we remained during the whole of the disturbed period; and Mahundur Singh, a Thakoor by caste, was at all times very kind and cordial to us, and was, generally speaking, our guardian.

“At the dawn of day, I went to the fort of the ex-

rajah, and begged Koor Doorga Singh, his naib, with whom I was acquainted, to shelter me in his gurhee (fort), and to procure for me a conveyance to fetch my family thither. The request was readily granted, and I immediately brought my own family, and also the families of the other two Christians, together with some property belonging to me and to Mr Ullmann, into the fort.

“Hitherto I was not aware of the further movements of the mutineers, beyond the intelligence received from Mr Kellner in the night. The native reports were confused, so that I could not form an exact idea of what was going on in the cantonments two miles off, eastward from the fort.

“Shortly after entering the fort, Mr Power and several gentlemen of the station arrived, and in less than an hour we were delighted to learn that the insurgents had left, and were gone towards Delhi. The Europeans instantly left the fort, occupied the kutcherry, and made every effort to restore peace to the station. They apprehended and punished the budmashes (villains), who had taken advantage of the anarchy to commit depredations, and enlisted men, both mounted and on foot, for the defence of the station. The treasure was deposited in the fort, under the guard of the nujeebs. In short, everything soon began to look somewhat quiet again. My companions and myself ventured to remove to our old dwelling in the mission compound, where we continued to live until the 29th June, although in constant alarm; for matters were getting worse and worse in the district every day.

“Before this period, several circumstances of a serious nature had occurred in our neighbourhood. The return of the late rajah from the hills created terrible excitement among the Chouhans, and was the signal for an attempt to break open the jail in which some of their relations and fellow-caste-men were incarcerated; but the arrival of a detachment of irregular cavalry from Gwalior, under Major Raikes, and the efficient management of the local authorities, prevented the attempt from succeeding. The news of the disasters in Rohilcund, the Oude territory, Cawnpore, and other places; the idea which many of the natives conceived of the paucity of European soldiers in India; and the fact of regiments of sepoys passing through Bhoegaon, only eight miles off, excited multitudes of the ignorant and unthinking people to madness, so that, throwing off all restraint, they rose in arms against each other, and slaughtered and plundered in various directions. Once a skirmish took place at Bhoegaon, between a body of troopers and Lieutenant De Kantzow's party. On another occasion, a detachment of light cavalry passing through the district broke out into mutiny, killing two of their officers. A third officer escaped and joined the garrison at Mynpoorie. This happened at Kerowlee, twelve miles from the station.

“A few days previous to the 29th June, the mutinous regiment of Seetapore, in Oude, attacked Furruckabad. The five companies of sepoys then occupying the station, and which had not, up to this time, exhibited any outward sign of disaffection, embraced

the opportunity to rebel, seized the treasure, and bolted. The fall of Furruckabad (Futtehghur) proved fatal to the future welfare of the Mynpoorie district. Communication with other stations was now cut off in every direction except Agra. Four or five days only had elapsed since the fall of Furruckabad, when the alarming news arrived, that the Jhansi brigade of mutineers, with three guns, having sacked the neighbouring station of Etawah, was pursuing its way to Mynpoorie. The effect of the evil tidings was soon manifest. The new levies managed to run away, and the Gwalior Irregulars expressed their unwillingness to oppose the mutineers, under the plea of the smallness of their numbers.

“The district authorities, about twenty or twenty-five persons, then decided on leaving the station, and, accordingly, early on the morning of the 29th June, the treasure having been first made over to the ex-rajah and the present rajah, all the gentlemen set out for Agra, escorted by Major Raikes’ detachment, and, as I learned afterwards, arrived there safe and sound.

“Not knowing what to do nor where to go, and being unable to proceed to Agra, as the way was beset with budmashes, who would have killed us had they caught us, my Christian companions and I were in much distress. At last we took refuge in the house of Mahundur Singh, zemindar of the village adjoining the mission premises, and here, in the greatest perplexity and fear, we passed that day and night.

“On the following day, at ten o’clock in the morn-

ing, the mutineers entered the town, and on their way towards the cantonments, passed the mission school, which fell into their hands. They broke open the doors, removed all its contents, consisting of chairs, tables, benches, and valuable books, and then set it on fire. They next destroyed the mission house, first emptying it of its contents, and then setting fire to it. All the household stuff of the Rev. Mr Ullmann, and the whole of the mission property, including an extensive library, were reduced to ashes.

“While engaged in this work of destruction, some person informed the sepoy of the presence of Christians in the village. Immediately several troopers galloped in our direction, to make inquiries about us. On this the two other Christians and myself disguised ourselves, and nearly naked fled away into the fields. The mutineers then plundered the village, and left for the encamping ground. We returned secretly to the village, and removed our families into the jungle, where we lay concealed for a day and two nights without food.

“The rebels plundered the Government servants, burnt all the public and private bungalows, and killed three East Indians, who refused to leave the station with the authorities on the preceding day. On the 2d July, the sepoy marched out of Mynpoorie towards Delhi. I then returned with my family, who were in a starving condition, into the town, and put up in the ruins of a dwelling-house. Here we passed a fortnight in great hardship and distress. I received some assis-

tance from several of my old scholars, which was all that I had to depend on for our subsistence. I had been robbed of all my property, and had nothing left from which to obtain food and other necessaries. In addition to these troubles, reports were circulated among the natives of mutineers coming up from all quarters, and of the total annihilation of the British Government in India. The former rajah also shewed symptoms of rebellion, and began to govern the district for himself. My anxiety of mind, therefore, can scarcely be imagined. Every moment appeared to be the last for me to live.

“Four or five days after my return to the town, the two Christians, to whom I have alluded above, who had gone I knew not whither, came to me and stated that they had tried to proceed to Agra, but on reaching Ghirour, twenty miles on the road, they were obliged to return on account of the dangers of the way. They expressed their intention of crossing the Ganges, and living with a thakoor, the father of Dummer Singh. I supplied them with part of a small sum which I had fortunately succeeded in obtaining from one of my kind friends; and with this they set out for their proposed destination.

“Afterwards the zemindar, of whom I have already spoken, having ascertained where I was, took me back to his village, where I lived, though in a state of much uneasiness, until the recapture of the place in the beginning of November. During the interregnum, the present ex-rajah managed the affairs of the district.

He established thanahs and tahsilees (for the police and revenue), and enlisted both cavalry and infantry from among his own clan, and from the sepoy mutineers. On one occasion he fitted out an expedition against the Nawab of Futtehghur, to recover possession of the Thanah Bewur; which ended in a ridiculous manner. A second was undertaken against the Aheers of Bharoul, in the Mynpoorie district, because they would not acknowledge his superiority, and pay him due honour. This ended in a little blood being shed; but it did not humble the Aheers as had been expected.

"I should state that from the commencement of the mutiny I had been in constant communication, by a kossid, with the Rev. Mr Ullmann in Agra. In August this gentleman kindly sent me by his syce a gold mohur in a small box of yellow-coloured salve. This, together with small sums furnished me by the zemindar, Mahundur Singh, formed the means of my livelihood during the disturbances. I would also add that almost all the boys of the school, and the teachers likewise, remained faithful both to us and to the British Government throughout these trying times.

"In the month of November the moveable column of Colonel Greathed entered the station. The rajah fled, and his fort was given up to the troops to be plundered. It was afterwards partially blown up. On this occasion the whole of my property and money, which had been deposited in the fort on the day of the mutiny, and which I had not been able to remove for fear of the rebels, was

carried off by the soldiers. I visited Mr Cocks, the civil officer accompanying the force, and informed him of the circumstance, and also represented to him the sufferings I had endured. After halting for two days, the whole of the column left the station for Cawnpore, and Mr Cocks returned to Agra, leaving Rao Bhawany Singh, who was subsequently made the Rajah of Mynpoorie, as nazim, to undertake the administration of the district.

“As the road to Agra was now safe, I went there with a part of Mr Ullmann’s tent, which had been preserved by the zemindars, leaving my wife and daughter in the village under the care of the zemindars. On arriving I sent them some money and cooking utensils. Before I could come back to Mynpoorie the ex-rajah returned with a band of mutineers; and the nazim, finding himself too weak to oppose him, retired to Agra, after having been in possession of the district for a fortnight. The ex-rajah occupied the fort. Leaving Sukrowlee Ranee, and some professional dacoits from Etawah—his companions during his few days’ exile—at the station, he went to Furruckabad on a visit to the nawab. He presently returned with a *khillat* (a dress of honour), a gun, some recruits, and the title of Mynpoorie Sooba.

“I was now quite ignorant of the fate of my family, and consequently was in much anxiety and distress. I remained in Agra until the end of December, when the British retook the station, after the exchange of a few shots with the ex-rajah. The town and suburbs were given up for plunder to the troops.

“A few days after this I accompanied a commissariat convoy despatched from Agra to Mynpoorie. On arriving I found my family alive, but they had been robbed by the Sikhs of everything I had sent to them from Agra. Since that time the station has remained quiet, and has gradually been resuming its former aspect. I have succeeded in re-opening the school, and have re-admitted a number of the former scholars, but the scarcity of books and other materials will for some time prevent it from reaching its former state of prosperity.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION IN FUTTEHGHUR.

OF all the former European residents in Futtehghur only four survive to tell the tale of the horrors that were endured. Not twelve months have expired since they were living in imagined security, little anticipating that in so short a time one of the bloodiest and most inhuman deeds would be perpetrated that ever stained the page of history. They little dreamed that they would all—ministers of religion and administrators of justice, officers of the army, the hardy campaigner and the inexperienced subaltern, merchants, agents, clerks, the old and the young, the tender infant, the delicate lady—that they would all, with very few exceptions, be doomed to indiscriminate and merciless slaughter. They little imagined that their martyrdom was so near—a martyrdom endured for their country's honour, and in some cases for the honour and glory of God.

Before the rebellion five clergymen were residing in Futtehghur—one, the Rev. F. Fisher, the Company's chaplain; the other four, the Rev. D. E. Campbell, Rev. A. O. Johnson, Rev. J. E. Freeman, and Rev. R. M'Mullen, missionaries of the American Presbyterian

Board of Missions. From the presence of so many labourers in Futtehghur, it need hardly be remarked that the mission there was both considerable and important. A beautiful church with a spire was erected in 1856, the year preceding the insurrection, at a cost of ten thousand rupees. The mission high-school, in which instruction was afforded in English and several oriental languages, as also in science and mathematics, besides the Sacred Scriptures and theology, contained two hundred and fifty pupils. There were also two orphan schools, one for girls, the other for boys, and also seven bazaar schools in connexion with the mission. In addition to those just mentioned, ten village schools, supported by his Highness the Maharajah Dhulip Singh, were under the management of the missionaries. The orphan asylum was a very interesting institution, as it was self-supporting. It was established in 1837, when the country was visited by a famine. It had a tent and carpet factory, and also a weaving department, in which cloth was wove in English looms.

What now is left of this splendid establishment of men and means, the sole object of which was to do good to the souls of men? The chaplain, the missionaries, and their wives, together with such of their children as happened to be with them, have all perished. The end of each was cruel and terrible. There were no circumstances to palliate their distress. Their mental sufferings must have been poignant in the extreme. Yet they met death in the spirit of the early Christians, who were tortured and beaten, and at last torn to

pieces, but nevertheless maintained their faith in Christ to the end. Of such, it may truly be said, the world was not worthy. They laid down their lives for the truth; and the Lord doubtless granted them, in the moment of their departure, courage to endure the worst their enemies laid upon them. On two several occasions the residents fled from the station and sought safety on the river. The missionaries and their families, but not the chaplain and his family, were in the first batch of boats. These boats, it seems, quitted Futtehghur on the threatened approach of mutineers to that place. It is supposed that they made for Cawnpore, not knowing that it was in the hands of the rebels; or perhaps their intention was to proceed, if possible, to Allahabad, being in equal ignorance of the perils surrounding that city. On arriving off Bithoor they appear to have been allured ashore by the treachery of the boatmen, on the pretext of taking in more native sailors. Information was given to the Nana of the presence of the Europeans at the ghats, when he issued orders to have them seized. Imagine the anguish of these poor creatures when they were all—men, women, and children—brought before the relentless Nana. Need I speak their fate!

The native Christians say, that when the missionaries saw there was no hope of their escape, they called them to them, and delivered this as their last injunction, that *whatever else they did, "they should never deny their Saviour."* I have received from Mr Scott the following brief particulars respecting our departed brethren:—

“Mr Freeman came to this country with myself. We landed on the 10th February 1839. Mrs Freeman was his second wife, and had been in this country about five years. She was an excellent and admirable woman.

“Mr and Mrs Campbell landed in this country on the 1st of January 1851. They had three children. Their eldest, a boy, was with the Rev. Mr Jay, chaplain of Landour, and still lives. The other two were murdered with their parents at Cawnpore. They were children of great beauty and loveliness. The parents, too, were very dear to us. Mrs Campbell was a model of gentleness.

“Mr and Mrs Johnson came to this country in the latter part of 1855. Mr and Mrs M'Mullen had been in the country only a few months, and I had never met them. Neither they nor the Johnsons had any children. Mr M'Mullen was a man of very considerable promise.”

The mission, on the departure of the missionaries, held together still for some little time. But the mutineers having arrived at Futtehghur, its destruction was at length effected. The Christians were scattered. The mission premises were plundered. The bungalows were broken up, and ruin was seen on every hand. The native Christians were for months exposed to great ignominy and danger. They knew not whither to flee, and it is a marvel that so few of their lives were taken. I will give an instance of the severe trials they had to pass through. In the month of April of the present

year (1858), a native Christian made his appearance one day in my compound. I found that he belonged to Futtehghur. On the breaking out of the mutiny in Futtehghur in June last, he fled from the station, and directed his steps in the direction of Saugor. From that time to the present (nine months), he had been a wanderer, and was now making his way back to Futtehghur. His wife was in Bareilly when he left, and during all this time he had been ignorant of her fate.

The residents who remained in the station were soon obliged to take refuge in the fort, where they defended themselves right gallantly against a countless enemy. But it was very apparent that their immensely superior skill, their patience and power of endurance, and the great slaughter they wrought among the foe, availed them nothing. Neither ammunition, nor food, nor strength, could serve them long. Like their predecessors, they too determined to flee away in boats. In fact, this was the only means of flight left. The alternative was either to die in the fort or to take to the boats. They left in the secrecy and quietness of the night. When morning dawned, the enemy, apprised of their departure, hastened in pursuit. Alas! it was impossible for the pursued to hasten also! The shallowness of the river, and the mud-banks abutting into the stream, prevented their speedy progress. Other obstacles, doubtless, were in their way. The mutineers caught sight of them. Thirsting for their blood, and inexorable, they drew near and attacked them from the bank. When the boats grounded, they rushed into

the water to take advantage of their disaster, and shot them down. Need I tell the rest? Mr Fisher, his wife, and child, were among the victims. They passed through the terrible ordeal, and, as I believe, entered into the glory of the Lord.

On the day previous to the departure of the missionaries in the first boats, Mrs Freeman, wife of the Rev. J. E. Freeman, indited a letter to her sister in America, which, strange to say, reached its destination. The feelings of this pious lady, at a moment of extreme anxiety, when the dread, unknown future was staring her in the face, will be regarded by the reader with intense interest. The letter is as follows:—

Letter written by Mrs Freeman, wife of the Rev. J. E. Freeman, of Futtehghur, to her Sister, and finished on the 2d of June 1857, the day previous to her entering the boats with the Missionaries and their Families.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—I wrote a short letter to you by the last mail, giving some account of our great alarm, and said we then hoped all was quite safe again, but just after the mail had left, we received intelligence that four companies of the 9th Regiment, at Allyghur, had mutinied, murdered all the English, burnt the houses at that station, and left for Mynpoo-rie and Futtehghur. After doing all the mischief they could at the former place, they were to march here, and with their comrades, who were ready to join them,

commence the work of destruction. We immediately wrote to Bhaepore for the Campbells and Johnsons to come here; as their place is so near the native city, should there be a rising, they would be the first attacked. They soon gathered a few things and drove down. Upon consultation, we all concluded to remain here, procure some of the native Christians' clothes to slip on at a moment's warning, and make our way to some of the friendly villages; for to attempt a defence against five or six hundred infuriated natives would be worse than useless. On Saturday, we drove to the station, found all the ladies in tears, and their husbands pale and trembling. We all consulted together what was best to be done; but what could we do? Every place seemed as unsafe as this. We might feel a little more secure at Agra, where they have a European regiment, but how to get there, the road being blocked up by the insurgents; and we could not get to Allahabad, as we should have to pass through Cawnpore, where the regiment was in a state of mutiny; nor could we flee to the hills, as the places through which we would be obliged to pass were quite as dangerous; and to remain here seemed almost certain death, unless our regiment, the 10th, stood firm, and no one puts the least confidence in them. They told the commanding officer, Colonel Smith, this morning, they would not fight against their *bhai log* (brethren) if they came, but they would not turn against their own officers. The officers, however, told them they should expect them to protect their wives and children, and stand

fast to their colours; they think it best to act as if they felt all confidence in them. We came home—the four families—to our house, and spent the day in conversation and prayer, expecting every moment to hear the shout of the infuriated mob; the day, however, passed quietly. At night, we put on six or eight watchmen, with some of the native Christians, who paraded the compound all night, and our husbands took turns to watch in front of the bungalows.

“In the morning, all safe. On Sabbath, we spent the whole day in great suspense; in the evening, heard the companies at Mynpoorie had mutinied, broken open the jail, robbed the public treasury, and, instead of coming here, had fled to Delhi. We thanked God for our safety, and took courage. The Mynpoorie ladies, we hear, started at two o’clock at night, with Mr Ullmann to protect them, in hopes of getting to Agra.

“*Tuesday*.—All safe this morning, though we spent a very anxious day yesterday; it was the last day of the great Mohammedan feast (the Eed). They are always at that time in a very excited state. These are the most bitter opposers to the English rule and Christian religion, and would gladly exterminate both. Some of our catechists were once Mussulmans, and whenever they have gone to the city for the last two or three weeks, they have been treated with taunting and insolence. They say, ‘Where is your Jesus now? We will shortly shew what will become of the infidel dogs.’ The native Christians think, that should they come here,

and our regiment join them, our little church and ourselves will be the first attacked; but we are in God's hands, and we know that He reigns. We have no place to flee to for shelter but under the covert of His wings, and there we are safe; not but that He may suffer our bodies to be slain, and if He does, we know He has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our deaths would do more good than we would do in all our lives; if so, 'His will be done.' Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve, dear sister, that I came here; for most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down His life for me."

.

"*Tuesday, June 2.*—Last evening, I went to bed with a violent sick headache; we heard that two regiments from Lucknow had mutinied, and were on their way here. Ours, we think, are only waiting for them to come up. The Moncktons, with our four families, were, till twelve o'clock, contriving some plan to get out of the station; we watched all night. Safe yet this morning; are now trying to get a boat. Can only say, Good-bye. Pray for us. Will write next mail, if we live; if not, you will hear from some other source.—Your affectionate sister,

"E. FREEMAN."

In such a spirit of trust in God, of readiness to lay down her life in the sacred work to which she had set her hand, and of pure and lofty enthusiasm in the Lord's service, did our sister leave this world. In the

greatest peril and anxiety, how calm was her confidence in God! She could rejoice in the Lord, even though death awaited her—"Most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down His life for me." And I doubt not this same spirit was that which animated her companions in their distress. How glorious and blessed then their preparation for their martyrdom! May the Lord accomplish great things by means of their death, both among the heathen and among multitudes of His own children, who, inspired by the example of their holy, self-sacrificing zeal, shall desire to labour in His service in this land!

The letters of Mrs Monckton, wife of Lieutenant Monckton, of the Bengal Engineers, written from Futteghur a few days before the slaughter of herself, her husband, and her child, although not properly admissible in a work more especially devoted to the records of missions, yet display such a high spirit of confidence in God, and resignation to His will, that I cannot refrain from referring to them, and inserting a few extracts in this place. It must be borne in mind, that at the time they were written, Mrs Monckton and all the residents in the station were in the most imminent danger. May the perusal of these extracts stir up the faith of us all! Oh to possess such an apostolic spirit as is exhibited in them!

*Extracts from the Letters of Mrs Monckton, of
Futteghur.*

"May 16.—We have been searching out the beauti-

ful Scripture passages in which God has promised deliverance from our enemies, and wisdom to know how to act in cases of danger. How doubly precious are such passages, and with what force do they come at the time of need ! None ever called upon the Lord in trouble but they were delivered, so I trust we may turn unto Him with deep contrition, and beseech Him to glorify His great name, and shew His power among the heathen.

“We cannot say, ‘Pray for us.’ Ere you get this, we shall be delivered one way or another. Should we be cut to pieces, you have, my precious parents, the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land ; therefore why should you grieve for us ? You know not what may befall us here, but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you ; and should our lives be spared, I trust we may live more as the children of the Most High, and think less about hedging ourselves in with the comforts which may vanish in a moment. Truly, ‘this is not our rest,’ is more written on everything in India than elsewhere ; but, comforting thought ! in heaven we have an enduring substance ; and the more in God’s providence we are led to feel this, the happier we shall be, even below.

“Do not be over-anxious about us, dear relatives and friends. In India we have the same Ruler, the same merciful Keeper, in the Almighty, and you have implored Him to be gracious to us, though you knew not our danger.

“Good-bye, my own dear parents, sisters, and friends. The Lord reigns! He sitteth above the water-flood. We are in the hollow of His hand, and nothing can harm us. The body may become a prey, but the souls that He has redeemed never can.

“*May 21.*—The news (of the outbreak at Meerut) shocked us much; and poor John felt that he could not attend to road-work. He received a letter from Major W—— about the roads, but commencing, ‘If reports are true, we shall have to fight, instead of attending to road-work.’ We could not eat much breakfast, and went to our room, as is our custom, to read and pray together. John read an appropriate chapter; we then searched for others, and very many comfortable ones we found, and then in prayer committed our lives to God.

“In the morning (Sunday) we heard several bad reports; one that another jail was broken open—that the Meerut one was, is true—and many confined therein were murderers. We went to church; very few people were there, and fear seemed written on every face—it was most noticeable; everybody felt that death was staring them in the face, and every countenance was pale. Our church service and the lessons seemed quite suitable to our circumstances; and I am sure all who were at God’s house, must have felt comfort in pouring out their hearts together. Mr Fisher preached on the text, ‘What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.’

“There was no evening service, as it was thought

dangerous for us to leave our bungalows ; but the missionaries staying with us read and prayed with us, and the remainder of the time we sang hymns."

"*May 23.*—We can now only throw ourselves on Providence, and beseech God in His mercy to stay the enemy, for the glory of His great name ; for 'wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God ?' We have nothing to put our trust in but the Lord, and He will not fail us. Our extremity may be His opportunity. We are quite prepared for the worst, and feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded assassination, but God can make it bear up. I can easily fancy how David preferred to fall into the hand of God to that of man.

"There are a good many bad men in the city, ready at any time to rise, and from them our lives and property are not safe. After breakfast, we read and prayed as usual, took a nap, repeating all the comforting texts we could think of, and have since been singing hymns.

"We feel that in the position in which we are placed, with our lives in our hands (though, happy thought ! they are in God's hands too), and death pursuing us, this is all we can do, and the only way of keeping our minds quiet. Truly have we found that promise fulfilled to us, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' *Much* comfort have we in religion ; without it, especially at such a time as this, we should be miserable. At three o'clock that afternoon, we went

over to the missionaries, found that the two from the city had again fled to the others, and agreed to sleep in the same bungalow, that if anything occurred they might die together, or escape together.

“The missionaries thought of borrowing the native women’s *chuddars*, or sheet they throw over their heads, and escaping with the native Christians to some zemindar in a near village, who said he would protect them if necessary.”

“*June 1.*—A week has passed since writing the above, and one of great suspense. Several bad rumours and reports have been afloat, but we have not given much heed to them, not willing to have our minds disturbed. Every evening we have had tea with the missionaries, and spent the evening in prayer, praise, and reading the Scriptures.

“How little do our dear ones in England know what is befalling us here ! but they have told us they always pray for us ; and the same heavenly Father is watching over us both. ‘The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very *present* help in trouble,’ so we will not fear, and do not *you* fear, dear ones. You may indeed pity those who have no God to go to. and no hope beyond this world ; but we have made the Most High our defence, and know that we shall not be greatly moved. He will not suffer the heathen to prevail, though He may appear to do so ; but His kingdom shall come, and though we may be removed, He can raise up others ; and what does death do, or rather what does death not do, for God’s children ? They go to their reconciled Father in

Christ Jesus—to a land of purity, happiness, and holiness.

“I hope, my precious family, you will not alarm yourselves about us; we are in God’s hands, and feel very happy—*indeed we do*. I leave the newspapers to tell you all particular horrors, but I would always cheer you by my letters. It has not been my habit to write our troubles home—and maybe you think John and I have had none—for why should we distress you with them? We know we have your love and sympathy, but before your letters can reach us, we may have had deliverance from every fear and trouble; and we have One on whom we cast all our care, and from whom we receive immediate consolation, and, in His own time, relief. He has delivered us from troubles past, and will also in present and future difficulties; so dear parents, brothers, and sisters, leave us in God’s hands, fearing no evil—all is well, and all will be well, with us—living or dying, we are the Lord’s. Let this be your happy assurance—you will either have your children, your brother and sister, living on earth to praise God for His deliverance, or dwelling in heaven to praise Him for all the riches of His grace.

“I often wish our dear Mary was now in England; but God can take care of her too, or He will save her from troubles to come by removing her to Himself. God bless you, my dear relatives and friends! and may we all meet above!

“I am so thankful I came out to India, to be a com-

fort to my beloved John, and a companion to one who has so given his heart to the Lord.

“And circumstances and positions in which we have been placed during our sojourn in India have made the promises of God’s Word so sweet, and the consolations of religion so unspeakably great, besides endearing us to one another in a degree and way which a quiet English home might not have done. We shall have been married three years on the 29th of this month. Think of us on that day.”

A full account of the trials of the native Christians at Futtehghur, when left like sheep without a shepherd, destitute of any earthly counsellor and friend, and when their sole resource was to cast themselves implicitly on the care and protection of their heavenly Guardian, has been given by one of the most intelligent and laborious men amongst the native brethren of the mission. Ishuree Dass’s stirring tale will prove that the native Christian Church could suffer and endure much for the honour and glory of its Divine Master and Head.

The Native Preacher, Ishuree Dass’s Narrative of the Outbreak at Futtehghur, with especial reference to the Mission there, and the Native Christians.

“We, native Christians, on the mission premises at Rukha, heard of the commencement of this extraordinary mutiny for the first time on the evening of the 16th May 1857, Saturday. The mutineers were believed

to be fast approaching the station, insomuch that some said they would be at Futtehghur about ten P.M. As the mission premises were at some distance from the regular military station, the missionary families slept that night in the house of a friend in the cantonments. The next morning they came over for the Hindustanee service at the usual hour; and in the course of the exhortation told us the cause of their absence in the night. In the service, one or two of us native Christians were called upon to pray; and Mr Campbell exhorted the congregation, and told us to prepare for death, as perhaps that was the Lord's will regarding us all. Our dear pastors and guardians looked much affected, and after service Mr Freeman asked some of us whether we thought we were in danger from the insurgents. We do not remember what we replied; but he said Europeans were the especial object of their revenge. He also advised us to bury any money and jewels that we had, and do all that we could for our safety when the enemy came in. After breakfast the missionaries again left the premises for the cantonments.

“We were in fear the whole day, and did not know what to do. In the afternoon we requested a zemindar, Dhokul Singh, of a neighbouring village, to give us shelter for a day or two, when the insurgents arrived. We thought that they would only pass through the station, robbing and plundering as they went, but never dreamt that Futtehghur would be in the hands of the enemy for months, and that the mutiny would be so

very general. The zemindar, Dhokul Singh, cleaned an empty house, and about five P.M. called over, and said that he was ready to do all for our accommodation that lay in his power. We might mention here that this zemindar, with many other heathen friends, became in the end cold and shy, when he saw that the British power was entirely overthrown in the station. A little before his call, Mr Freeman sent over a man to say that there was no occasion to fear, and that he himself would be with us shortly. He came in about an hour, and told us that the mutineers were few in number, and that they were still in the Delhi fort. On hearing this, our hearts beat light for joy, and the terror of the day seemed like a dream that had vanished.

“But this peace and tranquillity were of very short duration. Evil tidings again came in from every quarter. The scorching blasts of May that raged at our doors were in perfect keeping with the perturbation that reigned in our hearts; and it seemed as if the whole country was going to be the theatre of a most dreadful revolution.

“When alarming news of the mutiny came in daily from every quarter, and the station also was supposed to be threatened, the missionaries and some other Europeans thought it advisable to leave the station and go down towards Cawnpore by water. A few minutes before the missionary families left the premises, I had an interview with Messrs Freeman and Campbell. Mr Freeman had his eyes full of tears when we parted. Mr Campbell would have rather laid down his life on

the spot. He did not seem much inclined to leave the place, and asked me whether they did right in going away. I replied, it was their duty to do all they could for their safety. He said there was merely a bare chance of escape, as the whole coast was lined with rebellious zemindars. When he was taking his leave, I reminded him that the Lord reigneth. 'That is very true,' he replied; 'but blood may be shed.' I said 'that the pain would be only for a few minutes.' He was very anxious on account of Mrs Campbell, who was always of delicate health, and at that time more so; and then he had two little children with him. 'For his part,' he said, 'he was ready to be cut to pieces.' The missionaries and other Europeans went on board on the 3d of June, and left the station on the morning of the 4th. On this morning, Mr Campbell desired his table attendant to come over to me and ask me to write three notes, one to the Agra missionaries, another to those of Allahabad, and the third to the Rev. W. J. Jay, chaplain at Landour, the gentleman with whom Mr Campbell had left his little boy, Davidson, for the improvement of his health. The notes to Agra and Landour reached their destination, but that to Allahabad did not, because the regiments at Cawnpore broke out on the 5th of June, and the way was thus stopped. Mr Jay answered my note soon after, though his reply was kept, on account of the general outbreak, in some post-office on the hills, and reached me only a few days ago. In the former part of his letter he says, 'I have to thank you for your note; and

I should be much obliged if you will tell Mr Campbell that his little boy is quite well and happy. I think these troubles will soon pass away ; but in the meantime we cannot be too earnest in prayer, that they may be sanctified to the eternal benefit of all Christians, whether of European or native birth.'

"As none of the Hindoo and Mohammedan servants would go with the missionaries, on account of their families that would be left behind in danger, three of the native Christians accompanied them, two of whom had no families. They said that all the European passengers were in danger all the way, and in some places they had to give the rebellious zemindars money to be allowed to proceed. When they arrived at Bithoor, which is about ten miles above Cawnpore, they were taken by the rajah (the Nana) that lived in that town. They were taken into a house ; but after this the native Christians do not know what happened. I have made inquiries here at Cawnpore, but can get no authentic and satisfactory information as to where, when, and how they were killed. Their names are found in a book that was in the rajah's record office. When the native Christians returned and told us what had happened, we were in the greatest grief. We wrote to Agra, and the friends there did what they could ; but all was ineffectual. However, all is well with our departed friends. Their warfare is ended, and they have entered into the rest of their Lord.

"After the missionaries and other Europeans left the station, things grew worse in the zillah of Furruckabad.

The civil officers, notwithstanding their most strenuous efforts for the preservation of order, lost all power of control over the district. Police stations and tahsil-darees began to be attacked by the insurgents on the Grand Trunk Road, as well as by dacoits. The latter now lifted up their heads, and thought the time for them to work had arrived. Nothing was heard during the night but the noise of fire-arms, insomuch that the very jackals ceased barking through fear. Our place, on account of the tent manufactory, was in great danger from dacoits. Swords and fire-arms were therefore procured, and all the men were obliged to keep up the whole night, and though very few in number, compared with the adverse population of the surrounding country, and the extent of the premises to be guarded, were indeed successful in keeping them at bay. Throughout the country, zemindars and others rose up against each other, to settle, or rather to avenge old differences that existed between them, and disorder and anarchy reigned supreme. All power had now virtually come into the hands of the commanding officer, but his influence was not felt beyond the cantonments and the city. His hands were quite full, and all he could do was to make efforts to keep his own regiment in order.

“All the men of the 10th N. I. (the regiment at Futtehghur) were not of the same character in regard to the mutiny. The older sepoys were not inclined to it, and, it is believed, had the majority of the old native officers, who retired on pension only a few weeks before, been there, half the regiment at least would have

gone into the fort with the Europeans. The recruits were the ones who were constantly on the point of breaking out, and were only kept down by the older sepoys. So sure was the commanding officer of the fidelity of these men, that only two or three days before the regiment mutinied, he told us there was no occasion for fear, and that we might make our minds at ease. At last the insurgents from the Oude side approached the station. The 10th was overawed, and the day which had been so much dreaded arrived. The officers and other Europeans that were in the station went into the fort on the 17th June, and the morning of the 18th was the day when the mutiny of the 10th reached its *highest* degree. The men broke out, plundered the treasury and other places they liked, and began to disperse themselves as fast as they could. They killed no Europeans however (excepting one, Mrs Collins, I believe), and those sepoys of the 10th who fell into the hands of the 41st (from Oude) were themselves killed, principally because they had spared the Europeans.

“About nine A.M. the same day, a few sepoys of the 10th came into the mission compound for horses. These they took and went away. But another band came soon after, and began to look about for cash and such things. At the first, people only of a certain neighbouring village accompanied the sepoys; but about ten A.M., hundreds of villagers from the surrounding country began to pour in, and plunder the mission compound and the Christian village. Tents, stuffs, ready-made tents, timber, tables, sofas, chairs, book-

shelves, brass and copper vessels belonging to native Christians, grain, clothes, and, in short, all that could be carried off, was taken away in a few hours, and by the evening of that day, nothing was left but beams that were in the roofs of the houses. The next day these also were taken down and carried away. The houses in the cantonments too were plundered in the same manner.

“Though none of us were killed by the sepoys of the 10th, yet we were obliged to leave our place. We passed the day under trees, and the night in the houses of some heathen acquaintances that pitied us. We had to leave the places where we passed the night early in the morning, as the villagers were themselves afraid on our account. On the morning of the 19th—that is, the next day—the premises were set on fire by a party of sowars. We witnessed the sight from some distance, sitting under trees. Our hearts were ready to burst with grief, as we saw the smoke ascending up to heaven. It seemed as if the Lord had visited us in His hot displeasure, and ‘remembered not His footstool in the day of His anger!’ Who would have believed only a few weeks before that we should be called upon to see such a day! The very heathen were themselves astonished at this sudden and unexpected change.

“The 19th, also, most of us passed in the neighbourhood of the premises. But the people of the surrounding villages now heartily wished us to be off. Many of us had large families to take care of and provide for. All our things were taken away. The little money and

jewels that some of us had we could not use just at present, as that also would have been taken away from us without the least pity. We were without a home now, and the whole country seemed against us. So our misery and anguish may be conceived, but not described. The 41st, which, we believe, had already committed many murders, had now arrived, and remaining about the station, had become dangerous ; so we began to disperse and go some distance into the country. Though the heathen living round the mission premises had become cold, and many of them unkind, yet, we are thankful to say, all the inhabitants of the surrounding country were not like them. After the first storm of robbery and plunder throughout the district was over, people became more sober ; and many of the zemindars pitied us when they saw us with our families in a forlorn and hopeless condition, and gave us shelter in the villages, and sometimes work also. Some of us were kept by them in one place for months, though always concealed from sepoys—the influence of the zemindars keeping evil-disposed villagers from informing against us. But we must say, we were always in great fear and distress ; and, after all, the treatment we met with was far from being kind. Though formerly, in the time of peace and prosperity, Brahmins of the highest caste used to court our friendship, yet we were considered so low and unclean now, that in some places even khattiks (keepers of swine) would not touch us ! Hunger and thirst, of course, did their work ; and uncertain flight under a burning sun, or on a dark rainy

night, with our little ones in our arms or on our backs, was also sometimes our portion. In short, so great was our suffering in every respect, that very often death was more desirable than life; and in such a state, I need scarcely add, the faith of some was not always equally strong. May the Lord have mercy upon us all!

“The mutineers commenced firing at the fort on the 25th of June. The Europeans held out for nine days, and are believed to have killed some eighty or ninety of the insurgents. After this, having no ammunition, and hearing of no relief from any quarter, they left the fort by night in three boats, only one of which was manned. The next morning, the wind was high and contrary, and the boats grounded. After some exertion the one which was manned got off, and in course of time arrived at Cawnpore; but the others did not move, though the passengers went down and worked as hard with them as they could. When the mutineers heard of the flight of the Europeans they pursued them with guns, and overtook them at Singirampore, about ten miles below Futtehghur. They fired at the boats; some of the passengers were killed by the shots, others drowned themselves, and a few were taken prisoners, and afterwards killed on the parade-ground. People say the insurgents tried at first to blow the prisoners from the gun, and when it would not go off, they despatched them with the sword. It is also said, one of the prisoners, Miss Sutherland, told them before being killed, that they were very unjust and cruel in putting them to death, and that they might kill them, but

still the British would have possession of the country. A little boy begged them hard not to kill him, and gave them something valuable, which he had in a tin case, in hopes of being spared. The savages, of course, took what he gave, but would not let him off. When they were about to kill him, the poor thing ran here and there, and at last crept under some bedsteads which were there, where he was pierced through and cut to pieces. When some of the crowd expressed their pity at the sight, the murderers flew at them in a rage, and said, 'These people are on the side of our enemies, and not on ours.'

"When the Europeans were in the fort, Chhedee Lál, a Hindoo, and formerly a pupil of the mission school at Futtehghur, and, at the time of the outbreak, a writer in the post-office at that station, had been helping them with regard to sending them certain things from his village, Hoosainpore, which adjoined the fort. When the mutineers came to know what he had been doing, they went to his house, plundered it, and beat his father and uncle, and had he not made his escape by another way, would have killed him. The young man had to keep himself concealed all the time that the insurgents were at Futtehghur. It is hoped the authorities of the place will not forget him; all the boon which he asks, is an appointment. The mutineers also troubled the people of Hoosainpore a good deal on this very account.

"Three native Christians, with their families, had gone into the fort with the Europeans, and had also

left with them in boats. Two of them made their escape when the boats were attacked, but the third, Dhokul Parshad, was taken with his family, a wife and four little children. All were afterwards killed with the Europeans. The passengers of the boat that was not captured at Singirampore, were murdered here at Cawnpore.

“Of all the Europeans and Eurasians that were at Futteghur (and there were a good many), only the magistrate and his family, and two Eurasians, are believed to have escaped. The magistrate, with his family, were hid by a powerful zemindar on the other side of the river, and the Eurasians, who had no families, went out into the district in disguise, for sometimes they were with some of us native Christians.

“Such is a succinct narrative of the dreadful doings at Futteghur. May these troubles be sanctified to us all; and may all things redound to the glory of that all-wise Being, who is the sovereign Ruler of the universe, and who has said, ‘Be still, and know that I am God!’

“CAWNPORE, 15th February 1858.”

On the re-establishment of the mission in Futteghur, the Rev. J. S. Scott, of the American mission in Agra, was appointed to its superintendence. On proceeding thither, he made inquiries into the circumstances of the native Christians, and the trials which they had undergone. He has sent me the following remarks as the result of his investigations. It must

be remembered that they were for upwards of nine months a scattered people, and that during that time they passed through a multitude of strange vicissitudes. The announcement that not one fell from the faith is very cheering. The Lord evidently took them under His kind care.

*Testimony of the Rev. J. L. Scott, Missionary at
Futtehghur, respecting the Native Christians of
the Mission.*

“I must now speak of our Futtehghur people. They, too, have lost, nearly all of them, everything they had; and having no fort in which to take refuge, have endured great privations. None of them, however, have lost their lives, except Dhokul Parshad and his family, who were executed by the Nawab, and two others who were killed at Bithoor, where they had been placed as chaprassees. Dhokul was the head-teacher of our city school, and was a man of character and influence, an humble and earnest Christian. He was taken with about thirty other Christians to the parade ground, where it was attempted to put them to death by firing grape upon them. The gun, however, two or three times refused to go off, and when at last it was fired, only two or three were touched. The sepoy then rushed upon them with their swords, and despatched them. This story is told by one of our native Christians, who says that he mixed with the crowd, and saw it with his own eyes. Dhokul, he says, met his death

calmly, bowing his head to receive the stroke of the sword.

“Our native Christians, in general, say that they were not put to the test of a denial of the faith. Most of them found refuge with friendly Hindoos, where they were known as Christians, but were not seriously molested. After the death of Dhokul, the most of them fled to Cawnpore, which, by that time, had fallen again into the hands of the English troops; and there they remained until the Commander-in-chief came up to Futteghur.

“It is a difficult matter to ascertain how far they maintained their Christian profession during those times of trial. From all that I can learn, none of them actually made a profession of Mohammedanism. One man passed himself off as a Mohammedan for a time, but did not repeat the Kalima, and soon made his escape. One of our girls was taken into the family of a Mussulman as a servant, who passed her off as a Mussulmani, but she says that nobody asked her any questions on the subject. She speaks highly of his kind treatment of her. I believe the truth is, that most of our Christians were known by their language and deportment as Christians, and being in Hindoo villages, were under but little temptation to deny the faith. Still this was not always the case; and some of them speak of their boldly standing up for their Christianity. I believe there are not a few among them who would rather have died than deny their faith.

“They have now nearly all come back to us, and are engaged in various ways; some in making tents, some

as teachers, some as catechists (though we have not yet commenced public preaching), some in the army, some as *employés* of Government, and some as private servants. They are poor, but generally in good spirits, and their trials have, in my estimation, improved them, by giving them a more manly and independent spirit. I trust, also, they may be sanctified to their spiritual improvement."

An interesting instance of fidelity, at a time that many of the Europeans were thrown into circumstances of great distress and danger, occurred in the case of a Sikh, who afterwards became a Christian convert. He was a private servant of Mr Edwards, magistrate of Budaon, in Rohilcund. His name was Wazeer Singh. He had been formerly a sepoy for seven years in the 28th Regiment Native Infantry. About four years and a half ago, when stationed at Saharunpore, he first heard the gospel from one of the American missionaries, and his mind was somewhat impressed thereby. On leaving Saharunpore, he had no opportunity again for some time to converse with Christians on the nature of their faith. Latterly his regiment was appointed to Shahjehanpore; and a company with which he was associated was sent to do duty at Budaon. This was in the month of April 1857. Here he met with several Christians, and on hearing that Mr Edwards read and expounded the sacred Scriptures to them on the Sabbath, he determined to join them in their religious worship at his house. He now began to feel the

power of the truth over his heart, and avowed his wish to confess Christ before men. As it would have been impossible in those ungodly times, when the great mutiny and rebellion had not opened the eyes of the Government to the wickedness and folly of some of its regulations, for a sepoy to become a Christian and remain in the army, Mr Edwards got him removed from his regiment, and engaged him as his own servant. On the flight of Mr Edwards to Futtehghur, in consequence of the disturbances in Rohilcund, Wazeer Singh accompanied him thither, and they remained together there until the mutiny broke out.

When the troops revolted at Futtehghur, Mr Edwards was deserted by all his servants with the exception of Wazeer Singh, who continued faithful. A havildar of the mutinous regiment came to Mr Edwards for the purpose of urging him to intrust himself to the care of the sepoys, who, he said, would defend him to the last drop of their blood. At this very time they were wishing to murder him. Mr Edwards, however, did not see through the hypocrisy of the man, and was on the point of consenting to his proposal, when the Sikh stopped him almost by force, got horses ready, and they galloped off together, in company with Mr Probyn, the magistrate, his wife, and four children. For two months, during the severest period of the hot weather, the party lived in a small hut, under the protection of a native, by name Hurdeo Bukhsh. Two of the children sunk under the heat and privation. The time was passed in the greatest anxiety and dread. They

were the only Europeans that had escaped the successive slaughters that befell the Futtehghur residents, and as the country was filled with rebels, there seemed but a poor chance of their eventual escape. But the Lord was to them better than their fears. He at length delivered them out of unheard-of, and almost unparalleled dangers. Throughout the whole of their troubles, the Sikh remained with them, and shewed a spirit of singular piety and fidelity. He exposed his life frequently to imminent risk, and manifested in every way a truly Christian love for his master. On arriving in Benares, this faithful man was recommended to the missionaries of the London Mission for baptism. On examination, it was found that he was an honest, simple, and sincere man, knowing the first great truths of Christianity, but needing further instruction on some points of our common faith. He was baptized by the Rev. J. Kennedy, and is now in England with his master.

For a long time little was known respecting the adventures of the first batch of Europeans, amounting to one hundred and twenty-six persons, who left Futtehghur in boats, and fell into the hands of the Nana, and were put to death by his orders. A diligent inquiry has been made into the matter by the Rev. R. S. Fullerton, now a missionary in Futtehghur, who has kindly favoured me with the result of his investigations. Many of the circumstances which he details were unknown to me, and are, I imagine, unknown to people in England. The tale is narrated with much clearness

and simplicity—the story evidently not needing, according to the excellent judgment of the writer, any adornment of language to heighten its tragic effect.

*Account of the Death of the Futtehghur Missionaries,
by the Rev. R. S. Fullerton, Missionary at
Futtehghur.*

“FUTTEHGHUR, July 31, 1858.

“MY DEAR MR SHERRING,—You wish me to tell you what I know of the last days of our beloved missionary brethren who resided at this place at the beginning of the outbreak (May 1857), and who, with many others, were put to death by the order of the Nana at Cawnpore. They were the Rev. Messrs J. E. Freeman, D. E. Campbell, A. O. Johnson, and R. M'Mullen, and their wives, and William and Fanny, children of the Rev. D. E. Campbell.

“We were at Agra at the commencement of the mutiny, and were in daily communication with these brethren up to the time of their leaving for Cawnpore. Futtehghur from the first, owing to its proximity to the Grand Trunk Road, was threatened by rebel sepoys on their way to Delhi. All felt that the danger was imminent, and the letters of each day told us of the hopes and fears of our friends. At one time they thought that the crisis was past, but it was only a lull in the storm which was about to break in pitiless fury on their heads. The defection of the native troops at Allyghur, Etawah, and Mynpoorie, and the massacres at Shahjehanpore and Bareilly, followed each other in

rapid succession. Futtehghur was now surrounded by enemies, and the troops at the station, the 10th Native Infantry, were not to be relied on. Messrs Campbell and Johnson, who lived near the city, now left, and joined their mission brethren at Rukha, in the civil station, where the principal part of our native Christians lived; but before doing so, Brother Campbell called together the little church at the former place, and said to them, after having told them of the dangers to which they were exposed—‘I feel that I am addressing you for the last time. By fleeing to distant villages, you may escape; but I do not think that there is any hope for us. But whether we survive or perish, and whether the English rule remains or not, I know that the Church in India will remain, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ He exhorted them to be ‘steadfast, immoveable, and to choose death rather than to deny their Saviour.’ He then laid his hands on their heads and blessed them; and the two families left the premises, to return to them no more.

“I will here remark in passing, that six of this little band of native Christians—i. e., Dhokul Parshad, the head-master of the city school, his wife, and four little children—subsequently fell into the hands of the Nawab of Furruckabad, who imprisoned them for several weeks, and then put them to death, with twenty-eight other Christians, on the parade-ground. From this time the four mission families remained together at Rukha. They knew not at what moment the rebels might fall upon the station and re-enact the scenes of Delhi and

Shahjehanpore. A pious captain and his wife, living in an adjoining compound, united with them almost every evening in asking God to direct them in their hour of need. During this season of suspense, Brother Campbell wrote—‘How precious are the Psalms! I always loved them, but how unspeakably precious are they at such a time as this! The Royal Psalmist could not have written them if he had not been called to pass through deep waters, and some of them can only be appreciated by those who, like him, are called to pass through them.’ Before leaving the station, our missionary brethren laid many plans for their escape. One was to try and reach Agra by *dak* (or posting)—and once, indeed, their carriages were ordered, and some of them were ready to set out on their journey—but other counsel prevailed. I have but little doubt that they would have succeeded, if the effort had been made; but He who knows the end from the beginning, saw fit to order it otherwise.

“It was at length determined by the residents of the station, that they would procure boats and be ready at a moment’s warning to drop down the Ganges. On the 3d of June, the sepoys manifested a mutinous spirit, and the Europeans spent the following night in the bungalows on the banks of the river, that they might not, in case of an outbreak, be surprised.

“Our missionary brethren and many others stayed with Mr M’Lain, an indigo planter, who had kindly offered them a place in his boat. On the morning of the 4th, the sepoys seized the treasury, and refused to

obey the orders of their commanding-officer, Colonel Smith, although they had only the day before taken the most solemn oaths that they would do so. The Europeans at the station now felt that the time had come to leave it. Four boats were lying at the ghat, and upon these they were soon floating down the Ganges.

“Before leaving, however, the missionaries visited the native brethren, gave them directions as to what they were to do, and took leave of them. They turned away from them with heavy hearts, and one of their number proposed that they should remain with them, whatever might be the consequence; but it was thought that, so far from being able to assist their native brethren, should they remain with them, it would only render their destruction the more certain. They therefore felt it to be their duty to leave. Mrs Campbell wrote to one of our number, just before going on board the boat—‘I am busy packing up a change of clothes for my husband, my children, and myself. We have determined to try to escape in the direction of Cawnpore, but I have only a faint hope that we shall succeed. And now, dear sister, farewell! If we should not meet again on earth, may we meet in heaven!’ After leaving the ghat, the party saw no enemy until they reached a village about eight miles below Futtehghur. Here the villagers came out with bamboo clubs, intending to plunder them, but, when they saw that they were armed, they allowed them to pass unmolested.

"Somewhere near this place, some of the party landed, and sought protection in the fort of Hurdeo Bukhsh, of whom most ultimately returned to the station, only to fall, with the second party that tried to get down the river in the same way. The remaining one hundred and twenty-six persons, including the missionaries, continued their course. At Kussum Khore, they were fired on by a large body of match-lock-men. Their fire was returned, and eight of their number fell, and several others were wounded. On the part of the Europeans, all escaped unhurt with the exception of a child, which was severely wounded. The villagers followed them for several miles, firing on them from time to time, but without effect. The fugitives now felt that it would be impossible for them to defend so many boats in case of a serious attack, and hence they all embarked in the largest one, leaving their baggage in the care of the boatmen on the other three. The latter soon fell behind, and were plundered by the villagers, whether through the fault of the boatmen or not I am unable to say. From this time, they had to fight their way from village to village for one or two days, the enemy firing on them from both banks.

"During all this time they had but little to eat, as they had not the means of cooking. On the evening of the third day, they went on shore to prepare some food, at a point where there were no rebels in sight, but they soon found themselves in the hands of a powerful zemindar, who, with a large number of his

tenants, was lying in wait for them. After a good deal of trouble, he agreed to release them upon condition that they would give him a thousand rupees for their ransom, five hundred down, and five hundred when they reached Cawnpore ; agreeing, on his part, to give them a sufficient number of matchlock-men to conduct them in safety to that place.

“The terms were agreed to, and the first instalment was paid. The zemindar then sent five of his men on board, and having received from him the assurance that he would give them more at the next village, the party once more set sail. The latter part of the engagement was never fulfilled, and of the five men who had been sent in the boat to help them, four of them jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The party did not stop again until they reached an island five miles below Bithoor, and as many above Cawnpore. They were much afraid of being attacked at Bithoor, but the Nana and his troops were investing the intrenchments of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, and hence they met with no opposition at that place. When they reached the island just mentioned, they wrote to Sir Hugh, asking him to send them assistance to enable them to get into the intrenchments, but the messenger to whom the letter was intrusted never returned. The effort was renewed many times after this, but with a similar result. They were three days on this island, during which time the roar of artillery, in the direction of Cawnpore, was almost incessant. They would have dropped down the river to Allahabad, but the bridge

of boats, which was in the hands of the rebels, prevented them. They now knew not whither to turn for safety ; their only hope was Cawnpore, and this was rapidly giving place to despair. At night (during the time that they remained at the island) they pulled their boat a short distance up the river and moored it in the middle of the stream, to prevent a surprise, and in the morning, they dropped down again to their original position, where they spent the day.

“On the morning of the fourth day after reaching the island, they saw some sepoy's passing over the bridge, with a gun, but thought little of it, as they supposed that they were on their way to Lucknow. They were, however, soon undeceived, for the rebels, soon after crossing, opened fire on them from a corn-field on the Oude side. All were on board at the time ; the first shot fell within a few feet of the boat, the second entered the door and killed a child of Mr Brierly, and the third entered a window, killing, in its passage, an ayah and Mrs Ives. All now rushed on shore ; some, such was their haste, without their shoes and stockings, which were off at the time. Here they concealed themselves in the long grass which abounds on the island. To remain long, however, in their lurking places, was impossible. A June sun was pouring down his fiery rays upon them, and, at the risk of being killed by round shot, they made their way to some sissoo trees, which grow on the southern part of the island. Here they found a well in the possession of a zemindar, who would neither draw water for them

nor allow them to draw it for themselves. Seeing this, one of our native Christians procured a vessel, and brought water from the river for them. When all were satisfied, it was proposed that a council should be held to determine what they should do, as they knew that the sepoys would soon find the means of reaching the island. Brother Freeman now rose and said, 'My dear friends, it is my belief that this is our last day on earth; let us, before doing anything else, prepare to die.' The fugitives gathered around him, and having read a portion of Scripture, they all kneeled down, and he led them in prayer. After this, a hymn was sung, and Brother Campbell made some remarks, and also led them in prayer. The council was now held, and after a long consultation, the gentlemen of the party rose, broke up their weapons, and threw them into the river. The inference is, that they thought that their only hope of escape was to cast themselves, an unarmed band, upon the mercy of the sepoys.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, a large number of sepoys appeared on the right bank of the river, and, having procured a boat, they crossed over to the island, and made prisoners of the whole party. When they reached the main land, Mr M'Lain asked them what they intended to do with them. The reply was, 'Take you to the Nana Sahib.' He then asked them why, seeing that many of them were merchants, planters, teachers, and missionaries, who were not connected with Government in any way, and especially

seeing that they were unarmed. Some of the sepoy said, 'Yes, this is true. We should not injure these people; they have never injured us, and are not in a position to do so now.' But others said, 'No; away with them to the Nana Sahib.' Mr M'Lain now offered them three hundred thousand rupees if they would release them, and conduct them in safety to Allahabad, but their reply was, 'It is not money we want, but blood. We don't wish the seed of the English to remain in the country.' Saying this, they began to tie them two and two; where they were husband and wife, they had the privilege of being tied together. When all were thus tied, they were formed into a line, and were fastened together by means of a long rope, which was passed between them. While these preparations were being made, the missionaries found an opportunity to say to the four native Christians who had accompanied them, 'You can be of no further use to us now, and to remain with us would be but to expose yourselves to certain death. Return to Futtehghur, and tell our native brethren, that though we die, the Saviour lives. Commit yourselves, soul and body, to His keeping; and, whatever befalls you, don't deny Him.'

"Three of the four left them; but the fourth, an ayah, refused to do so. These preparations completed, the sepoy moved off with their prisoners in the direction of Cawnpore. It was a sad procession. Among the prisoners were little children, and mothers in delicate health; and none of them had tasted anything

but the coarsest fare for several days, and of this they had partaken sparingly. Their progress was consequently slow, and it was often interrupted by many halts, to give the weary time to rest. Night overtook them on a plain half-way to Cawnpore. Here the sepoy called a halt, a ring was formed, and the prisoners were placed in the centre, where they remained until morning. They had nothing given them to eat, but a bihishti (or water-carrier) was allowed to give them water to drink when they required it. But few slept, and but little was said. All felt that the sun would rise on them the next morning for the last time; and though no audible petition was offered up, each seemed to be engaged in prayer.

“At an early hour they were again on the march. They had not gone far before they met three carts, which the Nana had sent out for the ladies, who were put into them, and in this way taken into Cawnpore. It was six o'clock A.M. when the party arrived. They were shut up in a house, the few servants who were still with them being excluded. The Christian ayah and some of her companions sat down within thirty or forty yards of the place, that they might see what would become of the prisoners; but they were driven off by the sepoy guard, who threatened to shoot them if they did not leave immediately.

“What I have written above I learned from our own people, and it has been corroborated in almost every particular by other parties. What remains to be told I learned from a servant of the Maharajah Dhulip Singh,

who accompanied Mr Elliott, the Maharajah's agent, in his flight. When the rebels made prisoners of the party at the river, he ran away, but only to disguise himself and return, that he might learn their end. He followed them to Cawnpore, and saw them shut up in the enclosure already mentioned. Here they remained for an hour, when the Nana came and ordered the door to be opened, and the prisoners brought out. This done, they were taken to the parade-ground, and drawn up in a line, without reference to age or sex. The sepoys then fired a volley at them with their muskets, which killed many of them, and the rest were at once despatched with the sword. Thus perished this entire party. How many homes were left desolate by it ! how many hearts filled with unutterable woe ! But every heart knows its own bitterness. While others mourn for departed friends and relatives, we mourn for our beloved associates in labour. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' Their homes lying in ruins around us remind us that they lived and laboured here ; but the scenes which once knew them shall know them no more. How mysterious are the ways of Providence ! Two of these brethren and their wives had but just entered the mission field, and the others were cut down in the midst of their usefulness. Truly His ways are not our ways. And it is best so. His ways are always best. He tries His Church, but He never forsakes her. She is graven upon the palms of His hands, and her walls are ever before Him.

“In view of the scenes of the past year, and the magnitude of the work before us, we would cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, and would rely with a more unwavering trust upon Him who is infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in power, wisdom, and love.

“How appropriate and how comforting at such a time are the words of the Psalmist—‘My days are like a shadow that declineth ; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever ; and thy remembrance unto all generations. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion : for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. So *the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory.*’—Yours, in the best of bonds,

“R. S. FULLERTON.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSION IN BAREILLY.

THIS mission had only been established a very short time previous to the mutiny. The American Episcopalian Methodists, having determined in God's strength to take part in the great work of making known the gospel to the teeming millions of India, had sent out to this country the Rev. William Butler, a man of experience and energy, as well as of high Christian character, as a pioneer to search out a desirable region for the location of the congeries of missions they intended to found. On Mr Butler arriving in India, he immediately endeavoured to carry out the object of his brethren in America who had sent him thither. To this end he conversed with many Christian men, both missionaries and civilians, and made inquiries about, and personally inspected various places. Eventually he fixed upon Rohilcund, which had never received the benefit of missionary preaching and instruction, as a very favourable spot for the establishment of the new missions. Mr Butler himself proceeded to Bareilly, the chief city of the province, and laid the foundation of the mission there. A few native Christians already

existed in the station. These formed a nucleus to work upon.

But how soon was the shortsightedness of man baffled by the mysterious purposes of God ! And how quickly were his hopes, bright with promise and encouragement, beclouded by that Hand which directs all the affairs of the universe ! Soon after the capture of Delhi by the mutineers, Bareilly became insecure. Mr Butler deemed it prudent to retire to the hills twelve days before the mutiny in Bareilly, and by so doing, in God's good providence, escaped the massacre there, or as Mr Butler very properly puts it, when he remarks, that God "sheltered us personally from the storm, while He was pleased to allow all our little property to be destroyed." At the time of the outbreak the native Christians all escaped, and are still hiding in the villages between Bareilly and Rampore. In speaking of the probable effect which this disaster, which has befallen the infant mission, is likely to have on his own denomination of Christians, Mr Butler makes the following cheering statement—"It has *roused*," he says, "our Church, and made it a settled point with them, that the men and the means shall both be furnished to lead these millions to a knowledge of that gospel which alone can be an effectual remedy for India's sins and sufferings." The Lord grant that the entire Church of the living God on earth throughout all its borders may be *roused* too to a right apprehension of this all-important subject !

CHAPTER IX.

THE MISSION IN CAWNPORE.

It is not my purpose to give an outline of the tragical events perpetrated in this city upon our fellow countrymen, their wives and children. These are so well known, and are so fresh in the memory, and their recital still produces so much terrible sympathy in the mind, that I feel no one will be desirous for these pages to be crimsoned by the tale of such appalling horrors, of such unparalleled atrocities, at which, on their first announcement, the entire civilised world stood aghast. The monstrous and inhuman cruelties of which the actors in this frightful tragedy were guilty, furnish a representation of the debased condition of the heathen, which all the arguments, both written and spoken, of observant men had failed to delineate. Few persons believed that any people beside savages existed on the face of the earth, who could so gloat over the blood of the helpless and the innocent. Few persons imagined that idolatry was the mother of so much foulness and blackness, that it could expel from the breast the affections which distinguish man from the brute. Few persons would ever have regarded the religious system of the Hindoos as abhorrent to humanity and repugnant

to the laws of God, had not such catastrophes occurred. Few persons would ever have attributed to Moslemism, vile and shameless and criminal as they knew it to be, that blood-relationship to idolatry which the "Cawnpore massacre" revealed.

The minds of Christian men, and of reflecting men in general, have been much cleared of doubt and uncertainty, in respect of the inherent characteristics and tendencies of heathenism and Mohammedanism as existing in India. It is plain that the people may become partially civilised, may be educated in the science and learning prevailing in Europe, may be raised far above their predecessors in knowledge and intelligence, and yet may possess the same vicious heart, the same spirit of malice and selfishness, and the same wicked antagonism against all those of a purer and holier creed. I think it has been demonstrated with overwhelming cogency by the awful events of Cawnpore, Jhansi, Shahjehanpore, Delhi, and many other places, that the great and pressing want of India is not education, for that to a considerable extent, especially in these North-western Provinces, she has had—is not a just government, for that too, with all its faults, she has had—is not a splendid army, for that, moreover, to an extent more than was needed, she has had—is not clever men in her midst, representing the mind of Europe in its diversified researches and acquisitions, for these with prodigality she has had. Her most pressing want has its seat in the heart. The heart of India needs to be changed—needs to be re-

generated—needs to be brought in contact with holiness, so as to know and feel what holiness really is—needs to possess the knowledge of God, and a sense of the love of God, and of the truth of God. In other words India needs the gospel, needs Christianity, in order to be re-righted, and to be able to commence a career which shall secure to her peace and prosperity, happiness and glory.

I think, therefore, that all Christian men, more particularly those inhabiting the British Isles, should be anxious above everything to supply this first, this chiefest, this all-important want of India. Whatever we do for the benefit of the country in any other respects, let us see to it that we devote our most earnest thoughts to the spiritual welfare of the people.

Among the victims of the massacre at Cawnpore were the Rev. W. H. Haycock and his mother, and the Rev. H. E. Cockey, all connected with the mission of the Propagation Society established there; and the Rev. E. T. R. Moncrieff, the chaplain of the station, together with his wife and child. The mission had been in existence for several years. In addition to the preaching of the gospel to the heathen in the bazaars and villages of the neighbourhood, the missionaries had a school under their charge, in which Christian instruction was afforded to the youth of Cawnpore. When the mutiny occurred, the missionaries fled to the intrenchments for safety. The mission property fell into the hands of the rebels, and was, I believe, utterly destroyed.

I have received from the Rev. Dr Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, the following highly interesting and valuable statement respecting our beloved brethren of the Cawnpore mission. Let us try to imitate the earnestness, the fidelity, and the Christian meekness of these warriors of the cross, who, while fighting the Lord's battles on earth, were so suddenly called away to enter upon the nobler service of heaven:—

Brief Account of the Rev. W. H. Haycock and the Rev. H. E. Cockey, Missionaries of the Propagation Society, Cawnpore, and also of the Catechist, Solomon; by the Rev. Dr Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta.

“With regard to Mr Haycock, he was superintendent of the college press from 1849 to 1851, and throughout this period shewed great desire to engage in mission work; and towards the latter part of his residence here, frequently spoke with the heathen in the neighbourhood about Christianity.

“On leaving this, he went to the Secundra Press, Agra; but the loss of his wife, about two years afterwards, led him to review his position, and, at some sacrifice of income, to offer his services as catechist in the Cawnpore mission, under the Propagation Society. He was accepted, and shewed so much zeal and ability in his work, that, on the strong recommendation of the missionary (Rev. H. Sells), he was ordained by the bishop, during his visitation of the North-western Pro-

vinces in 1854. From that time to his death he continued to shew himself an earnest, laborious, and well-qualified evangelist.

“He had just returned from a journey to Mussoorie (he had gone there to place his two boys at school) when the mutiny broke out. I had only two or three hurried notes from him after that; in one of which he said that his Moulvie had said to him six months previously, ‘Ah, you will soon feel the sharpness of the Mussulman’s sword.’ I have learned from native Christians, who escaped from Cawnpore, that the excitement of the crisis, working on a constitutionally sensitive temperament, disordered his intellect; but that his suffering was brief, as he was shot just as he was entering the intrenchments.

“Mr Cockey was ordained by the Bishop of Madras at Agra, during his visitation of the North-western Provinces in 1857. He was educated here; and on leaving college in 1850, was catechist in the Hindustanee mission, Calcutta, for several years. He had been at Cawnpore about two years. He was of a remarkably meek and humble spirit, with a great deal of quiet, persevering energy, however. His superior in the mission, Mr Sells, spoke with very great respect of his moral and religious character; and one of the persons who conducted the ordination examination at Agra told me that his answers shewed an unusual amount of thought about the nature and method of mission work.

“Mrs Greenway’s ayah (a native Christian, and very intelligent) states very positively that he was the *padre* who read prayers at that tragic scene at Cawnpore, Mr

Moncrieff having been killed, she says, on the ninth day of the siege, in the intrenchments.

“Solomon, a native reader in the mission, was put to death in a cruel way by the Hindoos, during the occupation of Cawnpore by the Gwalior troops, in December last. The rest, I think, escaped.”

An interesting historical narrative of the Cawnpore mission is to be found in the Twenty-fifth Report of the Calcutta Diocesan Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, published in July 1858. It is a circumstance worthy of note, that Henry Martyn, who performed the duties of chaplain in Cawnpore in the years 1809 and 1810, should have held “his first ministration among the heathen” in this place. The following extract is taken from his “Life:”—

“A crowd of mendicants, whom, to prevent perpetual interruption, he had appointed to meet on a stated day for the distribution of alms, frequently assembled before his house in immense numbers, presenting an affecting spectacle of extreme wretchedness. To this congregation he determined to preach the word of the Saviour of all men, who is no respecter of persons. . . . The following Sunday he preached again to the beggars, in number about five hundred; and on the last day of the year (1809) he again addressed them, their numbers amounting to about five hundred and fifty; . . . nor did he cease to minister to them assiduously, whilst his health permitted, during the remainder of his residence at Cawnpore.”

It seems that, prior to the establishment of the Propagation Society's Mission in Cawnpore, a reader or catechist, by name Peter Dilsuk, had laboured there for several years in connexion with the Church Missionary Society. "This connexion ceased in 1828. He is said to have had a native congregation of thirty in number; chiefly, it is believed, composed of drummers or their families." The infant mission was managed by a local committee, which appears to have provided entirely for its support. This committee, although left to itself, and no longer under the wing of the Church Missionary Society, still pursued its pious and benevolent projects. On the departure of Peter Dilsuk, another Christian native, Karam Masih, was appointed in his place. The committee at length applied to the Diocesan Committee of the Propagation Society in Calcutta for assistance; and in 1833 the mission passed into the hands of this society. The first missionary sent to Cawnpore was the Rev. Mr Carshore, who on his arrival "found Karam with a small congregation of twenty-two native Christians. There were also five schools, containing altogether one hundred and seventy boys." The Report gives several quotations, of a gratifying nature, from the communications of this missionary. Referring evidently to a visit to Bithoor, the abode of the infamous Nana, and before him of the Peshwa, Bajee Rao, in 1834, he remarks—"The Mah-rattas of Bajee Rao's camp were so well pleased with the Sermon on the Mount, that many, of their own accord, came for them." Again, in 1835—"The desire

of the Mahrattas for the Sanscrit sermons has not, I was glad to perceive, decreased, for two hundred copies were disposed of in the space of half an hour." In 1836, he makes allusion to the English school, which, at his instigation, had been opened in Bithoor—"The Mahratta General, Ramehunder Panth, who acted as prime minister to Bajee Rao while on his throne, did also, a short time ago, at my particular request, establish a school, in which the English language is taught, at Bithoor. At present the boys in it are but few—in fact, none but *his own sons and those of his near kindred*; but I hope that, as the school is under my superintendence, others will in time be admitted."

In the year 1840, the Girls' Orphanage, which consisted of poor girls rescued from the famine that devastated Bundelcund in 1834, and was under the management of several benevolent ladies of Cawnpore, was transferred to the mission, and placed under the care of Mrs Perkins, wife of a valued missionary of the Propagation Society, then residing in the mission. In 1843, a Boys' Orphanage was founded, and continued in existence until the mutiny. The Girls' Orphanage was, in 1853, transferred to the Church Mission in Agra, in consequence, I imagine, of the departure of Mr Perkins and his wife to England, arising from the ill health of the former. Subsequently the Boys' Orphanage was sent there also. In 1844, extensive and important changes were made in the mission. It was determined to remove it to a new

site, and “to erect a complete mission establishment. The work was well performed. A piece of ground was obtained, containing about thirty-three acres; and two mission-houses, a house for an European catechist, a female orphanage, a boys’ school-house, with four cottages for native converts, were built at an expense of twenty-six thousand rupees, two-thirds of which were supplied by local contributions.”

Although the number of converts in this mission was not large, yet several most encouraging instances of real conversion occurred, shewing that the Lord approved the humble and earnest labour of His servants there. One I cannot forbear alluding to. It is the case of a Sikh, who was baptized in 1845. After a time, this man became a Scripture-reader in the mission, which office he continued to hold for several years. But his piety and talents were so conspicuous, that he was recommended for ordination; and in 1844 was ordained by Dr Wilson, the late Bishop of Calcutta. He is now, I believe, engaged in preaching to his fellow-countrymen in the Punjaub.

I now approach the time of the catastrophe when the mission was suddenly broken up, and its agents destroyed. With what thrilling interest do we read the last words of a young man yearning for the souls of his fellow-creatures, and about to quit the scene of his toils and anxieties for ever! Here is an extract from the last Report written by Mr Haycock, a few weeks before his death, and sent in to the Diocesan Committee:—

“While preaching at a crowded market at the southern extremity of the city, I beheld two most attentive and serious hearers, who attracted my attention by their demeanour. As I was leaving the ground they saluted me, and made an appointment to call on me next morning. Though we are four miles from the place where they were stopping, they kept their engagement on the morrow, and I had a long and interesting conversation with them. They were residents of the Lucknow district, not many miles from Cawnpore. One of them informed me he had often attended the religious gatherings called *mélas* at the most celebrated places of pilgrimage. He had heard Christianity preached, had received tracts and portions of the Scriptures, studied them at his home, when there was no living teacher to direct him in the way of life ; and he said he had ceased to be a Hindoo, for he no longer performed *puja* to the deities of the Hindoo pantheon. He was a Christian, he said, but he could not as yet break his family ties, and therefore continued a nominal Hindoo. He seemed anxious to learn how to pray. I gave him suitable advice and instruction, which I hope he will endeavour to observe, and also furnished him with a small collection of prayers in Hindee, and a few separate portions of the Scriptures, &c. ; in return, he drew out a rupee, of which he begged my acceptance. Being satisfied it was a voluntary offering, and not a piece of mere Oriental civility, I gladly put it to the credit of the Bible Society. I cannot help mentioning one remark of his, which made

a deep impression on my mind, as a specimen of the thoughts which pass through the minds of some sections of the native population. 'Supposing a cow or a buffalo,' he asked, 'were floating down the river, and some person drew the animal to shore by force, would that person incur reproach, or gain applause by the act?' I readily granted it would be a humane act. 'Then why,' added he, 'did not Government make Christianity the law of the land? The whole of Hindustan,' said he, 'is a great buffalo drifting down to perdition. Many who are convinced of the truth of the gospel hold back because of the terrible consequences of profession—loss of wives, children, relations, friends.' I remarked that, however welcome such a measure might be to some, it would be considered an act of gross oppression by those who thought otherwise, and the accession of such would be no advantage to Christianity; that without faith it was impossible to please God, and faith should be in the heart before Christ's name got place on our lips."

The Report already referred to, which is the source of the information given above, contains a letter written from Cawnpore on June 3, 1858, by the Rev. W. Willis, describing with much clearness, and with not a little minuteness, the condition of the mission previous and subsequent to the outbreak, and briefly narrating the deeply affecting circumstances connected with the death of our beloved brethren. I shall not extract the entire letter, on account of its length, but shall cite various passages from it:—

*Passages from the Letter of the Rev. W. Willis,
Missionary at Cawnpore.*

“ I first came to Cawnpore as catechist in October 1855. The mission was then under the care of the Rev. Messrs Sells and Haycock, assisted by Catechist H. E. Cockey. District-preaching was being steadily persevered in, though little outward fruit appeared. When the weather was too oppressive, out-door work was necessarily limited to places in the immediate vicinity of the station. Throughout the year, however, the school was open to all of good character who wished to come. Those who attended were chiefly Hindoos of the surrounding villages, with a sprinkling of Christian boys resident on the premises. The number of names on the rolls seldom fell under a hundred. Parents and children all seemed eager to avail themselves of the opportunities of improvement afforded them. The Bible was a constant class-book, and Christian works were freely used ; yet there was no murmuring, no apprehension, apparently, on the part of the heathen. Mohammedans, it is true, were scarcely seen in school ; and no wonder, when one considers the bitter contempt for Christianity which Mohammed's false philosophy of religion instils into its votaries. Many of my former pupils have come gladly to see me since my return. They tell me they were persecuted by the lawless mob simply on account of their being acquainted with English, and because they had attended an English school.

“ Morning and evening prayers were regularly offered up throughout the year ; and on Sundays the regimental drummers and other native Christians from the town were happy to join us. There was also a vernacular service on Sunday afternoons at Christ Church in the station.

“ At the close of 1856, Mr Sells left us for Saugor, where it had been determined to found a new missionary station. At the same time Mr Catechist Cockey was ordained deacon at Agra, the Bishop of Madras being then on a visitation tour for the late venerable metropolitan.

“ At the commencement of 1857, things were going on steadily and well. A bungalow was near completion at Shivoli (a village about twenty miles distant from the mission premises), where a school was to have been established, as the inhabitants appeared anxious for one, and desirous of missionary aid. It was intended that one of the missionaries should visit it occasionally, making it the centre of operations in that direction. A competent teacher was to have been resident on the spot. The cost of the building was, I believe, defrayed by local subscription. Besides this village, Bithoor was to have been a second outpost.

“ Through the kindness of Mr Greenway, a merchant of Cawnpore, afterwards killed in the general massacre, we had been put in possession of the deserted Baptist meeting-house in the station. This was a step towards establishing a more regular plan of operations in the native town itself, including a mission school.

The Cawnpore Free School, under the patronage of Government, was chiefly designed for the destitute children of European soldiers, &c., and had for some time lost its distinctive character as a free school. There were very few children receiving free education and support when the mutiny broke out.

“It was thought advisable that there should be a mission school for general instruction in the station, while at Nawabgunj there would still have been a preparatory school, in which the vernaculars would have been solely taught.

“These arrangements were all on the point of being carried out, when the rebellion suddenly burst out, and arrested for a time the good work.

“I had been allowed leave of absence to proceed to Bishop’s College, and there prepare myself for ordination. Accordingly, I left Cawnpore on April 13, eight weeks previous to the outbreak, when as yet there was nothing heard but the distant rumbling of the storm; and thus, by God’s providential leading, I was preserved from the impending troubles.

“The last letter that I received from Cawnpore was written to me by Mr Cockey on the mission premises, dated June 1, 1857, a week before the mutiny at this station. In it he makes this striking quotation:—
‘Veni, et ostende nobis faciem tuam, Domine, qui sedes super Cherubim, et salvi erimus. Veni, Domine, et noli tardare; relaxa facinora plebis tuæ.’

“I may mention what I have since heard from natives as to the end of Messrs Haycock and Cockey, but

I would not be supposed to rely altogether on the account given me. It would appear that Mr Haycock, probably from *coup de soleil*, lost his reason, and died in that condition in the early days of the siege. His mother was killed afterwards in the general massacre. He has left two little boys, whom he had taken up to the hills to school only a short time previously. Mr Cockey, wounded in the thigh by a musket-shot, survived to suffer with those who were so treacherously invited to proceed in boats to Allahabad. I believe he was brought back among the rest who were not destroyed in the river, and endeavoured to snatch a few moments' respite before death, to offer a common supplication on behalf of all present.

"Having been ordained at the last solemn ordination of our late revered Bishop, on St Andrew's Day (November 30), 1857, I was again ordered up to Cawnpore. It was with a heavy heart that I entered the station, and viewed the sad spectacle of a once happy and prosperous town now lying desolate and in ruins. There, near the spot of the final massacre, rest, enclosed in their common grave, the remains of our Christian brethren. Touching indeed are the brief inscriptions on the two monuments hard by ! As I passed along the roads and saw the crumbling European dwellings, and the pretty Gothic church gutted and roofless, I had little hopes of finding much left of the mission property at Nawabgunj. There were five buildings, with their respective out-offices, together with three or four small houses for the Christians. All are more or

less dilapidated, with the exception of the school-house. Of the three dwelling-houses one alone was not burned; its doors and windows had all been carried away, and the walls are tottering, owing to the damage done by last year's rains. It had been under repair, and left in an unfinished state. The tiling of the roof might, I think, be completed at once. The small bungalow had just been fully repaired; but as it was burned, it is now a heap of ruins.

"The little chapel has its walls standing, but the wood-work and the roof are gone. The floor is overgrown with weeds, and covered with dirt and rubbish. A broken piece of masonry is all that remains of the front.

"Strange to say, the building which was used as a school-house, and which was formerly the Orphan Asylum, has been little injured by the marauders. Here and there a pane of glass has been broken, a window torn away, or a few flag-stones dug up; but in other respects it has been spared. All the mission property has been plundered or burned; books, furniture, clothes, horses, carriages, &c. &c., all gone. A few oriental works, entrusted to the mission pundit by Mr Haycock, have been made over to me.

"It appears from information given by those who were present (natives), that before going into the intrenchment, Mr Haycock had intrusted the communion plate to one of the zemindars, on whose ground the mission premises are. The man, by name Gandharb Singh, is now unable to produce the said

plate. He has, however, verbally agreed to give as compensation two hundred rupees. I believe the same man is responsible for the loss of the altar-cloth.

“In May 1857, there were, as far as I remember, between twenty and twenty-five native Christians on the mission premises. I do not include the regimental drummers, &c., in the account, for they were in the station, and we saw them generally on Sundays only. Since my return, I have seen ten of the former residents at the mission; of the rest, I believe there are four with the Church missionaries at Bhaugulpore—one of them, Mayal, being our former head native teacher in the school. He has written to me, and would wish to return to Cawnpore, if he could meet with suitable employment in the mission.

“I have heard that seven or eight of our little congregation perished in the massacre here.

“I have been very much pleased at the real good feeling evinced by the pundit of the mission. It was he who preserved the valuable books above mentioned.

“There are a great number of native Christians in the station belonging to the various regiments, whom the chaplain has requested me to take charge of. His ordinary duties take up too much of his time. I shall assemble them for public worship on Sundays, when I have received the necessary order from the military authorities.”

CHAPTER X.

THE MISSION IN FUTTEHPORE.

THIS city, lying about midway between Allahabad and Cawnpore, and not far distant from the frontier of Oude, was in the very midst of the terrible fire raging in the country around. On the day after the meeting of the troops at Allahabad, namely, on Sunday the 7th of June, the outbreak took place at this station. The sepoys, however, having plundered the treasury, immediately left for Cawnpore, without seeking the lives of the residents. On the evening of the day, information arrived of the insurrection in Allahabad, and of the awful atrocities which had been perpetrated. The next day news came of the approach of a body of irregular troops, who were committing frightful depredations on their way. At first it was determined to flee, but on second thoughts, the residents resolved to remain and face the danger, terrible as it was. On the following day, Tuesday, the bungalows in the station were destroyed, and the people having risen, were bent on the destruction of everything which they could lay their hands on. The residents seeing there was no hope of safety except in flight, at ten o'clock in the evening left their homes

and their property, and started in the direction of Banda, whence, after much fatigue and many hair-breadth escapes, they proceeded to Kallinger, thence to Nagode, thence to Mirzapore, and thence to Allahabad, which they reached in twenty-two days, being a distance of upwards of three hundred miles.

One gentleman, Mr Robert Tucker, the judge of Futtehpore, did not leave with the rest of the residents. He resolutely refused to listen to their advice, and, with true British courage, determined to meet the danger, however terrible the form it might assume. One of his last remarks was, "I am going to put myself at the head of my brave legionaries," meaning that he would intrust himself to the police guard, by whose aid he hoped to keep off the enemy. He little suspected the horrible treachery of which he was to be the victim. He little suspected that these men would be his murderers. On the departure of his colleagues, he sent for the deputy collector and magistrate, the notorious Hikmat Oollah Khan. But this man, it is reported, returned answer, "Tell the sahib to make himself happy, and when I come in the evening, I will give him eternal rest." Suspecting the purport of this message, Mr Tucker read a portion in his Bible, and commended himself to God. He then got ready his pistols, sword, and all his fighting implements. In the evening the perfidious Hikmat, accompanied by the police guard, and bearing a green flag, the emblem of Moslemism, made his appearance in the compound. The judge was then called upon to abjure his religion and embrace

Mohammedanism, which he, of course, resolutely refused to do. The guard then advanced towards him, but he received them with much self-possession, and aimed his pistols at them with deadly precision. He killed, it is confidently stated, fourteen or sixteen of the traitors before he was himself cut down. He perished a martyr. His religion was not of a cold formal kind, but was a deep-hidden power within, displaying itself in all his words and actions. His name will long live in the memory of the godly in India. Had the civil and military services been full of such men, the rebellion would have been an impossibility. "The memory of the just is blessed!"

The mission at Futtehpore was commenced with the American Presbyterian Board of Missions. It had a chapel and school-houses for the instruction of boys and girls, which were under the superintendence of a much-esteemed native pastor and his wife, the Rev. Gopinath Nundy and Mrs Nundy. The trials which these honoured labourers in the Lord's vineyard underwent, should awaken within us great gratitude to God, that in a time of severe temptation, when life was at stake, when the husband and the wife were both threatened with insult, such as fills the soul with horror to think upon, they resisted the sore temptation, and were found faithful to their Lord. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

The following deeply affecting narrative of his escape

from Futtehpore, of his falling into the hands of the rebels at Allahabad, and of his eventual rescue, was written by the Rev. Gopinath Nundy himself. Though long, I think it right to give it in its unbroken form:—

The Rev. Gopinath Nundy's Narrative.

“Futtehpore is situated seventy-eight miles above Allahabad. The mission there is a branch of the Allahabad mission. In March 1853, I was sent from Futteghur, where I had laboured (from the commencement of the mission) for sixteen years, to take charge of Futtehpore. From that time up to the day of our escape, which took place a few days before the mutiny actually broke out, we have had many marks of our heavenly Father's love. He blessed and prospered our feeble efforts, and crowned our labours with some success. We had an English school in the town for heathen boys, and another for girls, besides three vernacular schools in three villages, about eight or ten miles from the station. The prisoners in the jail were also daily instructed in Christianity and general knowledge by a Christian teacher, and every Sabbath morning the gospel was preached by me. This privilege was granted by our pious magistrate; but no compulsion was ever used. Preaching in the bazaar and the neighbouring villages was carried on, more or less, every day; and in the cold season, for three months, the catechists and myself used to go into the interior,

to proclaim the gospel news and to distribute books. The town's-people, especially the Mohammedans, often raised objections, as at other places ; but the villagers heard the gospel with greater readiness and attention. Often our catechists were detained for some time, and often they were fed by them. We had built a small neat bungalow chapel in the mission premises, where the few European residents, though they were of different denominations, together with the native Christians, met every Sabbath for divine worship. The judge and the magistrate, as well as other gentlemen, took a deep interest in the mission, and helped us with their prayers, good advice, and pecuniary aid. When the number of native converts began to increase, six of them, at the suggestion of the late Honourable Mr Colvin, became small farmers, taking some land, at the usual rate of revenue, from zemindars, on their own responsibility ; and, I am happy to say, they were doing well. Everything looked encouraging and flourishing, when this unexpected mutiny, like the sudden blast of a hurricane, broke up all. The deputy-collector, Hikmat Oollah Khan, who betrayed our pious judge, Mr Tucker, bore a strong animosity against the mission. Futtehpore being a small place, every conversion we had was known to every individual in the town ; and the Mohammedans, instigated by the deputy-collector, tried several times to injure our work, but were unsuccessful. Once, when the Government order came for all the putwarees (village record-keepers) to be instructed in Nagari-Hindee, he tried

his best to stop their being taught in our school, but failed; and I am happy to say, upwards of three hundred grown-up men not only read the Gospel and attended prayers, but each of them was furnished with a copy of the New Testament to carry home. In this way we circulated the gospel news, through these men, in the whole district. Another time, when the baptism of six individuals took place, the Mohammedans, like the Jews of old, said amongst themselves, 'What are we doing? at this rate, the whole of Futtehpore will soon become Christians.' They contrived a plan, which they felt quite sure would end in breaking up the mission; but He whose work we were doing protected it. They gave out that my catechists, with my permission, took cartfuls of pigs' and cows' bones, and threw them into all the wells of the town. This was noised abroad, not only in the town, but also in the villages around. Some of the office people brought the report to the notice of our good magistrate; but he laughed at them, and told them that the Christian religion did not permit us to force any one to embrace it, and that no Christian *padre* could be guilty of such a crime. Their scheme, therefore, proved a complete failure.

"Knowing the determined hatred of the Mohammedans, and that they would not leave anything untried to thwart our plans and to stop the progress of Christianity, we felt much alarmed when we heard that the regiments at Meerut and Delhi had broken out in open rebellion. We did not leave the mission immediately, but remained till the 24th of May, when we

were advised by our magistrate to remove our females into some safer place, as the English residents had sent off their ladies to Allahabad for shelter. I took all the Christian women and started for Allahabad, where we arrived on the morning of the 27th. We found the place was no safer than Futtehpore. Several of the ladies and gentlemen had taken shelter in the fort. Our missionary brethren, with their families, had also gone there. We received an offer to do the same, and accepted it. We slept there three nights, but afterwards, thinking the fort was not safe, as it was guarded by Sikhs, and a company of the 6th N.I., we came out and hid ourselves in the Rev. Mr Owen's house, on the banks of the Jumna, about three miles from the fort, where we thought we should have a better chance of escape. The Christian women who accompanied me, after remaining some six or seven days, went back to their husbands at Futtehpore. On the evening of the 6th of June, when the 6th N.I. mutinied, we saw (though at a great distance) the flames of the burning houses, and heard the harrowing cries of the sufferers, which alarmed us not a little. In our state of terror, we knew not what measures to adopt in order to save our lives. At last, when we saw the danger was near, about two in the morning we left Allahabad, and took a boat to go to the opposite bank of the Jumna. We arrived at daybreak, and took the road to Mirzapore on foot. In the evening we reached a village about fourteen miles off, partly on foot and partly on a native's cart, but not without very great difficulty,

for our lives were often exposed to the mercy of armed villagers ; but our gracious heavenly Father saved us from their wicked hands. Here we took shelter in a Brahmin's house, who professed to be a friend, but through the whole night sought for an opportunity to kill us. Being apprised of his wicked intention, we kept awake without any sleep. Early next morning, when we were ready to resume our journey, we found the cart which brought us had disappeared. The driver had received his full hire for Mirzapore. Our host, affecting great sympathy (as his wicked design of murdering and taking everything we had was not yet accomplished), begged us to remain another day, when he promised to procure another cart. As we were tired, and our feet swollen, we were obliged to comply with his wishes. In the middle of the day, while sitting in his house, we witnessed such cruelty and barbarity as eye has seldom seen, or ear heard, or tongue attempted to describe, perpetrated by the inhabitants of the village on the public road ; and the same was no doubt done in other villages. Amongst many others, I will mention one case. A syce (groom)—not a Christian, but a Hindoo, a Chumar by caste—with his wife and only child, a babe one year old, was returning home from Cawnpore to Mirzapore. He was caught by the villagers, and stripped of everything he had. When the villains came to strip the woman of her clothes, she begged hard not to take her under-garment, but they, without any mercy or humanity, snatched the baby, a stout healthy child, from her arms, and hold-

ing it up by its two little legs, dashed out its brains upon a stone. Seeing this act of atrocity, our hearts were chilled within us, and we felt greatly alarmed, as we had a baby of about the same age. We passed the remainder of the day in heaviness of heart, but trusting in our God, and thinking how to get out of their hands. The night approached, and it was an awful night to us. We saw our host bring out his swords and clean them before our eyes. I asked him what he brought them out for. His answer was, should any of the villagers attack us, he would defend and fight for us. His plan, as we discovered, was to murder us in cold blood when we were asleep, that thereby he might obtain possession of all that we had. We passed a most miserable night, expecting every moment to have our heads cut off, but our ever-blessed Father assured us that our lives should not be injured, only our property taken away. We kept up the whole night, praying and singing praises to God, and did not even lie down for a moment. The Brahmin, too, did not sleep, but continued watching for the moment when we should fall asleep, that he might execute his wicked design; but he was unsuccessful. When the morning light began to be visible, we prepared to start, not for Mirzapore, as the road was unknown and hazardous, but back to Allahabad, of course on foot; but before we left, I told my wife to give up everything, knowing well that we should be attacked. We left the Brahmin's roof, and the moment we came out a crowd of men, our host among the number, fell upon

us. We gave up everything, even the very clothes on our bodies ; they did not leave us the single Bible we had ; our shoes were also taken. In mine I had hid a rupee and a few pice. While they were engaged in dividing the booty amongst themselves, each one tried to secure the lion's share to himself, in doing which many were no doubt killed and wounded. We made our escape, running as fast as we could. After proceeding about a mile, we looked back, and saw a number of villains pursuing, evidently with a view to kill us, but we ran, and came within the boundary of another village. The villains seeing us gone beyond the limits of their village, turned back. We went up to a well, and the people gave us water to drink. We then came to a potter's house, and begged him to give us a ghurra, which he did. I filled it with water, that we might have a supply ; for water in that part of the country, especially in the months of May and June, is very scarce, and only found in deep wells. We travelled till nine A.M., when both ourselves and our dear children (two of them six years and the baby one year old) felt fatigued and tired, and sat down under the shade of a tree. The poor children cried most bitterly from hunger, but we had nothing to give them. We laid our petition before that God who fed His people, the Jews, with manna in the wilderness ; and indeed He heard our prayer. We saw from a distance a marriage procession coming towards us ; I went up to them, and they gave us five pice, which enabled me to buy suttoo (flour made of grain) and goor (coarse

sugar). With this we fed the children, and resumed our journey. We travelled till eleven A.M., when we found that our three children, having been struck by the sun, were on the point of death; for the sun was very powerful, and the hot wind blew most fearfully. Seeing no village near (and indeed, if there had been any, we should not have gone to it, for fear of losing our lives), we took shelter under a bridge, and having gathered some sand, made our poor children lie down. But they seemed dying, and we had no medicine to give them. We raised our hearts in prayer to our great Physician, who is always more ready to hear than we are to apply to Him. He heard our supplications. We saw a small green mangoe hanging on a tree, though the season was nearly over. I brought it down, and having procured a little fire from a gang of robbers who were proceeding to Allahabad to plunder, I roasted it and made some sherbet, and gave it to the children to drink. People of the poorer classes, when struck by the sun, always administer this as a medicine. It acted like a charm, and revived the children. From inability to proceed any further, we made up our minds to remain there till next morning; but towards sunset the zemindar of the nearest village, a Hindoo by caste, came with the assurance that no injury should be done to us, took us to his house, and comfortably kept us through the night, supplying all our urgent wants. We partook of his hospitality, and slept very soundly, as we had been deprived of rest for three days and three nights.

“Early on the following morning we left our kind host’s house, and started for Allahabad, which was only three miles off. We arrived at the ghat about nine A.M.; and, while crossing the river Jumna, we saw, with heartfelt sorrow, that the mission bungalow was burnt to ashes, and the beautiful church totally disfigured. On our arrival, swarms of Mohammedans fell upon us; but our gracious Father again saved us, by raising up a friend from amongst the foes. This was a goldsmith, a Hindoo by caste, who took us into his house, and kept us safe through the day. At sunset, when we left his protection, we fell into the hands of some other Mohammedans, who were roaming about like ferocious animals, thirsting after blood. When we saw there was no way to escape, and the villains ready to kill us, we begged them hard to take us to their head, the Moulvie, who for some days usurped the supreme authority there. With great difficulty we induced them to comply with our wishes. When we were brought before him, we found him seated on a chair, surrounded by men with drawn swords. We made our salams; upon which he ordered us to sit down, and put to us the following questions:—‘Who are you?’ ‘Christians.’ ‘What place do you come from?’ ‘Futtehpoore.’ ‘What was your occupation?’ ‘Preaching and teaching the Christian religion’ ‘Are you a padre?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Was it not you who used to go about reading and distributing tracts in the streets and villages?’ ‘Yes, sir; it was I and my catechists.’ ‘How many Christians have you made?’

‘I did not make any Christians, for no human being can change the heart of another; but God, through my instrumentality, brought to the belief of His true religion about a couple of dozens.’ On this the man exclaimed, in a great rage, and said, ‘Tauba! tauba! (repent). What downright blasphemy! God never makes any one a Christian; but you Kafirs pervert the people. He always makes people Mussulmans; for the religion which we follow is the only true one. How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion?’ ‘I have not perverted any one, but, by the grace of God, ten were turned from darkness to the glorious light of the gospel.’ Hearing this, the man’s countenance became as red as fire; and he exclaimed, ‘You are a great haramzadah! you have renounced your forefathers’ faith, and become a child of Satan, and now use your every effort to bring others into the same road of destruction. You deserve a cruel death. Your nose, ears, and hands, should be cut off at different times, so as to make your sufferings continue for some time; and your children ought to be taken into slavery.’ Upon this, Mrs Nundy, folding her hands, said to the Moulvie, ‘You will confer a very great favour by ordering us all to be killed at once, and not to be tortured by a lingering death.’ After keeping silent for a while, he exclaimed, ‘Subhan Allah, you appear to be a respectable man. I pity you and your family; and, as a friend, I advise you to become Mohammedans: by doing so, you will not only save your lives, but will be raised to a high rank.’ My

answer was, 'We prefer death to any inducement you can hold out.' The man then appealed to my wife, and asked her what she would do? Her answer was, thank God, as firm as mine. She said, she was ready to submit to any punishment he could inflict, but she would not renounce her faith. The Moulvie then asked if I had read the Koran. My answer was, 'Yes, sir.' He then said, 'You could not have read it with a view to be profited, but simply to pick out passages in order to argue with Mohammedans.' Moreover he said, 'I will allow you three days to consider, and then I will send for you and read a portion of the Koran to you. If you believe, and become Mohammedans, well and good; but if not, your noses shall be cut off.' We again begged and said to him, that what he intended to do had better be done at once, for as long as God continued His grace we would never change our faith. He then ordered his men to take us into custody. While on the way to the prison, I raised my heart in praise and adoration to the Lord Jesus, for giving us grace to stand firm, and to acknowledge Him before the world. When we reached the place of our imprisonment, which was a part of the Sarae, where travellers put up for the night, and where his soldiers were quartered, we found there a European family and some native Christians. We felt extremely sorry at seeing them in the same difficulty with ourselves. After conversing together, and relating each other's distress, I asked them to join us in prayer, to which they readily consented. While we

knelt down and prayed, one of the guards came, and, giving me a kick on the back, ordered me either to pray after the Mohammedan form, or to hold my tongue. The next day, Ensign Cheek, an officer of the late 6th N. I., was brought in as a prisoner. He was so severely wounded, that he was scarcely able to stand on his legs, but was on the point of fainting. I made some gruel of the suttoo and goor which we brought with us, and some of which was still left, and gave him to drink; also a pot full of water. Drinking this, he felt refreshed, and opened his eyes. Seeing me, a fellow-prisoner and minister of the gospel, he related the history of his sufferings, and asked me, if I escaped in safety, to write to his mother in England, and to his aunt at Bancoorah; which I have since done. As the poor man was unable to lie down on the bare hard ground, for that was all that was allotted to us, I begged the darogah to give him a charpoy. With great difficulty he consented to supply one; and that was a broken one. Finding me so kindly disposed to poor Cheek, the darogah fastened my feet in the stocks, and thus caused a separation, not only from him, but also from my poor family. While this was going on, a large body of armed men fell upon me, holding forth the promise of immediate release if I became a Mohammedan. At that time Ensign Cheek cried with a loud voice, and said, 'Padre, padre, be firm; do not give way.' My poor wife, not willing to be separated, was dragged away by her hair, and received a severe wound in her forehead. The third

day, the day appointed for our final execution, now came, and we expected every moment to be sent for to finish our earthly course; but the Moulvie did not do so. Every ten or fifteen minutes, some one of his people would come and try to convert us, threatening, in case of refusal, to cut off our noses. It appeared that the cutting off of noses was a favourite pastime with them.

“On the sixth day, the Moulvie himself came over into the prison, and inquired where the padre prisoner was. When I was pointed out, he asked me if I was comfortable. My answer was, ‘How can I be comfortable, whilst my feet are fastened in the stocks? however, I am not sorry, because such has been the will of my heavenly Father.’ I then asked him, ‘How he could be so cruel as not to allow a drop of milk to a poor innocent baby?’ for our little one lived principally upon water those six days. The same day, the European and Sikh soldiers came out under Lieutenant Brasyer, and after a desperate fight, completely routed the enemy. Several dead and wounded were brought where we were, as that was his head-quarters. The sight of these convinced us that the enemies would take to their heels. They gradually began to disperse, and by the following morning not one remained. We then broke the stocks, liberated ourselves, and came into the fort to our friends, who were rejoiced to see us once more in the land of the living. Ensign Cheek died the same day, after reaching the fort. His wounds were so severe and so numerous, that it was a wonder

how he lived so many days, without any food or even a sufficient quantity of water to quench his burning thirst. It must be a great consolation to his friends to hear that he died in the fort and received Christian burial. I had not sufficient conversation with him to know the real state of his mind ; but the few words he expressed, at the time when the villains fastened my feet in the stocks, lead me to believe that he died a Christian, and is now in the enjoyment of everlasting rest in heaven.

“The saving of our unprofitable lives, I may say, is a perfect miracle ; for it was not once or twice, but no less than ten times that our lives were exposed to imminent danger ; but our gracious heavenly Father not only saved us, but gave us grace to stand firm, and to make a public profession of our faith before the enemy. Thanks, thanks be to His great name !

“Before concluding, I ought to observe that our trials were, in part, shared by some other native Christians ; but they separated from us and went off in another direction, before we fell into the hands of the Mohammedans.”

Mr Nundy makes a few additions to the above narrative in a communication which I have recently received from him. Speaking of God’s distinguishing mercy in sparing him and his family, he says—“Other dear English and native Christians were in similar dangers and trials, but many if not all were massacred ; yet we are still in the land of the living. The mani-

festation of God's grace to us at the time we needed it most, was infinite. It was nothing but His grace alone that kept us firm. The enemy tried his utmost to throw us down. He put forth, on the one hand, all the worldly inducements a person can conceive, if we renounced our faith ; on the other hand, he brought before us a sure death, with all the cruelties a barbarous man could think of, if we did not become Mohammedans. But, thank God, we chose the latter. The sweet words of our blessed Saviour, which are recorded in the 18th, 19th, and 20th verses of the 10th chapter of St Matthew, were strikingly fulfilled in our case—' And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak : for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.' ” Referring to the remarkable courage and firmness exhibited by Mrs Nundy before the Moulvie, Mr Nundy remarks—“ When he failed by arguments, threats, &c., in bringing me to renounce my faith, he appealed to her ; but she too, thank God, was ready to give up her life rather than become a follower of the false prophet. When she saw the Moulvie was in a great rage, and was ready to order us to be tortured, by taking off our noses or ears, she began to instruct the twin boys—' You, my children, will be taken and kept as slaves, while we shall be killed ; but remember my last words, do not forget to say your prayers both

morning and evening, and as soon as you see the English power re-established, which will be before long, fly over to them, and relate to them everything that has befallen us.'"

"For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie : so he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them : in his love and in his pity he redeemed them " (Isa. lxiii. 8, 9).

In a communication dated June 11, 1858, and written after a recent visit to Futtehpore, Mr Nundy gives the following information respecting the state of the mission premises when he returned to them, and the trials of the native Christians at the time of the insurrection. He says—"Mr Owen and myself went to Futtehpore, where we found the mission premises a heap of ruins. Looking at the bare walls, my heart broke, and I wept for more than half-an-hour. Last year about this time, the mission was in a prosperous state. God's blessing was resting upon it. Our feeble labours were crowned with success. Everything was in a smiling state. And I humbly trust that He will again enable us to carry on His blessed work, and by our feeble instrumentality will yet bring many sinners to the knowledge and belief of His gospel. As the whole mission premises are a heap of ruins, with the exception of a couple of houses for catechists, which since have been repaired, so there is no suitable place for us to live in.

“ The Christians have suffered more or less. Some of them were sheltered by villagers, and came out without much actual suffering. Others again, wandering from village to village, and enduring innumerable hardships, at last came to take shelter at Allahabad. The only native Christian who is missing is Baboo Ram Chandra Mitter, head-master of the Futtehpore English School, who is supposed to have been murdered at or near Futtehpore. He was a nice man and a zealous Christian. He was educated in the General Assembly’s School, Calcutta. Just a short time before the mutiny broke out, he joined us. He was a very faithful and good man, and a sincere Christian. I have many hopes that he is in the enjoyment of his eternal rest in the kingdom of heaven.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSION IN ALLAHABAD.

THIS mission was the growth of years. Its institutions had been established on a liberal scale, and much was being done in various directions for the enlightenment of the heathen in the neighbourhood. It had its churches, in which Divine service was performed for the benefit of both European and native Christians. It had its college and schools, in the first of which a sound education, on the basis of the Bible, was afforded to some six or seven hundred Hindoo and Mohammedan youths. It had its community of native Christians, who were either engaged in secular occupations, or as catechists and teachers, in expounding the gospel, and enforcing its claims on their fellow-countrymen. It had its press, which gave employment to a number of native Christians, and which every year sent forth religious works of various descriptions for the spiritual good of the people. The missionary body stationed here, consisting of three or four families, was labouring earnestly and enthusiastically, and I believe was producing, by means of the institutions which it superintended, a powerful impression upon the surrounding population. The Ameri-

can Board of Missions had expended a considerable sum of money on the Allahabad mission, the property of which, together with the bungalows of the missionaries, the houses of the native brethren, the schools, the churches, the extensive libraries, and the valuable press, must have been worth, at the time of the outbreak, not less than from ten to twelve thousand pounds.

An account of the condition of the mission after the mutiny, will shew the heavy loss which has been sustained in the destruction of property. I have been favoured with a complete narrative of the revolt in Allahabad, with especial reference to the mission and its members, written by the Rev. J. Owen, a clergyman who has laboured in Allahabad for many years, and who may be regarded as the father of the mission. Mr Owen kept a journal during the terrible and exciting days of the insurrection, in which he wrote down what he saw, what he heard, and what he felt. The following clear and comprehensive account of the frightful events which then took place has been extracted from this journal :—

Narrative of the Outbreak in Allahabad, and of the Destruction of the Mission Property; extracted from the Journal of the Rev. J. Owen, Missionary of the American Board of Missions.

9th June 1857.

“ Here I am in the fort, living in a small tent, with

all the property I have left in the world, comprised in a few changes of clothes, my Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, 'Turretine's Theology,' 'Witsius' Economy of the Covenant,' and a few other odd volumes. All my furniture, my splendid library, and most of my private manuscripts and papers, have been consumed. Our Jumna house has been burned, the church has been robbed, and the whole place completely sacked. The native Christians have been scattered I do not know where. We feared they were all murdered, but hear that their lives have been spared. The whole station and cantonments of Allahabad are in ashes. Mr Hay's house has been burned, and we fear that the press has also gone. We have had a terrible time here—far worse than I ever imagined could be allowed, even if an outbreak should occur. Last Friday morning we heard that Benares was in a blaze. The post that came in from Calcutta was obliged to make a detour and avoid Benares, where the coachman said heavy firing was going on. It was then expected that the mutineers, when driven from Benares, would make a dash at Allahabad. Consequently the magistrate and colonel sent round a circular ordering all the residents to be in the fort on Friday evening. No baggage, only 'light kits,' allowed. I assisted in watching the fort, with a company of volunteers, for we had no European troops, and were quite at the mercy of the sepoys and Sikhs; so of course got no sleep on Friday night, and went home to our bungalow on Saturday, and got a good rest under the pun-

kah. All then was so quiet, that I felt strongly inclined to remain there that night. I volunteered to assist in guarding the fort, but was told that I had better remain with the ladies and comfort them. They seemed to be expecting something that night, and were all on the alert. The volunteers, amounting to some eighty, were divided into three squads—one to protect the flagstaff, where it was supposed an enemy might attempt to scale the walls; another to protect a weak point on the Jumna; and the third to be with the main-guard at the gate. At nine o'clock the volunteers met, and were told off to their respective duties for the night. The moon was full, and shining beautifully. It was impossible to realise, when coming through the bazaar, that danger was near. The shops were open, and the people quietly at their occupations. A detachment of the 6th Bengal Native Infantry were stationed at the Daragunj bridge, with two nine-pounders and a complement of native artillerymen. Sowars were placed on the Benares road, to watch the approach of men from that direction, and on their coming fall back at a gallop, and give notice to the officer commanding at the bridge. Lieutenant Alexander, with his irregular cavalry, was at Alopee Bagh. It was therefore hoped, that if the mutineers came, they would meet with a warm reception, and soon be overcome. I had little confidence in the regiment, and in this feeling was far from being alone. All the officers, however, placed implicit reliance on the sepoys. They appeared to me the worst set of sepoys I

ever saw ; their countenances seemed equal to any amount of barbarity and brutality. My imagination had probably been tinged by recent occurrences elsewhere. On Saturday evening, about nine o'clock, I came up and joined in worship with the Hays and Munnises, and was on my way back to the tent when we began to hear a rattling of musketry in the cantonments. The alarm was immediately sounded, and all the volunteers rushed to their posts. I immediately ran up and gave notice to our friends, who were undressing for bed. They were soon out on the balcony, and in a few minutes all the women living in the tents were collected on the balcony. Hay, Munnis, and myself, closed all the doors leading from the stairways, and stood with loaded pistols ready to shoot down the first native who might attempt an assault on the ladies and children. The rattling of musketry continued about half-an-hour, the sound reaching us from various points between cantonments and the bridge. We thought the mutineers had probably got in, and made a combined attack at these various points, and hoped they were getting a good cutting-up. The ladies of the regiment were constantly reiterating their firm conviction of the sepoys' loyalty. A few days previously they had caught two men, and delivered them up to the authorities, who, they said, had come from the city to incite them to rebellion. They had also expressed *very deep regret* that the ladies of the station had not all assembled in one building, and placed themselves under *their* protection, instead of coming

into the fort. On the previous Monday they offered their services to Government to go and fight the rebels ; and on Saturday at six o'clock, on parade, they received the thanks of the Governor-General, and acknowledged it by three hearty cheers.

“Some time after the firing ceased, we saw a gentleman coming from the main gate to the barracks : hitherto we knew nothing of what had occurred. I went and opened a door and called him. His first words were, ‘Alexander is lying dead outside the fort, but tell Mrs Harwood and Mrs Simpson that their husbands are safe here in the fort, although Colonel Simpson’s horse has been riddled through with bullets. The 6th are in open mutiny.’ In a few minutes Colonel Simpson came up, with his trousers covered with blood, and gave an account of his almost miraculous escape. I must however mention what occurred at the gate before the Colonel came up to his quarters, which was the turning-point with us in the fort. The hundred sepoys at the main gate who were mounted on the main-guard were commanded by Lieutenant Brasyer to give up their arms. Two nine-pounders were brought close to them, and the torches ready to touch them off in case of disobedience. The volunteers were also before them with loaded muskets cocked and fingers on the trigger. At the command to pile their arms, there seemed a slight hesitation, but they at once gave them up, then partly rushed back to them, but finding themselves overpowered eventually yielded ; this was the critical moment for the four hundred

Sikhs to join them had they been so disposed. Had they done so, not one of us could have escaped. The massacre would have been universal, and then the Allahabad fort, with its vast magazine and armoury, would have been in the hands of the natives, and the whole of the North-western Provinces must have gone from under British rule.

“I was not then aware that a train of gunpowder was laid, and an officer with torch in hand ready at the appointed signal to blow up the fort in case the Sikhs turned. You may therefore imagine our relief and joy when the word was quietly passed, ‘the Sikhs are staunch.’ The sepoys were all ready to start an outbreak in the fort, for their muskets were loaded and, contrary to orders, *capped*! and in this condition were taken from them. But the two guns ready to sweep them, the volunteers ready to pour a volley into them, and the Sikhs ready to pitch into them, quite overawed them. It may, however, safely be said, that under God we owe our safety to Brasyer especially, and to the volunteers. Most of these are railway people, and for securing them we owe all thanks to Mr Hodgson, who sent out train after train, and brought them in from the distance of more than twenty miles on the railway. Their presence doubtless did much to turn the scale on our side, for I have no confidence in the Sikhs any further than their own interest may take them. At Benares they actually did fire upon the European soldiers, but instantly received a shower of grape which cut up about eighty of them.

This Allahabad outbreak was a deeply laid plot, and seems to have been maturing for weeks. The Mohammedans are at the bottom of this whole business. The cartridges are merely a handle by which they laid hold of the sepoys to make tools of them. They have told the Hindoos that the new cartridges for the Enfield rifle, now used in the Queen's army, and about to be introduced into the Company's, are greased with tallow, and that while loading they will be obliged to bite them, and thus lose their caste. They have also told the Mohammedans that there is pigs' fat in them. The real object of the Mohammedans in all this is to get the native army into their agency, to act as instruments in the great scheme of extirpating Christianity from this country, and getting the government again into their own hands. See how extensive the conspiracy has been ! From Calcutta to Peshawar scarcely a station has remained quiet, even where no outbreak has occurred. Benares has stood firm. There were Europeans on the ground to crush the insurgents at once, and prevent any massacre and incendiarism. Only the sepoy lines were burned there, and those killed were killed in crushing the rebellion. Meerut had European troops who drove out the insurgents, and restored order. Delhi had no European troops, and three regiments of sepoys. That place, therefore, fell entirely into the hands of the insurgents on the 11th of May. Allahabad has no European troops, and is now in the hands of the rebels. Nearly every European who remained out of the fort has been murdered.

“ But I must give a more particular history of last Saturday night. Harwood and Hicks were at the bridge with the guns. The only Europeans with them were two young ensigns, just come out from England. Birch sent down an order, on Saturday evening, for Harwood to bring the guns back into the fort, under an escort of sixteen sepoy. The order reached Harwood about eight o'clock, while they were sitting in their tent after dinner, and were preparing to have their tea. Harwood sent out word to make ready for starting off the guns. When the havildar went out to give the order, the sepoy refused to give them up. He ran in and told Hicks that the sepoy had all gone wrong, like the other mutinous regiments. Hicks went out and tried to reason with them; but, instead of listening to reason, one man levelled his musket at him, which, however, was immediately knocked down by his neighbour. About this time, the sepoy at the bridge sent up three rockets, as a signal to those in cantonments that they had commenced. These were seen from the fort, but were supposed at the time to be fire-works connected with some native wedding. The outbreak in cantonments instantly commenced. The sepoy at the bridge took the guns, and started off towards cantonments. After they left, Harwood walked up to Alopee Bagh, where Alexander was stationed with his irregular cavalry. Alexander immediately had his horse ready, and gave one to Harwood, and got several men into the saddle as soon as possible, and started. They approached the party with the

guns near the large tank, just before Mr Lowther's, on the fort road. There Alexander made an attempt to charge them in the rear. He rushed on at a gallop, and had just raised himself in his saddle to strike a man down with his sword, when the same man raised the muzzle of his musket to Alexander's breast, and shot him through the heart. He instantly fell from his horse. Most of the native cavalry deserted and joined the mutineers; and Harwood, finding himself alone and very near the parade-ground, fell back to the fort, which he reached in safety. The guns were taken to the parade-ground, which they reached about nine o'clock. Colonel Simpson, soon after leaving the mess, heard an alarm on the parade-ground, and rode over. As he passed each guard, he was saluted with a shower of bullets. The other officers had gone over, and some of them had already been shot down. The sepoys sounded an alarm on purpose to call out the officers, and shoot them all down at once. Seven were shot down on the parade-ground. Colonel Simpson left the parade-ground, and rode to the Treasury, where he was met by another shower of bullets; and as he passed the mess-house, the guard there gave him another volley. His horse was almost riddled, yet had sufficient strength to bring his rider to the fort. The colonel heard the bullets flying about his head; one hit the top of his cap, and a spent bullet hit his wrist, which was slightly lamed. The colonel's clothes were thoroughly sprinkled with the poor horse's blood. Lieutenant Currie had his horse shot from under him,

but managed to escape. Captain Gordon was concealed by some of the sepoys until the firing had ceased, and then quietly taken by them to a safe place, and requested to flee to the fort as fast as possible. Out of seventeen officers who sat down to dinner at the mess on Saturday evening, only three are *known* to survive. It is possible, however, that others may yet turn up, for we have received some vague native rumours of Europeans hiding themselves in the jungles in a most destitute state. When the guns left the bridge, about twenty sepoys took Hicks and two young ensigns prisoners, and conducted them through Dara-gunj, along the bund on the Ganges, up to the station, and left them there at Birch's house, and went on to join the main party, who were robbing the Government treasury at the Collector's kutcherry. Hicks and the ensigns then walked over to Haig's bungalow (by the 48th parade); took Hicks's horse and buggy, and, instead of driving directly down the fort road, where they would doubtless have been intercepted, drove over the 48th parade-ground towards the Ganges; left the buggy there, and went on through the ravines till they reached the river, where they stripped and plunged in. They swam down the stream about a mile and a half, crossed to the Ghoosee side, made a detour of two or three miles through the country, having blackened their bodies with mud, and reached the bank of the river opposite the fort. Again plunging in, they came out by the fort near the flag-staff. They then crept round close under the fort, till

they reached the entrance of the main gate, where the volunteers, having disarmed the sepoy, were, with the Sikhs, keeping guard. They came in entirely naked, and were furnished at the gate with a slight covering. Morning came, and such a dismal morning I have seldom seen. I walked out to the main gate, and there saw a dooley, in which were the remains of poor Alexander, lying in the riding-dress in which he was cut down. The muzzle of the musket was so near his breast, that his shirt was singed. Besides the musket-wound, he had two deep sabre-cuts on his face, proving that his own men of the irregular cavalry had been treacherous. Indeed, out of two hundred that he had, only twenty-five remain staunch: all the rest have bolted with the 6th. Alexander was a very amiable young man, and we all deeply lament his loss, just in the bloom of life. His body was buried in the evening, in the trenches. The morning passed on; and, until eleven o'clock, our bungalow appeared from the top of the barracks all safe. In reality, however, it was not so: the Pathans of Daryabad, with some hundreds of low-caste Mohammedans, were plundering all our property and burning our books. Of this I knew nothing at the time. The Rev. Mr Spry appointed a short service, at twelve o'clock, in the verandah of the barracks. Just before it began, I ran up to the top of the barracks, and saw the smoke rising from the roof of our dear bungalow. The service was very short, and attended by few. Most of the gentlemen were engaged in watching the fort, and

several ladies were overwhelmed with grief at the recent loss of their husbands; and *all* of us had just been reduced to a state of beggary. The burning went on during the whole of Sunday, and no effort was made from the fort to arrest it."

"*June 10.*—This morning Major Ryves, Mr Snow, and several others, came in from about twenty-four miles up the railway. I was at the Jumna water-gate on Monday, and took in a letter brought from Mr Snow, telling us of their danger, and where they were. Mr Court sent fourteen sowars of the irregular cavalry who had remained staunch, promising them fourteen hundred rupees if they brought the whole party in safe. Ryves and his party were on a tank surrounded by thousands of natives thirsting for their blood. Their bungalows were burned, and their property plundered before their eyes. The sowars reached them yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon. Just as the moment of deliverance came, poor Mrs Ryves died from a stroke of the sun. They brought the body on to the Ganges, and were just in the act of reading the burial service over it, in a hole which they dug in the sand, when an alarm was sounded that the enemy was upon them. They hastily covered it up, and mounted their horses and started off. They walked their horses all night, avoiding villages, coming on through ravines, and keeping quite out of the way of the city, in their approach to the fort.

"Our affairs in the fort are just now in a very bad way. A day or two since some Europeans went out

with a body of the Sikhs to the godowns, near the steamer ghat, where large quantities of stores are lying. The Europeans began to plunder. The Sikhs, ever ready for anything of the kind, seeing this, instantly followed the example. The thing has gone on from bad to worse, until it is now quite impossible to restrain the Sikhs, untamed savages as they are.

“The day before yesterday a poor man came to me, saying that he had had nothing to eat that day, and had been working hard as a volunteer in the militia. The colonel happened to be passing at the time. I took the man to him, telling him that the poor fellow was working hard, and willing to work, in defence of the fort, but that he and his wife were starving. The colonel went with me at once to the commissariat, and there, notwithstanding many objections on the ground of formality, assisted me in getting for him a loaf of bread. I sent for him also to have his name duly enrolled for rations. One of the commissariat officers told me yesterday morning that he did not know how those widows and children who came in on Monday night could be supplied with rations, for they were not fighting men! Everything is as badly managed as can be; indeed, there seems to be no management at all.”

“*June 11.*—We have this afternoon been cheered by the arrival of Colonel Neil, who behaved so gallantly in the outbreak at Benares, and to whom, under God, that station owes its safety. The Sikhs there joined the sepoys. Colonel Neil, with his hundred and fifty

Europeans, poured into the Sikhs two or three showers of grape, and cut down eighty of them almost in an instant. The Europeans let fly a volley of musketry which dispersed both Sikhs and sepoy, and put them to flight in every direction. The affair was all over in about an hour, and the parade-ground left covered with the bodies of the mutineers. Not a bungalow at that station was burned, only the sepoy lines. But here we had no European soldiers. Lieut. Brasyer had not confidence in the Sikhs, and could not allow the volunteers to leave the fort. Indeed, our escape on Saturday night, considering that the Sikhs *actually wavered*, appears more and more wonderful. My constant feeling is that of gratitude. Our losses are as nothing, compared with the mercy we have experienced."

"June 12.—Colonel Neil seems determined not to let the grass grow under his feet. Immediately after his arrival yesterday, he had his staff assembled, and held a council of war, at which he determined to attack Daragunj this morning. In the evening, at the parade of the volunteers, he gave them a suitable speech about their recent disgraceful acts of robbery and drinking, and threatened in future to turn the first transgressor out of the fort. This morning, at daybreak, all in the fort were astir. Hitherto nothing has been done except firing shots here and there over the town from the ramparts. The rebels thus far have had it all their own way. Daragunj, a nest of pryagwalas, has been very troublesome in stopping the communication over

the Ganges. Early this morning I saw the Fusiliers getting ready for their work, and Colonel Neil, their commandant, with them. I had not been introduced to him, but he came and spoke to me. He was in haste, and said he was going to clear away that village out there. The troops were soon moving away out of the fort, sixty Fusiliers, three hundred Sikhs, and thirty cavalry. They marched off in the direction of Alopee Bagh, there to wait for the cannonading to cease. The guns from two batteries opened about sunrise. I stood near the outer battery, and saw where almost every ball struck. The dust rose from Daragunj in clouds, and the buildings must have been pretty well battered before the bombarding ceased. When the firing ceased, the troops moved in, and then we saw no more. They returned about ten o'clock, having killed and wounded all the rebels they could find, and re-opened the communication across the Ganges."

"*June 13.*—This morning Brasyer, with a party of his Sikhs, went out near the old Thomason House, which is garrisoned with the rebel forces. He was almost surrounded, and they tried to prevent his return to the fort. A few of the Sikhs were wounded, and Brasyer had a narrow escape. He told me several bullets just missed his back. This evening the Sikhs and a party of the volunteers went out into Kydgunj. They rattled their musketry for about two hours, and burned a large portion of a bad district. Lieutenant Taylor, the adjutant of the Sikh regiment,

was wounded this evening, shot through the leg. The wound is said to be a bad one.

“We are living in the greatest discomfort, and fear we may be kept here for some time. *All ladies* are to go to Calcutta as soon as possible, and all non-military men. Troops are now on the way, and all the space in the fort will very soon be required. You can form no idea of our discomforts. It is difficult to get anything to eat, and what we get is of the coarsest description. The people outside, disappointed in our not having been massacred, keep from us all supplies, and are now trying to starve us out. It is extremely difficult to get anything to eat. We have to *buy* the water we drink. There are only two or three bihishtis in the whole fort, and they charge from one anna to four annas a mashak (or waterman's bag) for all the water they bring us. I managed to get a bath every day, by payment of an anna to a bihishti for pouring a mashak of water over me in the tent. Some passages of Scripture seem very applicable to us just now.—See Lam. v. 1, 2, 4, 8, 11, 14–22. Some of the widows and children are in a most forlorn condition.”

“*June 14, Sabbath.*—This morning attended worship in the fort chapel. Mr Spry conducted the services in a very appropriate manner. The psalms for the day were Psalms lxxi. and lxxii. I enjoyed the reading of them much; the 71st was appropriate to me individually, this being my birth-day; the 72d read in glorious contrast to the scene of desolation around us. Though the enemy is now triumphant, Christ shall eventually

have universal dominion, and be the Saviour of His afflicted people. Mr Spry preached a very good sermon from the middle clause of Jer. v. 19, "Wherefore doeth the Lord our God all these things unto us?" shewing that nothing takes place without God's direction, and that He does nothing without a good reason for so doing. The improvement was, that we should prayerfully inquire why God is so dealing with us at the present time.

"When I returned I found the Hays preparing to start by the steamer which leaves to-morrow morning. Crowds are preparing to start.

"The Sabbath has not been spent as any of us desired, but our confusion was unavoidable. I accompanied the Hays on board late this evening, truly sorry to part from them. The accommodation boat in which they are, is crowded with people; the steamer also."

"*June 15.*—Early this morning the steamer *Jumna* went up the river Jumna with a party of fifty or sixty Fusiliers, and a twelve-pounder howitzer. On their way up they fired into Pryagwal-tolah several times, and set fire to some of their buildings. The pryagwalas, seeing the shot and shells coming among them, fled in every direction. The steamer then went to Balwa ghat, above our house, where they landed the Fusiliers. The steamer then went to Daryabad, and took up a position whence the howitzer played upon the Pathans a while, and set fire to some of their buildings. The Fusiliers went up from the ghat, and suddenly came amongst thousands of the enemy. Three were shot

dead, and five men and one officer wounded. The Sikhs who went up by land soon came to their relief, and fought bravely. Ever since two or three of their number were killed the other day by the Mohammedans, they have been impatient to get revenge, and this morning they had an opportunity. The firing and burning continued about four hours. We heard the firing very distinctly, and the dark columns of smoke rising from the city marked the course they were taking. A few of the Sikhs were wounded. The loss among the enemy must have been upwards of two hundred. While they were at work, a battery from the fort was throwing shot and shell upon Pryagwal-tolah. Colonel Neil is much cut up at losing so many of his brave men. I omitted mentioning a very interesting circumstance of yesterday—the arrival of fifty-nine fugitives from Oude, under Lieutenant Grant, assistant-commissioner. Most of them were from Sultanpore. About the time of the outbreak here, they heard alarming rumours, and started for Purtaubghur, where Lieutenant Grant was stationed. There they heard that Allahabad had fallen, and that *all* the Europeans had been massacred. Ajeet Singh, a powerful zemindar, professed to protect them several days, though in reality they were his prisoners. Grant managed to send a letter to Court, who immediately sent out some native cavalry to escort them in. When Ajeet Singh heard that the Europeans at Allahabad were still safe in the fort, he at once became most loyal, and came in with the party himself, bringing

with him a native escort of two thousand men. About ten o'clock yesterday morning they arrived. I saw them come in just as I was returning to my tent. I immediately went among them to render any assistance in my power. At Court's request, I took a list of all, and assisted in getting them refreshments. Nearly the whole party were put on board the steamer at once, without clothes, without anything, and pushed off to Calcutta."

"June 16.—We have been most anxious regarding our native Christians; only two or three have found their way into the fort. From the accounts we received, we apprehended the worst regarding Gopinath and his family, whom I left in my house on Saturday the 6th. Judge, then, of my agreeable surprise this morning, on receiving from him a short note, written from our school building, assuring me of the safety of all his family, and requesting me to get a party to go up and bring them, Conductor Coleman and family, and Ensign Check of the 6th, down to the fort. I went to Mr Court, who had just received a similar note, and was preparing to go. I could get no writing materials, and was obliged to send a verbal message that we were coming at once. Court asked me to breakfast with him, and go up with the steamer that was to take the escort. We went on the steamer *Jumna*, with sixty Fusiliers and a twelve-pounder. As we approached the dear old place, the scene of desolation was most sad. The Fusiliers and Mr Court landed, but the officer in charge would not allow any others to go ashore. Dr

Irving was with us, to take care of the wounded, but not a shot was fired. The party went up to the school building, but found no one there. They brought back a dismal account of the desolation which they had seen. We returned to the fort. I found Gopinath and his family in my quarters. Gulzar, my sais, had mistaken my message, and told them to start, and that I would meet them on the way. They therefore came alone to the fort, and entered in a most forlorn state ; scarcely a rag of clothing on them. They had before sent their clothes into the fort, and therefore had a supply at hand, after a refreshing bath ; but I had scarcely anything for them to eat. They expected, on reaching the fort, to find abundant supplies, but actually found us almost starving. I immediately secured for them a passage to Calcutta on board the accommodation boat that leaves to-morrow morning in tow of the steamer *Jumna*, and also all the comforts I could on the passage, and accompanied them on board this evening. Poor Gopinath has suffered a great deal ; for two or three days he and his family were wandering about in the greatest distress. He had been robbed of all the money he had about him, and was reduced to the condition of a beggar. At last he fell into the hands of the Moulvie, who had set up his government at the gardens. They threatened several times to kill him, and having found out that he was a Christian padre, were very bitter against him. But he stood firm, and witnessed a good confession.

“ Ensign Cheek, who was wounded the night of the

outbreak, and had been wandering about—hiding sometimes in the jungles, sometimes on trees, sometimes standing in the water—was suffering most excruciating pain while with Gopinath in the sarai. Not the least of his sufferings was from thirst, and all night and day he was calling out for water. In the midst of all his sufferings, he exhorted Gopinath to stand firm, saying, ‘Padre Sahib, hold on to your faith; don’t give it up.’ When the Mohammedans saw Gopinath trying to shew kindness to Cheek, they put him at a distance, and tried to prevent all further intercourse between them. Poor Cheek died in the fort this evening, from exposure, and the long neglect of his wounds.”

“*June 17.*—This morning Lieutenant Currie was kind enough to tell me that my quarters were required for Mr and Mrs Purser, and very considerably proposed that I should go into the same room with Mr and Mrs Munro and their four children! I took my things out of the quarters, went to my tent, and sat there a short time, thinking what to do. The result was, that I determined to walk up to the mission-school building, and try what sort of a residence I could find there. I walked up, in an awfully hot sun, about eleven o’clock, and met with no molestation on the way. I might almost have fancied myself walking through a city of the dead. The school building I found dreadfully broken; all the bars and bolts torn from the doors; the window-glasses broken out; many of the doors taken away; books torn; and in every room, and all about the compound, pieces of broken

apparatus lying here and there—everything as desolate as possible. From the school I went to the church, which I found sadly broken and completely robbed. Scarcely a door remains in it; the windows at the back of the pulpit have been taken away; the bell is in the hands of the pryagwalas—they have taken it for one of their Hindoo temples. It is impossible to describe the dreary desolation of the Jumna house. There stand the walls, with two small chimneys rising above; the steps, verandahs, and rooms, all full of broken tiles and rubbish, so that it is almost impossible to walk about. I soon left it, quite heart-sick. Several in the fort had been inquiring after me during the day, not knowing where I had gone. I found them arranging for a grand expedition to-morrow. Colonel Neil, with the main force, is to go out to the gardens, and through the station, to Hodson's house, where the troops are to rest. Major Stevenson, with seventy or eighty Fusiliers, and seven hundred Sikhs, is to go up by the steamer *Coel* to Balwa ghat, land there, and march through Daryabad and Rasulpore, and thrash those places, and then join the colonel and return with him. Harwood goes with Stevenson, and has asked me to accompany the steamer party. We are to start at gun-fire to-morrow morning."

"*June 18.*—I slept under a tree near my tent last night, and early this morning heard the preparation and then the moving of troops. I was soon on the steamer, and about sunrise we were off. We had scarcely gone above the Kydgunj Hospital before

the steamer ran aground, and broke a large hole in her bottom. When they got her off the sand-bank, the captain pronounced her in a sinking condition, and ran her to the Jumná Musjid ghat as quickly as possible. There the troops landed, and thence walked up through Kydgunj, along the bank of the river, into our compound. Sandys, who commanded the two companies of Sikhs, asked me to march with him at their head. We found nobody to fire at. Several houses were searched, but all had fled. I was with the Sikhs, part of the time, quite alone, with a company whom Sandys intrusted to my charge. The savages were very desirous of plundering; but when I shook my head, they obeyed and were quiet. When Sandys joined me, we started to find the Fusiliers, and found them leaving the place, as Major Stevenson had become ill, and finding nothing to do, started for the fort."

"*June 19.*—Rose early this morning, and began to set my house in order, cleaning and sweeping the rooms. I have neither table, nor knife, nor plate, nor cup and saucer, to my home, nor bed. In the midst of my labours, Mrs Carr and her daughters rushed up from the fort in a panic, saying that the cholera had broken out there, and begging me to give them shelter. They were joined by Mr Carr; and then came Mr Robinson, asking for shelter, which was of course given; then Edward Hamilton and his clerk. Mr Knight came running up, saying that the cholera was fearful, and that people were fleeing for their lives in all direc-

tions. I gave them shelter also. I slept soundly last night on the top of the house, quite alone among the Sikhs. Bodhi, my punkah-wala, sat near me. My little pussy, that used to sit so comfortable under the punkah on my study-table in the bungalow, had been a wanderer since the outbreak. Last night she was calling for me, and as soon as she found me out, came up, purring with the greatest satisfaction, and followed me to the house-top, and there spent the night with me. In the afternoon I went to the fort. When I reached the Munnises' quarters, adjoining the Hodgsons' and Pursers', they told me Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Purser were dangerously ill of cholera. Mrs Hodgson died. We put the coffin on the carriage, and drove to the burial-ground. We overtook Mr Spry outside the main gate, accompanying the coffin of another body of a person who had just died of cholera, borne by European soldiers. He asked us to give him a lift, and take it on our carriage as fast as possible, inasmuch as he had to return and bury *eighteen* in the trenches. When I returned from the burial to the quarters, I found Mrs Purser dead. What a merciful escape the Hays had ! It was a trial to them to leave so soon. Mrs Williams, an officer's wife, has died of cholera in the same barracks in which we have been staying ; in all, twenty-one deaths by cholera to-day. It was a trial to me the other morning to be turned out of those quarters, but it may have been the saving of my life ; for those barracks, and that particular part of them, seem especially infected. I predicted that the filth allowed to

accumulate about the doors and in the drains would breed disease of some kind. The authorities have now commenced the work of cleansing and sprinkling them with lime."

"*June 22.*—Walked this morning to the press. The scene of desolation on the road is beyond all description. The native hospital, and blind and leper asylum, have been burned. The desolation at the press is dismal enough—Hay's house all burned, also the depository, and printing and binding rooms. The type-room has not been burned, but is quite ruined. All the bound books in the depository, and all the unbound paper in the binding-room, the printing-room, and the store-room adjoining, in value not to be counted by rupees, have all been consumed."

The following is a statistical view of the losses sustained by the American Presbyterian Missions in the North-western Provinces. This, it must be remembered, is exclusive of the losses in the Loodhianah mission :—

Allahabad, . . .	122,700 rupees, or	£12,270	0	0
Futtehpore, . . .	8,800	"	880	0 0
Mynpoorie, . . .	5,965	"	596	10 0
Futtehghur, . . .	88,161	"	8,815	2 0
Agra, . . .	11,800	"	1,180	0 0
Total,		237,416	"	£23,741 12 0

The loss at Allahabad is greatly swelled by the printing establishment, and a large store of books.

At Futtehghur, the tent manufactory sustained losses to the amount of 34,286 rupees, and the mission itself to the amount of 53,865 rupees, which, added together, make up the sum of 88,151 rupees, as stated above.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSION IN MIRZAPORE.

WERE the history of each station in the North-western Provinces during the last twelve months to be accurately written, and all the events connected therewith to be circumstantially recorded; were the movements of the enemy in its neighbourhood, and their actual descent upon it, together with the bloodshed and desolation that ensued, to be fairly represented; and were all the plans and schemes of the small body of Europeans residing in it, devised to keep off the foe, or to provide for their own safety, or to prevent an outbreak among the people surrounding them, or to watch over the mutinous, though professedly loyal sepoys, whom they were obliged to nourish in their midst, until the moment they had made arrangements for revolt, to be in order set forth;—were, I say, the entire story of each station in these provinces to be correctly narrated, without garnish or embellishment, yet with the strictest fidelity, I will venture to say that such a series of works on the great mutiny and rebellion would be produced—works homogeneous in their character, and possessing the grand unity of an epic,

nevertheless diverse and many-sided, replete with incident and romance, and in each page revealing some new phase of the complicated tragedy—that Dickens and Thackeray, Irving and Hawthorne, and all the novel writers of England and America, overmastered by fact a thousand times stranger than fiction, would find themselves without readers for many a day.

For seven months and upwards the station, including the city, was never out of danger. Sometimes the peril was imminent—apparently at our very door. Sometimes it was given out that several thousands of rebels with guns had arrived in the district, and were wending their way in our direction, when every heart would become feverish with excitement, and each man among us would nerve himself to meet the invasion, which we were powerless to oppose, like men that flinched not to the last. Sometimes we seemed about to perish in the general ruin that was visiting our neighbours. Sometimes the serpent in our midst—the regiment of sepoy, with arms, cartridges, and full equipments for fighting, which the Government had quartered upon us in the height of the mutinies, when we were totally unprotected—would raise its head savagely and hiss, preparatory to the dreaded spring which it was ready to make upon its victim. Sometimes the four hundred felons in the jail, and the ill-looking and villanously-inclined vagabonds in the city, threatened the security of all parties, European and native. Sometimes the bankers and rich men of the city, loyal at heart, but distressed with anxiety on

account of the gloomy aspect of affairs, imagining that their safety consisted in noise and in demonstrations of power, would keep up an incessant fire of musketry through the whole night, accompanied with the discharge of the *bam*—the report from which sounded very much like cannon and the beating of drums, as though the city were engaged in actual conflict with the enemy. Sometimes, as on the Bukree Eed, when the minds of the Mohammedans were hot with fanatic zeal, we feared private assassination, at the hands of our servants or of others, while asleep in our beds, or seated at our meals, or riding out in our buggies, either by the sword, or by poison, or by some other means. In such wise did the time pass. The deliverance from one danger was only a momentary relief, for another was close at hand, and another, and another. In the deficiencies of human aid, and in the short-sightedness of mere human wisdom, how much comfort was there in the inspiring thought which animated the psalmist David, and is expressed by him in the following words—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God. Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us!"

Mirzapore is situated on the southern bank of the river Ganges, within thirty miles of Benares, forty-nine miles of Allahabad, forty miles of Jaunpore, forty miles of the Oude frontier, fifty miles of Rewah and Bundelcund, one hundred miles of Banda, one hundred

and fifty miles of Culpee, and one hundred and seventy miles of Cawnpore. Its position, therefore, was one of peculiar peril, in which it was exposed to the tempest of rebellion from every quarter. Its safety was mainly dependent on the safety of Benares and Allahabad. Had the sepoys taken possession of Benares, and retained possession of Allahabad, Mirzapore must of necessity have been destroyed. When the news of the revolt at Meerut and the fall of Delhi reached the residents in Mirzapore, they soon began to perceive the danger into which such events and their consequences had thrown them. The spirit of rebellion spread with wonderful rapidity. City after city fell. The insurrection was coming nearer and nearer. No human hand, apparently, could prevent it from closing us in on all sides. The whole station was on the alert, and the city too. The latter numbered eighty thousand souls, most of whom, I can honestly say, from my own observation of their conduct for several months, were thoroughly staunch to the Government, although many persons thought otherwise, and myself among the number, in the first stages of the rebellion. Watch was kept continually at night by the Europeans, but without method and mutual combination. In the mission compound the native Christians were on guard by turns throughout the night; and myself and Mr Mackintosh, the head-master of the Free School, patrolled the compound also. At that time, three hundred and fifty Sikhs of the regiment of Ferozepore were encamped in the cantonments. Some deserted

them, some others did not. On the very week in which we heard of the massacre at Delhi, the entire station was suddenly aroused in the dead of the night by the double discharge of the nine-pounder gun kept in the Kutcherry compound. In a short time, all the residents were on the move from their houses, and were seeking refuge in the large building known as the Judges' Kutcherry, or Court of Law. The Sikhs were called out; the gun was loaded with pice, or copper coin, in default of grape; the Europeans armed themselves with guns, swords, revolvers, and so forth; and all was ready for the expected attack. In the course of the morning, it was discovered that we had been misled by a false rumour; and therefore, in the middle of the day, the party broke up, and all went to their homes.

The excitement in the station increased day by day. The troops in Benares and in Allahabad threatened to break out. In case of a sudden emergency, no one knew exactly what to do, or where to fly to, as no place seemed safe. Native troops were in every station, and but very few English soldiers were located even in the posts of greatest importance. Insecurity, therefore, was everywhere, and security nowhere. There was much comfort in being able to commit one's-self, on retiring to rest at night, into the hands of God; but the night was spent in distressing anxiety, in snatches of sleep, or in listening to each sound borne from the half-slumbering city or from the direction of the sepoys' lines, and in endeavouring to interpret its

meaning. It is impossible adequately to describe the feelings that took possession of the mind at that time, and continued in all their force for several months subsequently. Suffice it to say, that these feelings were cherished by most if not all my fellow-countrymen in the North-western Provinces, with this singular difference, that the evil so much dreaded and guarded against in other stations at last broke loose upon most of them, attended by desolation and outrage of the vilest description; but, although we much expected it, we had not, throughout the rebellion, any outbreak in our midst, or any wholesale slaughter. Why God should have spared us, I cannot say. It is an instance of His wonderful mercy towards us individually.

On the afternoon of the 4th of June, the native troops in Benares mutinied. The news came in directly, by telegraph, at the commencement of the battle; but as it was the last message which arrived, there was no doubt on the mind of any one of what was transpiring there. I considered it prudent to send my wife, sister, and child, on board a steamer, then lying off Mirzapore, for safety. The head-master of the school and his family also went on board. It was not known what the result of the fight in Benares would be. If on the side of the rebels, it was thought they would doubtless send a detachment to attack Mirzapore, in which they would be assisted by the scum of the city; and if on the side of the Europeans, the station would probably be visited by the defeated fugitives; so that

it was manifest we were apparently in danger from either issue. During that night and the following day, which was Friday, not a scrap of intelligence was sent from the authorities in Benares to those in Mirzapore as to the result of the mutiny. The suspense among us all was frightful. As the steamer was about leaving the ghat for Allahabad, I thought my family had better accompany it, and I would remain behind to take charge of the mission and the native Christians. Mr Mackintosh (the teacher), his wife, who was exceedingly ill, and his children, were also in the steamer. Little did I imagine the imminent jeopardy they were about to encounter. It seemed natural to suppose that the steamer was, at such a time, a much safer place than the land; and if I were to be placed in the same circumstances again, I should certainly follow the same counsel that I did then. I was wishing that my dear family should be delivered from the peril into which the station of Mirzapore had been plunged. It was with an aching heart that I parted from them. I knew not when we should meet again, whether in a few days or not at all, on earth, as, while I believed them to be in a measure safe, I regarded myself as in extreme danger. How weak are human calculations! Contrary to my plans and anticipations, my family were about to rush into the jaws of the enemy, for, just before they reached Allahabad, the mutiny there, with all its tragical consequences, had commenced. I shall leave my wife to tell her own tale.

Mrs Sherring's Narrative.

“In the evening of the 4th of June we heard of the outbreak at Benares, and not being able to ascertain the result, as the telegraphic communication had been destroyed, we became very anxious for the safety of the station. A steamer being at the ghat, it was thought advisable that we should go on board for the night; consequently the schoolmaster, his family, and ourselves, consisting of my sister, my baby, and myself, spent the night on the steamer—my husband returning to the mission, but coming on board again in the course of the night. Next morning, or during the day, it was rumoured that the Sikhs had joined with the mutinous 37th in Benares. This caused great uneasiness, as we had at the time about three hundred and fifty Sikhs in the station. It was therefore agreed that it would be better for us to remain on board, going with the steamer to Allahabad, in the hope that, on our return, it would be safe to remain in Mirzapore. On Sunday morning, the 7th of June, we were within a few miles of Allahabad, when we received information from boats on the river, and eventually from the pilot, that the sepoy in Allahabad had mutinied. The captain strongly advised us to go on board the flat (a large boat towed by the steamer), urging that he thought it would be safer, and assuring us that in a few hours after his departure he would return. The flat was thrown off, and we saw the steamer depart. We were then dropping down the river very

slowly, and were soon much alarmed at seeing the villagers arming themselves. In the course of the day we saw three or four boats containing refugees pass down. We saw also the smoke of houses burning in the direction of Allahabad, and eagerly looked for the steamer. We received information that the steamer was busy crossing English troops for the relief of the fort. At last we heard that the villagers had an idea that treasure was on board our flat. Evening came, and yet the captain had not fulfilled his promise. We began to be afraid of an attack, and the captain of the flat made all necessary preparations for defending the vessel, and, in case of defeat, leaving in the jolly-boat, which was lowered and got ready for that purpose. As it became dark, we saw a large fire towards Allahabad, which continued for some time. We expected an attack every moment. About twelve o'clock at night we saw (for it was bright moonlight) a small boat coming stealthily down the stream, keeping in the shadow of the bank. It stopped opposite us, and the men inside got out and lit a small fire. Presently we saw several men on the bank, which on that side of the river was very high. They came creeping down to the men in the boat, and after a short time re-ascended, crouching on the bank; for they saw, I think, that we were all awake, and ready to receive an attack. Watching them, we were quite unconscious that a much larger boat was running down upon us. The alarm was given, and that also was carefully watched. It anchored even with us, only on the oppo-

site bank. A small boat with a native was sent to inquire the reason of this movement, and an answer was returned which seemed unsatisfactory in the extreme.

“There were on board, the captain of the flat, the schoolmaster, two young men, six ladies, and four children. There were also two refugees, all the lascar crew, and our servants. Soon after the return of the messenger, the alarm was given to fly, for about two hundred sepoys were seen on the bank making for the large boat. It was utterly impossible to defend the flat, and therefore we deserted it for the jolly-boat, as we had arranged to do, if necessary. We were now in great peril, for the sepoys had entered the large boat, and as they had provoked the boatmen, the latter would not steer. The current was very strong, and it will be remembered that the large boat was even with the flat; therefore the sepoys, in steering, instead of making for the flat, were borne past it by the current, and so were coming fast down upon us. Our only plan now was to push on, which we did; but the boat was so heavily laden with people, that we were in great danger of capsizing. The first thing was to get rid of the servants, whom we put on board one of the refugees’ boats, and at the same time with them the two refugees left us. Their boat now became top-heavy, so that they were obliged to make for the land in order to lighten it. My servant, with two others, commenced his journey homewards, and was attacked and robbed—his sword and other things being taken from him.

pointed out the offenders, who were in a boat about the size of ours. The men were very ill-looking, and the boat was full. We did not venture to attack them, but a shot was fired, and a man on the bank fell. My servant, on arriving at this place, heard that the man had been shot in the breast. The villagers wished to kill him, therefore, in revenge. The heat was now intense, and we had nothing to eat. The wind was very favourable, so we put up the sail, and relieved the poor rowers. A piece of matting was discovered, which the ladies put over their heads. Some also applied net handkerchiefs as a protection from the rays of the sun. My little baby, not quite five months old, suffered very much from hunger. About eleven o'clock we came up with a boat of refugees which had passed us on Sunday, and which was now under the protection of the Ranee of Gya, who was on a religious tour. The refugees invited us to take food and shelter with them in their boat, which was a covered one—an offer which most of us gladly accepted, as now the heat had become so great, that unless we had come up with this boat, I fear the children, and even ladies, could not have endured it much longer. Mercifully and lovingly the Lord spared us. We heard firing several times in the day, but, as we were quite shut up, it was impossible fully to ascertain its cause. The day before this boat had been much fired on, so that the people within feared they would be shot. The ranee had with her about three hundred sepoy with matchlocks, and one hundred with swords. Such was the report; how far

it was accurate I cannot say. At four, the ranee sent word that she intended to anchor, and we were obliged to do the same, as we were now under her protection. I do not know what her real feelings were towards us, but at the time we much feared treachery, especially as she sent her head man to inquire how many people there were in the boat. It was her especial wish that we should remain shut up in our room, and on account of this none of us saw that the steamer had returned. It was nearly on us, when a servant gave us the information of its approach, and our joy was extreme. Oh, thanks be to God who has delivered us out of the hand of the enemy! I was so glad to see a glass of milk for poor baby. The next day we left for Mirzapore, and arrived in the morning. We stayed there the day, and left with the residents on Wednesday about two o'clock, reaching Chunar that night. The next morning I met my dear husband, and we went on together to Benares. Here we remained until August, when we left for Calcutta, as it was thought advisable that we should do so."

I was remarking, that neither on the 4th of June, the day on which the battle with the sepoys was fought in Benares, nor on the day after, was any communication whatever sent from the officials there to those in Mirzapore. We were left in doubt, therefore, as to its nature and result. It is true, we learned, from natives coming from the place, that the sepoys had been beaten; and some were inclined to credit the news, especially

as it was of a hopeful character. A second night of anxiety and suspense was passed. By the following day, Saturday, the feelings of the Europeans had been wrought up to a pitch of excitement and dismay, which led me to think that something terrible was going to happen among us. Although we were a small community, yet hitherto there had been no real combination for the promotion of our common safety, but each man was doing what he considered to be best, irrespective of his social position among the rest. I had been anxious to place the native Christians in a state of defence, as very few of them possessed arms of any description, and therefore had made application to the magistrate for a few arms of various kinds. My application, though not refused, was not, I am sorry to say, attended to in the spirit in which it was made; in other words, it was virtually rejected, for I got no arms for the Christians. In the course of the morning of Saturday, some reliable intelligence arrived as to the real nature of the contest in Benares. This was from private sources, as the official communication was of the baldest and most unsatisfactory character. We learned that all the three regiments of native troops in Benares had revolted, and had been driven from the station. The important question was now uppermost in our minds, In what direction had they gone? It was reported that some had fled in the direction of Mirzapore.

A short note from my colleague, the Rev. J. Kennedy, of the London mission in Benares, had come to

me, in which strong fears were expressed for the safety of Mirzapore, and urgently recommending me, if possible, to come over at once to Benares, as the securer place of the two. As no oneness of purpose existed among the residents, I determined to follow my own judgment. I had sought the protection and guidance of God in the extremity to which the mission had been brought; and now, in this moment of anxiety, I could not doubt His loving-kindness and mercy. Some of the native Christians' wives and children had, with my advice, been sent away into the country near by; but what to do with the rest of the Christians was the subject of my great concern. I could not think of leaving them alone to all the perils which seemed to be gathering round. It appeared almost a certainty, that, as the Sikhs in Benares had revolted, the Sikhs with us would follow their example, or that the city itself would "rise," or that the station would be attacked by the fugitives from Benares. It would have been a great relief had I possessed a colleague at this time of agonising thought, so that we might have consulted together on the best step to be taken, and shared in the responsibility which any step involved; but the Lord was a Helper and Friend, and I doubt not that He directed us in what we did. It seemed to me, that if there was safety for me in Benares, there was safety for the native Christians also. I therefore said to them all, that I would procure a large boat, and whoever liked might accompany me to Benares. The boat was got ready without delay, and brought to the ghat op-

posite the mission, a distance of only a few hundred yards. Some of the Christians wished to remain behind, but all who thought it safer to leave entered the boat with their families. The mission premises were left in charge of the heathen servants, some of whom, at least as far as I could judge, seemed inclined to be faithful to their trust. It was distressing to leave the valuable mission property exposed to the malicious designs of the enemy, who might shortly utterly destroy it; but still I failed to perceive any better plan than that which I was about to adopt. It appeared to be a matter of life and death, and life was certainly more precious than property.

We embarked towards the close of Saturday, and early in the morning of Monday, through the kind providence of God, reached Benares. The brethren there were rejoiced to see us safe and sound. The native Christians received accommodation, for the most part, in the Church mission, which was being defended by the native brethren there, under the command of my brother Leupolt. After leaving Mirzapore, the excitement among the residents did not abate, but rather continued to increase. It was very plain, when I quitted the station, as I have hinted above, that some terrible ebullition of feeling must eventually display itself. And so it happened. The cause of it was the following:—The Sikhs of the Ferozepore regiment stationed at Mirzapore had been ordered away to render assistance in Allahabad. In their place the Government had sent a regiment of sepoys, with their muskets

and ammunition, lately arrived from Burmah. They reached Mirzapore just after the news of the outbreak at Allahabad had been reported in the city, and when it was rumoured that the rebels from the latter place were only a few miles distant. The consequence was, that on the Tuesday following my departure a general panic seized the residents, and they rushed for their lives on board the steamer, which, with my family, had returned from Allahabad, and had arrived in Mirzapore. The residents, with the exception of three or four, and the officers of the sepoy regiment, left for Chunar, where they resided in the fort for a few days. Part of the regiment only had been despatched by the steamer; the rest came in boats a short time afterwards. These men, on reaching Benares, where British troops were stationed, were commanded not to anchor on the Benares side of the river, but on the opposite side, lest they should mutiny and spread devastation through the neighbourhood; and so great was the dread of them in Benares, that much excitement existed among the residents so long as they remained at anchor there; and yet they were sent on to join their brethren at Mirzapore, which was totally unprotected by English soldiers!

Strange to say, the sepoys, though shewing a bad spirit, and though known to be in ill-humour, did not follow the example of their mutinous comrades generally. Notwithstanding the turbulence in its neighbourhood, and the excitement into which it was thrown, the city of Mirzapore continued loyal. After a few

days, the residents returned to the station. The native Christians were shortly sent back from Benares. Placing my family under the care of one of the brethren in the London mission, I also returned to Mirzapore; and during the time which elapsed until their departure for Calcutta, which occurred at the end of August—a step necessitated by the increased complication of affairs in these provinces—I used to go to and fro between the two cities, spending a few days in Mirzapore and a few days in Benares.

Although the troops had not broken out in Mirzapore, yet, when the residents returned, it was generally felt that the evil day was only postponed; for, as the sepoys were mutinying in every direction, we could only believe that our turn would certainly come sooner or later. Every precaution, therefore, was taken to prevent surprise. No one went about unarmed. At night, instead of sleeping alone, several persons slept together, keeping watch by turns throughout the night. No encouragement was acquired from observing the conduct of the sepoys, for they were most sulky in their demeanour. The Government at length sent us ninety-nine British soldiers, who were located in a small redoubt or intrenchment, which was erected for the security of the residents in case of an outbreak or an attack. While these soldiers were with us, the sepoys were disarmed—an operation of considerable delicacy, and performed with exquisite address and cleverness by the colonel of the sepoy regiment. Disaffection shewed itself in the district in the first months

of the mutiny; and on one occasion we had to lament the loss of the joint magistrate of Mirzapore and of two indigo planters, who were surrounded by a band of rebels at Palee and cut down. The joint magistrate was a young man of energy and intelligence, and his loss was for several months seriously felt. The poor fellow, folding his hands together as he best could, for one of them had been cruelly mutilated by a sword-cut, begged hard of the rebels for his life. For a moment he obtained a respite; but it was only for a moment—a hard-hearted Rajpoot came up and felled him to the ground. The body was sent into the station on Sunday the 5th of July, and interred by me in the station burial-ground in the presence of the residents.

On the occurrence of the mutiny at Dinapore, in July, the danger in all the districts contiguous to it was greatly enhanced. The revolt, too, of Rajah Koowur Singh, in the district of Shahabad, which adjoins the districts of Ghazeepore, Benares, and Mirzapore, tended to throw those tracts into much disorder. After the protracted struggle at Arrah, when the mutineers and Koowur Singh's men were eventually worsted by Major Eyre, the entire rebel force marched from Arrah, and entered the Mirzapore district. The first batch consisted of the 7th and 8th regiments of sepoys of the line, accompanied with a promiscuous mass of fighting men and plunderers. Presently followed Koowur Singh and a multitude of rebels, together with the 40th regiment of the line. At this time our intrenchments were only just commenced, and our force consisted of

the ninety-nine British soldiers referred to above. It is believed that overtures were made by Koowur Singh to the regiment of sepoy's stationed in Mirzapore. It seemed exceedingly probable that a junction would be effected, and a combined attack be made on the city. In consequence of the near approach of the enemy, and of the extreme likelihood of an attack, the residents emptied their houses of their property, which they deposited in various places of imagined security. I thought it prudent also to follow the same course, and therefore placed a good portion of the mission property in boats on the Ganges. The printing-presses and types were buried; and the paper, of which the press had a large quantity in store, was removed from the warehouse. The native Christians also stowed away their goods, and prepared themselves for the emergency. But God mercifully averted the calamity which threatened the station. A detachment of the 5th Fusiliers, on its way to Cawnpore, were landed from the steamer, and sent against the rebels as they were marching towards Mirzapore, who scarcely allowed them to come near when they fled in disorder.

As most of the native Christians were now out of employment, owing to the stoppage of the press, I advised several of them to join the military corps then forming in Benares, which was originally composed almost exclusively of native Christians. For three months the station now was in constant peril from the continued passage of large bodies of rebels through the district, on their way to Banda, and in the direction of

Cawnpore. It was a great pity that no means could be taken to stop them, but at that time such was the paucity of British troops in these provinces, that it was a matter of extraordinary difficulty to scrape together a couple of thousand men or so for the relief of General Havelock, who had fallen back on Cawnpore. So urgent was the demand for men, that we were obliged to send away our few British soldiers, and also several companies of Madras troops that had been sent to our assistance. The intrenchments were then for a few days in charge of the jail police, but were afterwards entrusted to the care of a police levy, consisting of Christians, Goorkhas, Hindoos, and others of various races. During three months and upwards the presses and types remained buried, and then they were gradually exhumed and put into order. It is marvellous that, notwithstanding the stream of rebels flowing through the neighbourhood, and the presence of a mutinously-inclined regiment of sepoys in our cantonments, the station was preserved from desolation. No less than six distinct bodies of mutineers, attended by an enormous number of matchlock-men and camp-followers, independent of other rebel forces, are supposed to have traversed the south of the Mirzapore district. The excitement which possessed the minds of the residents at the outset of their troubles at last became chronic, losing, at the same time, its keenness, and being relished perhaps as something pleasurable than otherwise. I believe we all were aged by it, and in six months some of us lived six years. Yet I

feel I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God that He has so wonderfully and so graciously spared the city and station—spared the mission and native Christians—spared my family and me from the “terror by night,” and “the destruction that wasted at noon-day.” All our deliverances are to be ascribed to the interposition of a Divine Friend, to whom be all the praise !

I must say a few words upon the spirit manifested by the native Christians of the mission in the season of trial. Perhaps it is natural for me to wish to speak well of them ; and I do speak in their honour, because I consider them commendable. They stood by the mission in its danger ; they were ready to assist the Government, if necessary ; they would have gladly aided in manning the intrenchments, had an attack taken place. Some of them offered to fight against the enemy in the common cause. In no instance did I observe a disloyal or craven spirit. In fact, so far as I could see, they were every way as staunch as Europeans. The very idea of acting contrary to their Christian principles in such a season of trial would have been scouted by them as something monstrous in the extreme. It is not for me to say how far the fidelity of all of them would have continued unshaken, had they fallen into the hands of the enemy like their brethren in other stations ; but of this I am certain, that some of their number would have submitted to the most cruel torture, and even to death itself, before they would have denied their Lord and Master. I think the ordeal has done them good.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MISSION IN BENARES.

THE two keys of the North-western Provinces are Benares and Allahabad. Had the enemy been victorious in either place, the result would have been in the highest degree calamitous to the country. For a few days Allahabad, with the exception of the fort, was in the hands of the rebels; but the energy of Colonel Neil was more than a match for the foe, and he soon regained complete command of the position, though contending against great odds. Benares was saved miraculously. It was there demonstrated what a clear head, combined with heroism, could do. On looking back at the events of the memorable 4th of June, when three regiments of native troops, one of infantry of the line, one of Sikhs, and one of cavalry, were worsted and ignominiously routed, and were driven from the station in mad confusion and in hot haste, to save their forfeited lives, as though pursued by bands of furies; and on reflecting that this wonderful result was effected by one hundred and eighty brave British soldiers, I am ever lost in bewilderment at the circumstance, and find myself unable to under-

stand it, except by ascribing it to the interposition of Heaven. It would be passing strange if any man who lived in Benares then should forget to recognise the kind hand of God, which protected the station in its season of jeopardy, or should refrain from continual thanksgivings and praises to Him for His goodness and mercy. The warriors who fought on that day ought to receive the grateful acknowledgments of their fellow-countrymen. I wonder if the authorities have yet rewarded these men, whose valour was so conspicuous, and whose victory was so immensely important to the prestige of England, and to the safety of a vast region, possibly of all India. Some of the Sikhs who stood staunch to the Government while guarding the treasury, received fabulous sums from the same for remaining faithful, and not joining their brethren in the attempted destruction of the Europeans. But the gallant "hundred and eighty" were for months unrewarded, and, for aught I know, are unrewarded still, except by their own consciences and the acclamations of their country.

Had the outbreak in Benares been successful, the loss to missions would, in all probability, have been very great and disastrous. The three missions established there numbered eleven missionary families, of whom six were attached to the Church of England mission, two to the London mission, and three to the Baptist mission. The property possessed by these establishments amounted, in the aggregate, to upwards of twenty thousand pounds. In the event of the se-

poys having been victorious on the day of the fight, I know not what the residents could possibly have done to secure their safety. They had no fort and no intrenchments to fly to. When the danger became imminent, they assembled together in the Mint—a large and strong two-winged building, which was not provisioned, and would not have been capable of holding all the residents and soldiers, except packed in the rooms in rows. Hunger and thirst, not to speak of the attacks of the enemy, would have infallibly caused a capitulation in a couple of days.

Various plans were adopted by the members of the different missions to secure their safety, when the mutiny, which had been threatened for some time previously, actually took place. The Church missionaries and their families, with the exception of the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, immediately fled to the river Ganges, which they crossed, purposing to proceed to a small Christian village named Ghurwa, a few miles into the country. They found, however, that it would be dangerous to carry out this plan, and therefore took shelter in the garden of the Rajah of Benares. The Rajah himself was absent in the station at the time, but the members of his family treated the missionaries with kindness. On the Rajah's return, he appeared anxious to protect them; but, on the second day, he felt compelled to tell them that he was unable to guarantee their safety. He seems to have suspected the fidelity of his own retainers, and to have been additionally apprehensive for the welfare of the missionaries on

account of the presence of several escaped sepoys in the neighbourhood of his fort. He, therefore, advised them to sleep for the night in his fort of Ramnuggur, and the next morning to leave for the fort of Chunar, situated some fourteen miles off. This advice they adopted, and the following morning took the road to Chunar. On arriving there, they were accommodated with sleeping quarters in the fort, and during the day a small bungalow was given over to them for the residence of their five families. Here they spent eight or nine days, exposed to intense heat, and to a multitude of discomforts and trials. After this time, as Benares continued quiet, and sickness began to make its appearance among them, it was resolved to return to Benares. Consequently they all went back, and resided in the mission station at Segra, that at Bhelapore being considered too near the city, and too far distant from the European soldiers, to warrant any of the missionaries inhabiting the bungalows there.

In the interval between the revolt of the sepoys and the return of the missionaries, Mr Leupolt had remained at Segra with the native Christians. Some of these he armed; and with them, two young civilians, and a small body of watchmen, he defended the mission bungalows and the native Christian village. The courage displayed by this little band and its devoted leader will be at once manifest, when it is remembered that the Segra mission was situated nearly a mile and a half from the nearest picket of British troops.

On the occurrence of the mutiny, the families of the London mission immediately quitted their bungalows, and drove in haste to the banks of the Ganges, three miles off, to the house of a kind friend, where they hoped they might be secure; but the house was presently deemed unsafe, and they all, including other refugees who had joined the party, fled to some boats lying on the river near by. They had to fear a two-fold enemy—namely, the sepoys, who were flying about in all parts of the station; and the city, which was highly excited, and shewed strong symptoms of participating in the revolt. In the course of the night, a messenger came from the military authorities in the station, requesting the party to proceed to the Mint. A body of European troops, which, fortunately, at that instant arrived at the ghat, escorted them thither. Here, in the hot, crowded Mint, they spent the next day or two, anxiously awaiting the second act in the drama, as it was not improbable that the sepoys, acquiring courage on reflection, would return with a great rabble, and, gaining the city over to their side, make a combined attack on the small force of Europeans assembled in Benares.

At the first booming of the guns, the Rev. H. Heinig and his family, of the Baptist mission, left their bungalow for Raj Ghat, where, on the banks of the river, a branch mission, under the charge of an aged brother, the Rev. W. Smith, was located. There, too, the native Christians and orphans found comfortable shelter. On the other hand, the Rev. J. Gregson and his family

sought safety in the Mint. On their way, they were exposed to considerable danger, from coming in contact with an infuriated sepoy, who wished to do them injury, but who, fortunately, had lost his arms.

For several months subsequent to the mutiny, the station was kept in constant alarm from threatened attacks of the enemy. They tried on various occasions to make a descent on the place; but they were either thwarted by deficiency of pluck and a want of generalship, or by being met and defeated on the way by our troops. It was considered better that no superfluous residents should remain in the station. The women and children were first requested, and then ordered, to leave. Benares was exposed to frequent panics. The enemy was supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, to be very near, or an expedition was to be led out against them, or the city was imagined to be on the eve of a "rise." Such intelligence, spreading with the rapidity of lightning amongst the European and East Indian residents, was sufficient to produce a general rush to the Mint, where a body of British soldiers was always stationed for the protection of those persons who sought refuge within its walls. It is impossible to describe the wearing anxiety, the nervous excitement, the impassioned state of the mind, the eager and almost wild curiosity, to ascertain the proximity and the various movements of the foe, which prevailed during this time. It is strange, and almost inexplicable, that the rebels made no direct attack on Benares. The garrison of soldiers there was always

feeble. Until the troops began to arrive from England, which took place in the fifth month of the mutiny, an extremely small number only could be afforded for its defence. Benares is on the high road from Calcutta to Cawnpore, and the forces as they proceeded thither made a short halt there, and consequently contributed somewhat to its security. Yet, had a body of rebels, amounting to ten thousand men, and a few guns, come down upon Benares, I fail to perceive how it could possibly have been defended. For two full months and upwards it had no available intrenchments, and I am not aware that any large supply of provisions, ready for any emergency, had been collected together. In the first instance, intrenchments were commenced in the cantonments, three miles distant from the river, which were subsequently abandoned, on its becoming manifest that it would be folly in the extreme to erect a fortification on such a spot, and thereby fall into the error committed in Cawnpore. A fort of great strength was finally built at Raj Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges, and was habitable, perhaps, at the end of August, but, on account of its extent, it would have required at least three thousand men to defend it—a force not then in existence in any spot in India nearer than Delhi, and which the gallant Havelock himself did not possess when he pursued his grand march from Allahabad to Cawnpore. The good providence of God alone protected Benares at this critical period.

I was remarking, that it was considered essentially

necessary to disencumber the station of its women and children. The missionaries' wives and families were generally the last to leave. They nearly all quitted Benares in a body towards the end of August, and proceeded by steamer to Calcutta. Three ladies, however, remained behind. One was the wife of the Rev. W. Buyers, of the London mission. Throughout the whole of the disturbances she had been much excited on account of the dangers around her, and in the month of August the anxiety of her mind began to have an effect upon her health. She was attacked by dysentery, under which she sank on September the 3d, after a few days' illness. "Twenty-five years had elapsed since she joined the mission, and during that period she had, by her devoted piety, her unvarying kindness, and her unselfish course, endeared herself in no ordinary degree to all with whom she had to do. She had acted like a mother to the native Christians, shewing the warmest interest in their welfare, and helping them in every way in her power. Her death was most sincerely lamented by them, and her memory is embalmed in their hearts. Her family and friends know for their comfort that their great loss is her unspeakable gain. She died as she lived, trusting in her only Saviour."

The spirit manifested by the native Christians of the various missions in Benares throughout the disturbances, ought to be recorded for their commendation. They shewed that they were neither destitute of courage in the hour of danger nor of firmness when their religion was assailed. The Christians in the Church mission

manfully defended their mission without the assistance of a single European soldier. They would have clung as tenaciously to the Christian faith had they fallen into the hands of the enemy, as would their brethren of a fairer skin speaking the English language. Of this I have not the slightest doubt. It was thought advisable to send the orphan girls of this mission, in number thirty-nine, to Bengal, where it was hoped they would live in greater security than in Benares. The necessary arrangements for the journey having been made, they left in boats under the charge of a trustworthy native Christian. They had a safe voyage down the Ganges, and at last reached Kapasdanga, near Krishnaghur, where they were confided to the care of the Rev. Mr and Mrs Schürr of the Church mission. After remaining in Kapasdanga a few months, the girls returned to Benares, and arrived there in the month of December.

Respecting the conduct of the Christians of the London mission, one of the missionaries, the Rev. J. Kennedy, has written me the following interesting account, which I have much pleasure in laying before my readers. The remarks made concerning their exemplary demeanour are equally applicable to the Christians of the other missions.

Remarks on the Conduct of the Native Christians of the London Mission, Benares, during the Insurrection, by the Rev. James Kennedy.

“The news of the outbreak at Meerut created a great

sensation in Benares as well as in every other station in Northern India. For a considerable time previously, the rumour had been most industriously circulated, that the English Government was resolved to destroy the caste of the sepoy, and effect their forcible conversion to Christianity. The startling news from Meerut gave a fresh impulse to the rumour, and made it sink deep into the minds of a large portion of the community. The more intelligent of the native Christians saw at once the danger to which they were exposed. They knew well that they were objects of dislike to their countrymen, on account of their having abandoned the religion of their fathers. As residents in Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindoos, they had every reason to fear the storm would rage against them with peculiar severity, and bring upon them the most distressing consequences. Like the rest of the people their thoughts and conversation were engrossed with the subject of the mutiny; but it bore to them a darker and more foreboding aspect than to others. None of them, however, so far as I am aware, shewed any regret for the step they had taken in embracing Christianity, or any desire to escape from danger by compliance with the idolatrous practices of their countrymen. Day after day the excitement increased, as day after day news arrived of the insurrection spreading like wildfire. The Christians were advised by the missionaries, in the event of an outbreak at Benares, to scatter themselves among the community, as from their speaking the same language, and following in indifferent things the native.

customs, they might pass without suspicion, and yet do nothing inconsistent with their Christian character; while by keeping together as a body they would be too few and weak to defend each other, and would bring down upon themselves almost certain destruction.

“On June 4, the regiments at Benares mutinied. The native Christians immediately took away their families from the mission compound, and placed them under the protection of a Hindoo whom they knew well, and who, with his brethren, vowed to defend them to the last extremity. The men returned to the mission compound, and kept watch all night. The next day the report was spread abroad that the sepoys were to renew the attack. The native Christians thought it well to remove their families to a large house in the city occupied as a girls’ school of the Church mission, where the teacher, a native Christian, resided. They thought that from thence, if necessary, they might fly in different directions for safety. They remained there five days, when they saw good reason to leave for their own homes. The sepoys had not renewed the attack, and though there was much uneasiness, there was no disturbance. They were told that the Mussulmans around them were saying to each other that it was well the Christians had come there, as they could plunder them with the greater convenience, which they hoped to be able to do in a few days. Hearing this, the Christians returned with the greater readiness to the mission compound, as, upon the whole, the safer place of the two.

“ Their minds were kept constantly harassed by the news they received from different places, and by the threats uttered by the evil-disposed around them ; but nothing worthy of especial remark occurred till the 5th of July, when it was reported that the Rajpoots were marching in thousands on Benares. A marriage among the native Christians took place on the 6th July. Within an hour after the marriage, the intelligence was brought that the rebels were at hand. The Europeans and native Christians fled precipitately to the Mint, which was guarded by English soldiers. The bride and bridegroom, in their marriage dresses, soiled by the heavy rain, and almost breathless with haste and fright, were among the first of the native Christians to make their appearance. There the Christians remained for the night, and as the danger seemed to have passed over, they returned in the morning to their own homes. During the next two months and a half they were kept in constant anxiety and excitement. At different times the danger appeared most imminent. They were naturally very anxious about the safety of their families, and were much perplexed as to what they ought to do. Sometimes they thought of hiring boats, and going down the Ganges to Bengal ; but to this measure there appeared very strong objections. All the able-bodied men among them were ready to enlist as soldiers, in order to fight for the Government, on condition that their families should find shelter in the new fortress at Raj Ghat, in the event of Benares being attacked. On reference to the officer command-

ing at Benares, it was found that this condition could not be complied with ; and so the men could not think of seeking a position where they would be safe, while their wives and children would be exposed to peril. Many and fervent were the prayers offered up, that God would either in mercy avert the threatened danger, or in mercy shew a way of escape.

“One day in August will long be memorable among the native Christians. The whole morning was spent by them and the missionaries in deliberating what ought to be done, as the best informed expected an immediate and fearful outbreak. One plan after another was discussed and dismissed, and no decision was arrived at. The native Christians generally seemed inclined to remain where they were and await the progress of events, hoping that God Himself would direct and deliver them. About one o'clock, we were startled by hearing the report of a cannon, apparently fired off at Raj Ghat ; and soon crowds of affrighted labourers from that place spread the news that all was terror and confusion there. It afterwards turned out that a false alarm had been given to the garrison and the men employed on the works. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the real state of affairs at Raj Ghat had become well known, information was brought that a body of English soldiers, with two guns, had been placed at Burna Bridge, as though an attack were expected there. That afternoon, a special prayer meeting was held, when the 20th chapter of the Second Book of the Chronicles was read with peculiar emotion. It was

fully expected that a mutinous cavalry regiment, which had been for some days at Jaunpore, would make an attack on the *civil* station at Benares. The night was spent in great apprehension, but, happily, the hearts of the mutineers, after they had marched a considerable distance towards Benares, failed them, and they fell back again towards Jaunpore. After this, the aspect of affairs began to brighten, and the native Christians felt something approaching to their former security. Since that period, many things have occurred well fitted to discompose them ; but they have felt continually sustained by the assured confidence that the rebellion would be suppressed, and that their position, instead of being deteriorated, would be improved.

“ In addition to the trial of insecurity, the majority of the native Christians had to bear the trial of want of employment, at a time when provisions were at famine prices. By their own exertions, put forth in every way they could think of, and by help given to them, they kept their heads above water till employment came with the return of securer times. All able to work have now full employment, and such is the desire to engage native Christians, that if we had more, they might obtain labour, though not exactly in modes the most favourable to their spiritual improvement.

“ The general bearing of the native Christians during these troubles, was such as became the followers of Christ. They knew well their danger, and were often perplexed as to the course to be pursued ; but, at the same time, they shewed that their trust was in their

heavenly Father. They were confident that the rebellion would be eventually put down, and that not merely would the British Government be firmly re-established in the land, but that Christianity also would gain advantage from the very efforts made to crush it. They felt that they were on the winning side, even when their enemies boasted most of their success.

“It is cause for great thankfulness that the public services of the mission chapel were kept up without the interruption of even a single Sabbath. Preaching in the city was for a time necessarily suspended. The branch schools remained open during nearly the entire period. The central school was shut up for three weeks longer than the usual hot weather vacation. When reopened, its duties were carried on regularly, although the attendance was more fluctuating than in ordinary years. The missionaries went to the central school, which is situated in the city itself, without insult or injury. Since the beginning of October, the operations of the mission have been conducted in the usual way.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MISSION IN JAUNPORE.

THE revolt at this station was a result of the mutinies at Azimghur and Benares, from which latter city it is distant about thirty-five miles. On the morning after the outbreak in Benares, some of the mutinous sepoy of the 37th regiment having proceeded thither, incited the Sikhs stationed there, who had been previously considered staunch, to rebel. There is no doubt, moreover, that the news that their comrades of the same regiment had risen against the Government in Benares, inflamed their minds, and made them ready to do what otherwise they might not have ventured on. The mutiny of this Sikh regiment was, from the beginning to the end, a strange enigma, and was never satisfactorily explained. The men made a fatal mistake, and most of them were afterwards plundered and maltreated by the Hindustanees, with whom, in a moment of extreme folly, they had made common cause. It is believed that they were well-nigh cut to pieces by their *quasi* friends.

The mission at Jaunpore was established by the

Church Missionary Society, and was under the superintendence of the Rev. C. Reuther. The number of its native Christians was very small, but still active operations were carried on in the city for the conversion of its inhabitants. The fact that the majority of the people were Mohammedans, may have been one reason for the smallness of direct missionary results. Bazaar-preaching was sustained by Mr Reuther and a catechist. An elegant church belonged to the mission, in which Divine service was performed both in English and Hindustanee, for the benefit of the European and native communities respectively. Five schools were supported by the mission. In the chief or sudder school, instruction was afforded in several languages, including English, and a considerable number of pupils were in attendance daily. Its head-master was Mr J. J. Cæsar. In all the five schools there were, it is supposed, upwards of six hundred scholars.

On the 5th June 1857, the mission and the station were broken up. The mutineers did not thirst for the blood of the Europeans with that fiendish appetite which they manifested in many other places. The consequence was, that through the kind providence of God, most of the residents escaped, though with the loss of all their property.

Mr Cæsar has penned a full and detailed account of the outbreak in Jaunpore, and of the escape of some of the residents, such as I believe has not yet appeared in print.

Narrative of the Mutiny at Jaunpore, and of the Escape of the Mission Families, together with others of the Residents; by Mr J. J. Caesar, late Head-master of the Mission School, Jaunpore.

“On the 18th or 19th of May, the news reached the station of the massacre at Delhi. As we had two companies of the Loodhianah (Sikh) regiment at Jaunpore, and the men were considered staunch, but slight fears were entertained of an outbreak in our midst. What we dreaded was an attack from the mutineers of Sultanpore, and from the Rajpoots and Brahmins residing on the borders of Oude. On the night of the 23d mischief was apprehended, and my wife and I slept at the mission-house, while my own horses and those of Mr Reuther were kept harnessed at the door, ready for any emergency. The night, however, passed off in quietness.

“On the 4th of June, there was a bazaar report, that on the previous evening the troops at Azimghur had mutinied. This was confirmed on the morning of the 5th. About a quarter past eight o'clock, three gentlemen rode in from the Bubecha factory, two and a half miles from the station, stating that the factory had been attacked by a party of sepoy, and that amidst a shower of bullets they had succeeded in making their escape. Several days previously, the magistrate's Kutcherry had been appointed as the place of rendezvous in case of an outbreak. Thither, therefore, we proceeded; and soon nearly all the European and East

Indian residents were assembled there. About one-half of the Sikhs were at the time on guard at the Treasury, which was in the compound of the magistrate's Kutcherry. Lieutenant Mara, the commanding officer of the detachment, marched the remainder of the men to the spot, with the exception of a few left on guard in the lines ; and the whole were kept under arms for some time, as it was expected that on leaving Bubcha, the sepoys, who were a part of the 37th Regiment N.I., that had mutinied at Benares on the previous afternoon, would visit the station. Had they come in the morning, it is quite probable that the Sikhs would have fought for us, as at that time they were loud in their professions of loyalty. Before noon we heard that the mutineers, after plundering and burning Bubcha factory, had gone along the Lucknow road. No attack from them, therefore, was considered likely. Still we remained in the Kutcherry. Some of our servants had brought breakfast, and orders were given for dinner. The commanding officer dismissed the men from the positions they occupied on our first going into the Kutcherry. About half-past two o'clock, he, myself, and some others, were in the verandah, when, as I was giving orders to a servant, a shot was fired, and on looking round I saw that poor Mara had been shot through the chest. We ran inside the building, and just within the doorway Mara fell on the ground. Other shots being fired into the rooms, we retired into the joint-magistrate's Kutcherry, and barricaded the doors. We did this with little hopes of escaping from

the mutineers. They were about one hundred and forty in number, while the gentlemen in the room (for some were absent) were only nine or ten. We fully expected a rush to be made into the apartment, and all of us to be killed. The hour of death seemed to have arrived. The greater part of us were kneeling or crouching down, and some few were engaged in prayer.

“The firing ceased, and the rebels began plundering the Treasury, in which were 265,000 rupees, or £26,500. Some of us went and brought Lieutenant Mara in. He still lingered. Shortly after, I looked out and saw the mutineers walking away with bags of money on their shoulders. I gave the joyful news to the rest. After a while, as all was quiet outside, we went into the verandah, and found that the compound was clear. We all resolved at once to leave the place, with the exception of two of the planters, who saddled their own horses and fled. Some of us carried poor Mara on a charpoy (bed). Presently after, Mrs Mara asked me to let her take my arm. Poor thing! it was with difficulty she moved on with any rapidity, on account of her stoutness. At the gate of the Kutcherry, Mr Cuppage, the joint-magistrate, was lying a corpse. It is supposed that he was going out to visit the Nujeebs, at the jail, when the outbreak commenced, and he was shot down. As we passed the doctor's house his carriage was brought out. About four o'clock we left the station, taking the Benares road. The ladies and the children were accommodated in the carriage and on the coach-box, in which latter place I found room for my-

self, and mounted, revolver in hand. Mr Reuther sat on the board behind. There was still room left on the seat, and Mr Reuther asked a pensioned sergeant if he would take it ; but he refused, saying he would shift for himself.

“ Our party consisted of five ladies, eight children, two gentlemen, an ayah, and the coachman, all of whom were in the carriage ; and besides, three gentlemen on horseback and two on foot. Although we took the Benares road, it was not determined to continue on it. We were in great doubt in what direction to go. At last we resolved to proceed in the direction of Ghazee-pore. Whilst staying to drink water on the side of the road—for our thirst was great—Lieutenant Mara's coachman, of his own accord, brought his carriage to us. We had thus seats for all the party. When we reached Zufferabad, the people advised us to go on, as they did not consider it safe for us to remain there. A few regretted our miserable plight, and one or two were affected even to tears. About ten miles from the station, we had to cross the river Goomtee. A ferry-boat was there, and we commenced crossing, but had to make several trips before we, with our carriages and seven horses, could get over. In the meantime, a crowd had collected on both sides, but no molestation was offered. One man asked a gentleman for his watch, saying that he might as well give it him, as he would soon lose it. After a time we reached the Pessewar factory, where we determined to stop. We received a hearty welcome from Mr Nicholls, the proprietor.

"Assembled at Pessewar were several members of Mr Nicholls' family, who had come in from neighbouring factories. Dinner was prepared, and, before partaking of it, we joined in prayer and thanksgiving to God for the mercies He had vouchsafed to us. Just before dinner it was ascertained that Mrs Mara, the widow of the commanding officer, was dead. On being taken out of the carriage she was speechless. Restoratives had been applied, but in vain. It was supposed that grief had brought on an apoplectic fit. She was buried between eleven and twelve P.M., in the garden attached to the factory, Mr Reuther reading the funeral service.

"At Pessewar we discussed our future movements. We thought that to proceed by land would be running the risk of meeting parties of the rebels, as at Chanda-wak, about thirteen miles from Pessewar, there was a cross road leading from Benares to Azimghur. It was therefore determined to drop down the Goomtee, in hopes of getting to Ghazeepore, or some other station, or of falling in with a steamer. Mr Nicholls, our host, said he should take his family to a neighbouring zemindar's house. Between two and three the following morning, we all entered the boat which had been procured for us. There was no covering to it, but this was to be added further down the river. As we dropped down the stream, we were hailed from the banks, when the boatman replied that he had blocks of stone on board. On account of the shallowness of the river and the fewness of our crew, which consisted only of three people, we were frequently touching or approaching the

banks. Early in the morning the villagers began to assemble, and to keep up with us as we proceeded on. At one place, where the boat touched the banks, a crowd armed with bludgeons came, and was ready to attack us. They imagined that Mr Nicholls was on board, but on one or two zemindars, with our consent, searching the boat, and finding he was not with us, we were allowed to go on. At the same time, we were warned of the probability of being stopped further down by men of the Dhobi Pergunnah. At Karrakut, a large town on the left bank of the Goomtee, our vessel was brought too. Mr Fane, the magistrate, sent for the tahsildar and darogah. Their authority, however, was gone, and so were unable to render us any assistance. A crowd of two or three hundred natives had now collected at the ghat. Several Rajpoot zemindars came on board, who were friendly disposed, and who said they were willing to accompany us, and to use their influence should the Dhobi people stop us. A Lalla, named Hingun Lall, said he also was willing to go with us. But we now met with a very serious obstacle to our progress. The boatmen refused to go with us any further. To have proceeded without them would have been madness, as the river at this season of the year was both narrow and shallow, and we ourselves could not manage the boat. Besides, beyond the single charges in our fire-arms, I believe no one had any ammunition. In this dilemma, Lalla Hingun Lall proposed that we should abandon the boat, and take up our quarters for a time in his house. He stated that

he had a few armed men, and that the enemy should cut his throat first before they reached us. After consulting together, we decided on accepting this offer. Accordingly, about seven o'clock we landed, and reached the Lalla's house without molestation. Outside the entrance to the house, our kind host placed a number of armed men-servants and friends, and he was shortly after visited by several Rajpoot zemindars.

"The Lalla set about preparing breakfast, intending no doubt to give us a sumptuous repast. Unfortunately, whilst the meal was in preparation, the Dhobi Rajpoots in great force entered the town and plundered it. Three distinct bodies of the enemy plundered the town on this day. The Lalla feared that the enemy might attack his house as they passed near it, and the clashing of weapons was heard. He suggested, therefore, that we should prepare ourselves for defence. The ladies and children were placed in a small room, and the gentlemen stood ready to resist an attack by selling their lives as dearly as possible ; but a kind Providence watched over us and preserved us from harm. The house was not attacked. It is impossible to conjecture the reason that no attack was made. Our preservation must be ascribed to the protecting care of our heavenly Father. Wearily passed the afternoon. We were all occupants of one room. At Pessewar we had despatched two notes to Benares, one written in French, the other in German ; a third was sent off from Karrakut on this or the following day. On the next day, which was Sunday, a messenger came from Mr Nicholls in his retreat,

bringing some food, which we found very acceptable. Mr Nicholls also returned the letters which had been despatched to Benares, as the messenger stated the European guard at the bridge there had not permitted him to pass ; but we strongly suspected that he never went.

“ In the evening the trampling of horses was heard, and it was rumoured that English soldiers had arrived. This, however, was not true. A gentleman, Mr Collins, however, had arrived from Mr Nicholls, who had returned to his factory at sunset, and thinking we should be more comfortable there than here, had sent the doctor's carriage and a strong guard of horsemen and footmen to take us to Pessewar. After a long consultation with the Lalla and some friendly thakoors, we decided on proceeding thither, and in about two hours reached the factory. In the afternoon of the next day a letter was brought from the Commissioner of Benares, addressed to ‘ Any Europeans hiding at Karrakut.’ The commissioner wrote to say that twelve volunteers, with twelve of the irregular cavalry (natives), would be sent out to escort us in, but as he mistrusted the native cavalry, he wished first of all to ascertain whether we were at Karrakut or not. In reply, we begged him not to send a native escort. However, in the course of the evening, we got another letter, to the effect that twelve European soldiers would be sent with the volunteers, and that they would shortly be with us. A Mr Philpots, the road overseer, arrived at Pessewar either on Sunday or this day. He had been robbed by villagers on the road,

and reached the factory with scarcely any clothing upon him.

“At three o'clock on the morning of the 9th, a portion of the escort arrived. The rest were waiting opposite the ghat at Karrakut. We all prepared to leave, and at day-break set off. On reaching Karrakut the natives were now all politeness. They even placed straw in the bottom of the boats in which we were to cross the river, to keep our feet dry. So great was the change that had come upon them. On reaching the opposite bank, we found two carriages and several elephants waiting ready for us. We soon started, and when about half-way from Benares halted to take rest during the heat of the day. Between five and six we left, and reached Benares in the evening in safety, truly thankful to our heavenly Father for His preserving mercies. We proceeded to the Mint, where the greater part of the residents were assembled for the night.

“On reviewing the events of the five days which had elapsed since the mutiny occurred, how appropriate the words of the Psalmist, ‘If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.’

“Of the Europeans and East Indians that were living in the station, five fell by the hands of the mutineers, and one, it is said, was killed by the villagers. Of the former, two, namely Lieutenant Mara and Mr Cuppage, were shot while we were in the Kutcherry; and two others,

Mr Thriepland, the deputy-magistrate, and his wife, were shot on the following day. They had hidden themselves during the night of the outbreak in the house of a policeman, and on the next morning being discovered by the irregular cavalry were slaughtered. Mr Bignold also, the pensioned serjeant, was killed, but by whom is uncertain. The villagers, it is said, put to death Mr Davis, formerly an indigo planter's assistant.

"I proceed to give an account of the native Christians at Jaunpore. Baboo Dwarkanath Mookerjee, the assistant-master of the mission school, was with me early on the morning of the 5th, and proceeded from my bungalow to the mission-house. Whilst there he heard of the attack on the Bubcha factory, and hastened, not to his wife and family, but to the house of a Mohammeden teacher, where he remained concealed during the day. His poor wife and family, when they heard of the residents being at the Kutcherry, went to the house of a heathen Bengalee Baboo, and after a few days, I believe, proceeded to Benares, where they joined Baboo Dwarkanath. It is difficult to write calmly on the conduct of this man. On ascertaining the danger, he ought at once to have gone home and made what arrangements he could for their mutual safety. He remained at the Mohammedan teacher's house till the evening of the day, when he cut his hair and otherwise disguised himself, and going across the country, reached Benares in safety a day or two after our arrival.

"The catechist Terah and his family, and, if I remember rightly, the wife and child of Noah, one of the

school chaprassees, were sheltered for several days in a neighbouring village, and afterwards joined us in Benares. Noah was sheltered by some one in Jaunpore. He also got safely to Benares."

Mr Caesar proceeds to give some account of Cornelius, the Christian who apostatised; but a separate narrative respecting his apostasy, by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt of Benares, will be found at the end of this chapter.

I have thought it proper to give a variety of testimonies respecting the spirit and conduct of the native Christians during the season of their severe trial. It is manifest that they did not all display the same Christian demeanour. Some were strong in the faith, some weak. A few, in order to save their lives, declared their readiness to become Mohammedans; while a small number actually apostatised. An instance of apostasy occurred in the mission at Jaunpore. I have received an account of it from the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of the Church mission in Benares, by whom the wretched man referred to had been baptized. I earnestly hope and pray that the awful fate of this man will serve as a warning to the Church of the flagrant sinfulness and extreme folly of forsaking the Saviour under any circumstances, or of imagining that He is not stronger than our enemies, and is not able to succour us in the greatest peril and the bitterest distress.

Some Account of Cornelius, a Native Christian, who, to save his life, Apostatised from the Faith ; by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of the Church Mission, Benares.

“ Cornelius was born at Ghazeepore. He came to me as an inquirer in 1846. On his arrival in Benares, I found him well acquainted with Urduo, and also Hindee. He was anxious to ascertain the truth. He first heard the gospel from the Rev. Mr Droese, then a missionary at Ghazeepore ; but no sooner had he set his mind upon inquiring into the truth of Christianity than persecution commenced. One great failing I soon discovered in his character was *want of firmness*. He was, as far as I could judge, sincere, and wished to live for Christ and do His will, but he was devoid of *both moral and physical courage*, and the want of this caused him much sorrow and trouble.

“ When he was baptized, his wife informed him that she wished to join him in Benares. As I was then just going to Ghazeepore, he accompanied me. When he came to his house, instead of finding his wife ready to return with him to Benares, she had him seized and locked up in his house. When I heard of his imprisonment, I hastened to the magistrate, and through his kindness Cornelius was released. He came to me in a sad condition, faint, and scarcely able to speak. After having taken some refreshment, he told me that his relatives had endeavoured to make him recant ; first by lenient means, and finding these of no avail, they had

adopted harsher measures. They tied his hands behind him, made him kneel before a charpoy, with his chin resting upon it, and then began to flog him. He remained firm. Upon this they told him they were determined to make him a Hindoo again. They then shaved his head, leaving a lock of hair as a sign of his having again embraced Hindooism. In this plight he came to me, having been kept without food for nearly two days. As he did not wish to have his relatives punished on his account, he requested the magistrate to let the matter drop. He evidently was afraid of his wife and relatives.

“About two years after this, he obtained employment in the Baptist mission, by which he could better his circumstances. He soon joined their community. After he had been two years with them, he returned again to us, and obtained employment of Mr Droese, at Bhaugulpore, with whom he stayed some seven years. In 1856, he returned, and obtained employment at Jaunpore. He was considered a sincere Christian, but a *weak man*. This weakness was observed wherever he was.

“The hour of trial came. May 1857 drew near. On the 10th the storm commenced. Cornelius heard of it, and trembled. On the 2d of June he heard of the mutinous conduct of the Azimghur troops. They were said to be marching upon Jaunpore. Cornelius was sure he would be murdered. To save his life, he left his wife and children, and fled towards Ghazeepore. Meanwhile, the troops at Benares had mutinied, and

had been scattered to the four winds. Some of the irregular cavalry met him on the way. They charged him with being a Christian. He acknowledged himself as such. He was then ordered to become instantly a Mussulman, and the drawn sword and cocked pistol terrified him into the denial of his Master. He was taken to Ghazeepore, and made a Mussulman. As soon as the soldiers released him, he went to the missionaries there, and confessed his sin. They sent him to Gor-ruckpore. He appeared penitent there, but the evil day burst also upon that station. The native Christians were summoned to become Mohammedans. Three days were allowed them for consideration, and they fled. Cornelius stayed behind, terrified by the danger that flight seemed to incur. To save his life again, he denied his Master a second time. He joined the Mohammedans, with his whole family.

“ But now the Lord knocked at his heart. The eldest child of Cornelius was taken with small-pox and died. The second soon followed. Cornelius’ heart almost broke. The third was taken ill, and he also was taken away. At this time the Goorkhas drew near. Cornelius did not know what to do. They were friendly to us, but Cornelius was sure they would not spare him. The Goorkhas entered Gorruckpore. Cornelius saw them, and fled, and they taking him for a rebel, cut him down. He received two wounds in his shoulder and neck, and sank to the ground. There he lay in agony of body and mind, forsaken by his newly chosen people, and unpitied by those that were around him. He was,

however, taken up by those whose faith he had denied, and carried to the hospital. His anguish of mind was intense, his grief deep. Lock-jaw ensued. He wished to save his life, and lost it. Amidst apparently the deepest remorse, he was summoned to the tribunal of his Master. His poor widow is still at Gorruckpore, and in the greatest misery."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSION IN AZIMGHUR.

AT the time of the mutiny in Azimghur, no missionary resided there. The mission was in connexion with the Church mission at Jaunpore, and was visited occasionally by the Rev. C. Reuther of that place. It principally consisted of a very flourishing school, which was under the charge of Timothy Luther, a native Christian of much experience, of superior abilities, and of earnest piety. The late excellent Commissioner of the Benares division, Mr Henry Carre Tucker, took great interest in the school, and no less interest in the teacher. On occasion of the outbreak, Timothy did not fly with his family, but remained hidden in the city, exposed to great danger, for fifteen days. They were then all brought away by an escort, kindly despatched from Benares. In a short time, the officials and Timothy were sent back, as Azimghur was deemed safe from the enemy; but in a fortnight they were compelled once more to seek safety in Benares. I will leave Timothy to give an account of the mutiny in Azimghur, and of his captivity there.

It is well known that, throughout the insurrection, Azimghur was a focus for the gathering of the enemy.

It was in the hands of the foe several times ; but, strange to say, although the mission premises were extensively plundered and injured, the mission school remained for a long time secure. After the overthrow of the rebels at Lucknow, when they began to scatter themselves, in considerable bodies, in various directions from that scene of conflict, Azimghur was taken possession of by Koowur Singh. His men, as I understand, in their operations against the intrenchments, in which the Europeans were imprisoned, destroyed the school. I believe, therefore, the entire mission is now a total ruin.

Narrative of the Mutiny in Azimghur, and of the perilous position of the Native Christian, Timothy Luther, and his Family, and their eventual Escape to Benares.

“ For some days previous to the mutiny, signs of the coming storm displayed themselves. At last it came. The troops mutinied about two o'clock or three o'clock on the 3d June 1857. Mr Simson, the magistrate, came to my house, and said that the treasure was about being removed to Benares, and that the ladies and children of the station would accompany it; and recommended that Mr Newbolt and I should send off our children too at the same time. I therefore began to prepare my children for the journey. But suddenly the thought came into my mind, that intelligence had arrived from Jaunpore and other places, that dacoits

were about, and were committing depredations in various directions. I therefore considered it better not to send the children away with the treasure, lest some calamity should befall them on the way. I went over to the house of Mr Newbolt, and continued talking with him about our affairs until the evening came on. While still conversing with him, I heard one sepoy say to another who was standing at the door of the collector's, 'Fire the cannon quickly.' I then heard the report of the gun. At once I said to Mr Newbolt, 'It is not good to remain in this place; you had better shut up your house, and take your family to the Sidharee Baboo, and put them under his care, and I will, if possible, go home and see after the security of my family.' If I could have steeled my heart against my family, I might have saved myself easily at that time, by going at once to Sidharee, and thence to Ghazeepore. But this I could not do. I could not, surely, leave my family to perish, and be only solicitous for my own welfare. I therefore changed my clothes, and, putting a loose pair of trousers on, slunk under the shade of trees and walls, and thus ran off to my house. While on the way, I saw a sepoy, with a musket on his shoulder, coming in my direction. When I came near to the school, I was obliged to leave the covert of the walls, and to go into the open plain. I there came in contact with two sepoys. One put his carbine to his breast, with the intention of killing me; the other forbade him to fire, and said, 'Kill no one at present; let us first go to the Kutcherry (courts of law), and see

what is being done there, and regulate our actions accordingly.' On this they left for the Kutcherry, while I, jumping over the wall of my compound, entered my bungalow. On arriving there, I found all my children in a state of unconcern, totally ignorant of the danger that was so near at hand. I woke up those that were sleeping, and, telling them of the danger we were in, snatched up the bundle I had got ready for their journey to Benares, went out of the bungalow, taking them with me, and proceeded to the house of Meer Ashar Ali, the chaprassee of the school, in which I hid my family. I also buried in the house about seven hundred rupees in money. The chaprassee, and a khidmatgar of the name of Nannoo, were well aware of my doing this. I then took a heavy stick in my hand, left the place, and remained concealed in the compound of my bungalow, ready to leap the wall and flee to a neighbouring village should any sepoy come that way. While I was waiting in suspense, a company of sepoys, playing their bugles and firing their muskets, passed on from the lines towards the Kutcherry; but not one of them looked in the direction of the school. On reaching the jail, the sepoys set the prisoners free. They then killed a gentleman in the Kutcherry. As their chief business was to plunder the treasury, they let the rest of the Europeans alone, who, seizing their opportunity while the enemy were thus employed, rushed out of their hiding-places in the Kutcherry, and took the road to Ghazeepore. I remained part of the night, indulging the thought that the sepoys would leave the station

with their plunder, and not return towards the city. At midnight the chaprassee came to me, and said that he had been talking with one of the band men, who said that he had got part of the treasure, and was going back to the lines, whither the sepoy intended to follow him, and then they would all proceed to Delhi. The band man, at the same time, sent his salam, through the chaprassee, to me. When I heard this, my hope turned to sorrow.

“Just as the band man had said, so it turned out. The sepoy came into the station, burned the bungalows, and searched for the Europeans. They came to the school-house, and began to plunder it, and inquired, ‘Where is the superintendent of the school?’ They pointed their muskets at the chaprassee of the school, threatening to kill him if he did not say where I was. He told them they might kill him, or do what they pleased with him, but he did not know where I was. Then they searched for me in the bungalow, the stable, and out-houses, and through the whole compound in every corner; and, not finding me, they fired their muskets into the bungalow in a great rage, and, taking with them a horse, a goat, and some clothes, departed. Without informing my servants, I had gone to the house of the Sudder Ameen. This gentleman shewed me kindness, and put me into a room and locked me up there. After a time, I said to the Sudder Ameen that I thought I had better not be locked up, for if the enemy should approach the room I should be unable to flee. He therefore unlocked the door. The Sudder

Ameen presently left the house on his horse, in order to go and threaten the rebels. Quitting the room, I leaped over the wall of the house into a very spacious building, in which was an empty well. Here I concealed myself. I examined the well, in order to ascertain whether, if necessary, I could hide myself in it. It was while in this place that I heard in the distance the noise and cries of the mutineers, as they were ransacking the school-house and destroying the property there.

“After waiting here some time, I left the building, and, jumping over a wall, entered the house of the deputy-treasurer, who shewed his sympathy for me in attending to my wants in every possible manner. I thought that it would be a good place for my family to come to; but, on looking out, I saw that it would not be prudent to send for them by day, as the gleams of swords were visible in all directions. So, on the next night, I changed my clothes and went to my family, which I brought into the house of the Sudder Ameen. Here we remained from fifteen to twenty days. While the school and my bungalow were being plundered, the chaprassee, Meer Ashar Ali, joined with the mutineers, and wished to take some of the property; but, as my family was residing in his house, he did not find the opportunity to carry out his wishes. He then, with many threats, turned all my children out of his house. On leaving, they were in the greatest consternation; at last they took refuge with a gardener, who compassionated them and took care of them.

When the children had come to the Sudder Ameen's residence, I requested the chaprassee to return me the property I had deposited in his house. He put me off, saying it was not a good opportunity for returning it; and this excuse he made day after day. At last he brought a tin box to me, the lock of which had been broken, and from which all the jewels and ornaments, and all my Hindustanee clothes, had been extracted. On my inquiring what had become of the valuables, he said, that what I saw was all I had given him, and that the lock was accidentally broken. I was, of course, perfectly helpless, and could do nothing in the matter.

“On occasion of Mr Venables coming with a body of men to Azimghur for the purpose of rescuing any Christians who might be concealed there, I left my hiding place, and went to meet them in their camp. On arriving there, I found that the child of Mr Newbolt had died from privation, and the effects of the sun, and that he was in great distress, because it seemed impossible under the circumstances to bury it. On seeing his sorrow, I said I would make arrangements for its interment in the churchyard. So he and I both proceeded thither and buried the child. After this, as I was returning to the camp, I met the brother of the Rajah of Azimghur, who had from two to three hundred followers with him. He said to me, ‘Will you turn Mussulman?’ I remained silent, and said nothing. He said again, ‘Will you turn Mussulman?’ I then replied, ‘You are perfectly aware of the nature of the religious in-

struction I have always given in the school ; my practice is like my teachings, I cannot deviate from it.' Vexed and angry, he went away.

"After three or four days, I went with the European escort to Ghazeepore, and thence to Benares. At the expiration of fifteen days, the commissioner and other gentlemen imagined that all danger was gone from Azimghur, and that the place was perfectly safe. The collector and other officials were consequently sent back to Azimghur. I accompanied them, in order to take charge of the school. On entering the city we found a number of zemindars and patwarees assembled there to oppose us. A fight took place, which, by God's mercy, ended in the dispersion of the enemy. I had remained in Azimghur a fortnight, and recommenced some of the duties of the school, when, on account of the mutiny of the cavalry stationed at Segowlic, it was found necessary once more to abandon the place. Since then, I have continued in Benares.

"It is manifest, that those persons who imagine that this rebellion has been caused by the teaching of the Christian religion, are very foolish and ignorant, inasmuch as if this had been the case, it would have been naturally expected that those who had been taught in mission schools would have been my most virulent opponents. But my experience strongly testifies to the contrary. They who had received instruction in the Azimghur school, whether Hindoos or Mohammedans, shewed me more kindness than other people ; they went about searching me out, in order to provide for

my wants, and in various ways to comfort and relieve me ; and if they had not done so, I much fear my children and myself would have been exposed to great personal trials. Indeed, the insurrection has been greatest in those places where the Christian religion was not taught or known, and where missionaries were not found. It is therefore evident, that they who impede the operations of mission schools, or obstruct the work of missionaries, or who do not render assistance to both to the utmost of their power, upon them the blood of the people of India rests."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSION IN GORRUCKPORE.

THIS mission was under the charge of the Rev. H. Stern, missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who was also the acting minister of the church in which the residents of the station assembled for Divine worship. Two large schools were in connexion with the mission. The one was a boarding-school for the children of native Christians, and for orphans, both male and female, and contained a large number of pupils. The other school was for natives, and had one hundred and sixty scholars. Besides these, there were also two schools in the bazaar. In addition, the mission had the superintendence of a village in the neighbourhood of Gorruckpore, in which many of the native Christians resided, having each a small portion of land which they cultivated, and from the proceeds of which they subsisted. The name of the village was Basharatpore.

This station was from the first exposed to danger, not only from within, but also from without. The troops in the cantonments were detachments from the Azimghur infantry and the Segowlic cavalry regiments, both of which mutinied early in June. It is needless to remark, therefore, that from the moment of the

mutiny at their head-quarters, the sepoy in Gorruckpore became most villanously inclined. The proximity of the city to Oude was an additional source of danger. On the arrival of six regiments of Goorkhas from Nepal, the sepoy were disarmed, and shortly after they all disappeared with the exception of about fifty men. As only eight hundred Goorkhas were to be left in Gorruckpore, the local authorities, thinking the force totally insufficient for the defence of the place, deemed it expedient to abandon the station. They all departed, with the entire body of the Goorkhas, for Azimghur and Jaunpore; first making over the station and district to the care of several loyal rajahs, who promised to do their best to protect both, and to preserve them in order. It was necessary that Mr Stern, if he had the least desire of saving his life, should accompany the other residents. There was no second course open to him, for it would have been sheer madness to remain behind. It must have been with a sad spirit that the missionary quitted the scene of his labours, which in all probability was speedily to be spoliated by the ruthless hand of a cruel enemy. How painful, too, must it have been to bid adieu to the native Christians, especially as the future appeared so dark and threatening. Truly this was a moment to try the steadfastness of the bravest heart. Before leaving, Mr Stern placed the native Christians under the protection of a rajah in the neighbourhood, who had always displayed a friendly feeling towards the mission. The rajah was promised the reward of a year's relief

of land-tax payable to the Government, in consideration of his affording such protection.

The residents left, and the station was soon taken possession of by the rebel chief, Mohammed Hussain. It was not long before the poor native Christians were exposed to ill-treatment from this chief, and from his cruel myrmidons. The rajah was unable or unwilling to defend them. They were robbed of nearly everything. They were savagely beaten. Their women were abused. Their bullocks were taken from them. Driven from their fields, they were reduced to the greatest extremities. Mohammed Hussain threatened, that if they did not become Mussulmans they should all be killed. It was wisely considered better to make their escape from such heavy persecutions, even though they might have to encounter great trials in the attempt. They therefore made arrangements to go away, a few at a time, so as to avoid observation, which by God's providence they were able to carry out. They fled through the jungles across the country to Aligunj, which was in the hands of the Government, and was some eighty or one hundred miles distant from Gorruckpore. From this place they communicated with Mr Stern, who was now residing in Benares. On receiving the news of their safe arrival at Aligunj, Mr Stern left in a boat for that place. The affecting story of the meeting of the native Christians with their missionary, I leave to Mr Stern himself to tell.

Narrative of the Rev. H. Stern, respecting his interview with the escaped Native Christians from Gorruckpore.

ALIGUNJ, SEWAN, SARUN DISTRICT, Nov. 28, 1857.

“I arrived here safely on Thursday last, and found all the native Christians from Gorruckpore well, with the exception of several fever cases. The native Christians, no less than myself, were very happy to see each other again, after a separation of upwards of three months. Before I came up to them, where they were encamped, in a large mangoe grove, the children came out running to meet me, and to conduct me into the midst of their parents, who soon surrounded me. Every one now commenced to tell his tale of the late trials and privations, in which all took an equal share. We all then had prayers to thank the good Lord and Shepherd of our souls, for thus having preserved and saved us from many dangers, and for having given us this fresh token of mercy, in permitting us thus to meet again. To Him be all praise and glory !

“The Christians left Basharatpore on the 20th of October. For upwards of two months (the station of Gorruckpore was abandoned on the 13th of August) they lived in continual fear and anxiety, being exposed to the spoliation of their goods, and to personal ill-treatment. During a dacoity, one of the Christians received a deep sword-cut in his back ; others were beaten ; the women, who usually ran into the jungle, were abused ; and the catechist in charge, Raphael,

seems to have been particularly exposed to the fury of the enemy. The maltreatment which he received very much hastened his death, which happened on the 12th of October. A few days after this, their best bullocks were seized, and several of the men carried before the Chakladar, who kept them prisoners for two days. On learning that they were Christians, he ordered them to deny their faith, and become Mussulmans. One of the Chakladar's men then interfered, and said that these Christians had been neither Hindoos nor Mussulmans, but were brought up as orphans in the Christian religion, and would therefore not be received by either of these persuasions.

“Nevertheless, the Chakladar insisted on their becoming Mohammedans, and requested them to look out for a Moulvie. Seven Christians, as they tell me, pretended to consent to this arrangement. Upon this, they were allowed to go to their homes. When they got there, they told their brethren what had happened. They then consulted together what to do. That very day they all resolved to quit the place, especially as also on the previous day a Mussulman, belonging to the Chakladar's suite, had come to Basharatpore, and told the people that they had been great fools for remaining behind when the Europeans left the station; advising them to leave Basharatpore at once quietly, as evil was intended against them. They therefore left in small parties by stealth at night, during several successive days, the last party leaving on the 20th October, after they had agreed to meet in a place called Shahpore, to

the east of Gorrukpoore, and beyond the boundary of that district. They all took the road through the jungle; and, after three days' travelling, they reached Shahpore in safety, only one party having been robbed on the road; the others saved a few clothes, and some even escaped with their carts and pair of bullocks. Shahpore not being far from Bettiah, a Roman Catholic establishment, three families went there for protection; the rest intended to go to Benares. Having come so far as Aligunj, they wrote to me about their doings; and a magistrate, Mr Lynch, being stationed here, they applied to him for assistance. This gentleman wrote to me; and in the meantime exerted himself in their behalf with the officers and men of the Naval Brigade, who had then just arrived, and I am happy to say that his exertions have been most successful, for both men and officers took a warm interest in their welfare. Mr Lynch has been very kind to them also in other ways; he has given them the use of a tent, for the accommodation of the sick and the infant portion, and has taken ten men into his employ as chowkedars.

"They also found a warm friend in the Rev. Mr Williams, the chaplain attached to the Naval Brigade, whom I had the happiness to meet here on my arrival, and who got employment for several of them with some of the officers. Before I arrived here they were once visited by a catechist, who was sent out by the missionaries in Chuprah, and afterwards again were visited and relief afforded them by Dr Ribbentrop, the devoted and self-denying missionary of the Chuprah mission.

“Mr M'Donald, deputy opium-agent, and acting magistrate, has kindly undertaken to apply to the Relief Fund in Calcutta in their behalf, as our little private fund is exhausted, and there are about one hundred and fifty souls for whom to provide. Both Mr M'Donald and Mr Lynch belong to the Roman Catholic persuasion; the more credit, therefore, it does these gentlemen for having taken the part of these Christians.”

I have obtained a complete account of the troubles and dangers which the poor Christians of Gorrukpore had to encounter at the hands of the enemy, written by Peter, a catechist of the mission. I think that in no mission throughout the whole of these provinces, with the exception of that at Chhota Nagpore, has a greater amount of persecution and suffering been experienced than has fallen to the lot of our native brethren there. Although they were not all equally staunch, and did not display the same high moral courage and the same trust in God at all times, yet we have to thank God for the fact that nearly all remained steadfast to their faith, and that none embraced Mohammedanism, notwithstanding that several, when in great danger of their lives, promised to do so. Upwards of one hundred and fifty Christian people, men, women, and children, were for two months plundered, abused, beaten, imprisoned, threatened with death, and afflicted in a countless variety of ways, and yet they continued firm—yet, with few exceptions, they held fast to Christ—they did not purchase liberty by apostasy, and endured all

things through Christ that loved them. The Lord be praised !

Peter the Catechist's Narrative of the Persecution of the Gorruckpore Native Christians, and of their Escape to Aligunj.

“ On the day that the Europeans intended leaving Gorruckpore, the Rev. H. Stern gave the Christian village of Basharatpore and the native Christians into the charge of the Rajah of Gopalpore. Consequently the rajah sent some of his own soldiers to guard the village; but these men commenced annoying the Christians. On the Sabbath, when they assembled for prayer in the house of Raphael, the soldiers used to stand looking on with their swords in their hands, and talking aloud. When intelligence arrived that the Chakladar was coming, the rajah recalled his soldiers from the village. When these wicked fellows were leaving, they destroyed a quantity of the mission property, and carried various things away with them. After their departure, we had peace and quietness for a few days. When the Chakladar had been in the city a short time, several sepoy came into the village, armed with shields, swords, and guns. A number of the brethren were sitting under a tree. Abusing them, they inquired, ‘ Where is your chief ? ’ They replied, ‘ He is living in the house there,’ pointing it out. The sepoy then came to Raphael’s house. On seeing them, the Christians began to collect together. They were then asked, ‘ Who is the

chief man among you?' Raphael said, 'I am.' The sepoys thereupon threatened us, in very coarse and violent language, and said, 'Where have you hidden Mr Bird? If you don't tell us, we will take your chief before the Chakladar; and, if he resists, we will bind you all, and take you before him.' We took advice of each other, and came to the conclusion that it would not be well to go before the Chakladar, but that we had better give these men something and send them away. So we made a subscription among ourselves, which we gave to them; and, with many entreaties, we got them to leave.

"On the next day, another batch of sepoys made its appearance, and seized our oxen, which the men said were needed to drag the cannon. We only ransomed them by a gift of four annas, or sixpence a-head. On the third day, other sepoys came to the village; and their leader ordered that we should all be bound and taken before Musarraff Khan, for that we were very proud and rebellious. He said, moreover, that all the Hindoos and Mussulmans of the neighbourhood had presented gifts to the Chakladar, whereas we had not even gone to pay our respects to him. We again made a subscription, and begged not to be taken before the Khan; and they at last left with the money. On the fourth day, very early in the morning, sepoys were again seen in the village. They first of all went into the bungalow, and took away some things from it. They next went into the stable of Raphael, and carried off his horse. We ran after them to prevent their

making off with the animal; but, on approaching them, they pointed their muskets at us; so, out of fear of our lives, we were obliged to leave them with their booty.

“After these troubles, two agents of the Rajah of Sattasee came into the village, bringing with them a great company of sepoy. They plundered the bungalow, then the church, and after this searched the Christians’ houses, each man taking whatever he liked. On the same day, a Mohammedan beat Raphael with the stock of a gun, and kicked him with his feet, which he endured very patiently. He had been ill before this; but the beating which he received, added to his sickness and his depression of spirits, was too much for his frame, and he at last sank under his trials. He died on the 12th October 1857. This brother had been greatly persecuted, for the sepoy always went first to his house; but I have good hope he is now in heaven, as he died in the faith of the gospel.

“Now, as only a few things remained in the possession of the Christians, they themselves began to be seized by the enemy. Some, from fear, fled into the country; and they who remained behind were employed by the sepoy for carrying away their own goods. As we were daily exposed to losses and maltreatment, we thought it would tend to our security if we employed two watchmen for the guardianship of the village. While these men remained among us, we continued free from visits from the sepoy; but, as we were unable to pay their wages, after a time we were obliged to discharge them. We then guarded the vil-

lage ourselves, and saved it from the dacoits, who were plundering villages on all sides of us. One night, when the watch was being very carelessly kept, the village was entered by dacoits, who surrounded the house of Jud, and captured Benjamin, whom they beat very severely, in order to keep him from making a noise, and so waking up the other brethren. The Christians, however, gradually woke up, and then fled into the jungles. In the meantime, the dacoits were beating poor Jud, and pricking him with their swords, in order to compel him to divulge where he had hidden his money. After a time, he confessed that he had seven rupees in his clothes—pointing out to them where they were lying. While they went to search the clothes, Jud seized the opportunity, and fled. The dacoits, finding the money, departed, and the Christians presently returned to the village. The reason the Christians fled was, that they imagined the Chakladar had come with his men to the village, and that, as he had commenced with the first house, which belonged to Jud, he would go through the whole village, house by house, beating the Christians. But this was a mistake.

“After this, we were constantly exposed to attacks from bands of marauders. Our clothes were torn off our backs, and whatever the vagabonds desired they forcibly took from us. I will just give you an account of what occurred one Sunday. A zemindar, attended by a number of soldiers, came into the village. He asked us who we were; and on being told that we were Christians, said that the information had caused tears

of blood to fall from his eyes, and that all of us ought to be killed. He then went to the house of Raphael, and seized some of the goods there, and wished to take away with him Grace, the mistress of the orphan girls. While the attention of this wicked man was engaged, this poor insulted woman ran from the house, and took refuge in a field thickly planted with dal. Another Christian woman gave these wretches money, in order to preserve her freedom. On the day following, the zemindar returned, and surrounded the village with his men, so that no Christian might escape. At that time I was seized; and they abused my wife with horrid language. The zemindar said that it would be better for us if we left the village, for if we did not we should be killed. Our oxen and cows, that were feeding or ploughing, were taken away. Several of the brethren went with them. The cattle were given over to the commandant, and the brethren, whose names were Tobit, Obadiah, Frank, Newbolt, Sulaiman, Beson, and Timothy, were put into prison. On the earnest entreaty of these poor fellows, the commandant, who was a kind-hearted man, said he would try and obtain their freedom from the Chakladar. When the information about the Christians reached the Chakladar, he ordered that all the occupants of the village—men, women, and children—should be seized. The commandant, who was perfectly helpless in the matter, was ordered off with a hundred men to Basharatpore. Obadiah accompanied the force. On seeing such a body of sepoys coming towards the village, we all

began to fly into the jungle; but the sepoys, frightening us with their muskets, stopped us, saying they would kill us if we ran away. The commandant stated that he had only come to see that we had no European things among us. When the sepoys had searched every house, and taken what they liked, the commandant gave the order that all the Christians were to be seized, agreeably to the Chakladar's instructions. Then Obadiah begged hard of the commandant, and said he would be security for the Christians, that they would all remain in the village. On this security, the commandant was prevailed on to let us remain where we were.

"On the evening of the day that these events had occurred, a Munshee, on horseback, came riding into the village. He said to us, 'You are very foolish to continue here; why did you not leave with the Europeans? and why do you not now leave a few at a time, and go to Bettiah? There is no certainty in this Nazim. He may order you to be killed, especially as the King of Delhi and the Nawab of Lucknow have commanded that all persons of the Nazaritish race should be put to death.' When the morning came, the commandant went to the Chakladar and pleaded in behalf of the Christians, saying that no good would be gained by putting them to death. The Chakladar replied, 'Well, they must become Mohammedans.' The commandant then came to the seven brethren who were in prison, and told them the orders of his master. The brethren said they would become Mohammedans, and on this condition were let off. The next morning four of them

|

returned to the commandant, who took them to the Nazim. This man abused them, and said, 'You are neither Hindoos nor Mussulmans; what kind of treatment shall I shew to you? The King has ordered that all Christians be blown away from guns. If you become Mohammedans, you will save your lives.' The commandant then remarked that, 'If you make them Mussulmans, who will eat and drink with them? You had far better leave them as they are.' To this the Chakladar made no reply. The commandant hereupon suggested that the bullocks and cows taken from the Christians should be restored to them, and the Chakladar gave orders to this effect. After a great deal of difficulty, we managed to recover our cattle. The Lord saved us thus far, and did not suffer the enemy to kill us, as many were wishing to do. Before the above events took place, several of the Christians had left their families and started for Benares, much against the will of the rest.

"When the brethren who had been in captivity were set free, we all agreed that we had better not remain in the village any longer, but leave, a few at a time, for Shahpore, where we would all re-assemble and take further counsel of one another. On the 12th October, Raphael died, and on the 13th, the brethren began to leave the village. On the 20th, I left with the orphan boys and girls. We all arrived quite safely at the appointed place of meeting. While in the village to which we had come, we were all thrown into alarm by the presence of a body of sepoy, under the command of

Musarraff Khan. Some money being collected for them, they were induced to leave. On the same evening, we took the road leading into the jungles. Two widows and an old man of our company wished to remain behind; and although we did all we could to induce them to alter their purpose, they would not do so. We were therefore obliged to leave them. Towards the evening of the day, we came to the village of Budhwar; on reaching which, what did we see coming to us in the distance? It was no other than the soldiers of the Chakladar. On approaching near, they began to abuse us, and said—‘We have been following you with the greatest eagerness, and now we have got you; come along with us to the Chakladar.’ They then separated the men, and with their naked swords ordered them to sit down there. Some of the sepoy's went to our carts, and first of all seized all the swords they could find, and next our goods, cooking utensils, clothes, and so forth. When they had taken these things, they went up to the young men, who were standing apart, searched the clothes they had on, and took away whatever they found valuable. So they left us. During the whole night we remained there, mourning over our loss. We could not eat, and could do nothing else but weep. In the course of the night, some sepoy's belonging to the Rajah of Bettiah, who had charge of the neighbouring village, came to us. Through them, we obtained a few of our stolen things, and afterwards went to Shahpore, and remained there a day or two, consulting together what was best to be done.

“ While at Shahpore, we saw a native Christian from Bettiah, and inquired of him whether there were any English gentlemen at Aligunj, Sewan. He stated that a magistrate and some Goorkhas were there, and that a body of European soldiers was expected in the place shortly. We continued at Shahpore several days, and then started for Sewan, and reached Aligunj in four or five days. Mr Lynch, the magistrate, shewed us great kindness, and relieved our immediate wants. I feel much obliged to him for his attention to us all. The Rev. Dr Ribbentrop visited us, and had a religious service with us every day. After a time, the Rev. H. Stern arrived from Benares. We were all delighted at seeing him, and he at seeing us, again. He took us to Chuprah, and provided us with clothes and other necessities, and made arrangements for our obtaining food twice in the day. He hired a house for us there, where we resided, some in the house, and some in a tent. Here we lived for a while. When Gorruckpore became cleared of the enemy, the Christians all returned, having obtained carts for the journey gratuitously, through the kindness of Mr Macleod, the deputy-magistrate. On the tenth day after leaving, we arrived in Gorruckpore, thankful to our friends for their great kindness to us, and praying God to grant them many blessings in return. Thanks be to God for all the mercies He has so graciously bestowed on us during the season of our weakness and distress ! He has delivered us from great peril, and brought us into a place of rest. We thought, when we were so heavily persecuted by the

wicked people around us, our lives would one day be sacrificed ; but blessed be the Lord, who has preserved our lives to the present moment, although several of the brethren lost their children both in Sewan and in Chuprah, yet He did not leave us comfortless. Praises a thousand times be ascribed to our Protector, who has brought us safely back to our own city, which we had left weeping and sorrowful ! I am quite sure that, as He has saved us from so many trials in the past, He will aid us in the future, so that we may serve Him with newness of life. The Lord grant us all strength that we may henceforth live as new creatures in Christ Jesus !”

Respecting the destruction of property in the Gorruckpore mission, Mr Stern has given me the following statement. Writing from Gorruckpore, he remarks :—“Our mission has suffered in all to the amount of about 10,000 rupees. All the out-houses are destroyed. The bungalows escaped with windows smashed, ceiling coverings taken away, and every article of furniture plundered. I picked up a few of my things, but not *one* book is forthcoming. The church is cleared out of every article ; and even several graves, down to the mouldering remains of them that slept, have been dug up. The native Christian village at Basharatpore is, with the exception of five houses, entirely destroyed—all a heap of ruins. I hope we shall have another and a better village by and by. My native Christians have all returned. Schools are opened, and services go on as usual.”

I trust the Church Mission will render liberal aid to our dear brother in his arduous work of re-establishing the mission at Gorruckpore. He should not be left alone there. The work is too heavy for one man to perform. The parent society is zealously sending new missionaries to India every year. Might not one be spared for Gorruckpore?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MISSION IN RANSEE, IN THE PROVINCE OF CHHOTA
NAGPORE.

IN the year 1845 this mission was established by missionaries sent out from Berlin at the instigation of one of the fathers of the Church in Germany, the pious and excellent M. Gossner. This good man was a great lover of missions, and by his religious zeal and energy many persons in Germany were brought to cherish an anxious desire for the conversion of the poor perishing heathen in India. Those who possessed money gave it for the purpose of originating new missions in India, and sustaining the same; and several devout men were led to offer themselves as labourers in the mission field. In this way the mission in Chhota Nagpore was founded. The missionaries have principally confined their attention to a race of people called the Coles, who are very numerous in that part of the country. Unlike their proud neighbours, the Brahmins, Rajpoots, and other Hindoo castes, who, especially in Northern India, have always preserved a haughty and distant demeanour towards Christianity, and have seemed almost inaccessible to its sacred truths, the Coles, on the contrary, have been powerfully affected by them, and

in a few years several thousands have become converts to the gospel. At a general gathering of the Christians in the year preceding the rebellion, such a large number came in from the surrounding villages, that all the buildings on the mission, including the stables, were thickly crowded with people. They all brought something, moreover, for the support of the mission. Some brought money, some rice, some sheaves of corn, according to their means. So great and genuine was the interest they displayed in the prosperity of God's cause among them.

Previous to the insurrection, the Christians of Chhota Nagpore had been sorely persecuted and oppressed by the landed proprietors, whose tenants they were. Their goods and cattle were taken from them, their houses were burnt, their clothes were torn off their backs. One man's rice-field, ready for the harvest, was maliciously destroyed. Some persons were dragged out of their houses, and beaten till they were almost breathless. Others were driven away from their villages with their children. The servants of a zemindar reaped the field of a Christian. The same zemindar (landed proprietor) put the parents of one of the Christians into prison without due cause. The wives of the Christians were sometimes abused, and the men were occasionally in jeopardy of their lives. In short, the poor Christians seem to have been treated with great ignominy and cruelty; and, I am sorry to say, they did not for some time—not until their trials had been forced upon the attention of the Government of India—obtain that pro-

tection from the local European authorities which as Christians and as men they ought to have received. Notwithstanding all these troubles, the faith of the Christians continued steadfast.

When the mutiny broke out, the members of this extensive and flourishing mission could have rendered most important service to the Government, had they been permitted to do so. The missionaries had a large number of people, including converts, inquirers, and others, under instruction, through whom they had accurately ascertained the state of the public feeling in regard to the Government, and also the condition of the native army in their neighbourhood. They deemed it right, therefore, to warn the authorities of the great probability of an outbreak. This was done repeatedly and emphatically. They represented also their ability to raise a large force for the service of the Government, consisting of from ten to fifteen thousand men, partly native Christians, and partly heathen, on whom perfect reliance could be placed. But their warnings, their generous offers, their representations of danger, were all disregarded. The Government could not be enlightened, and would not be assisted either by missionaries or native Christians.

The tale now assumes a form which would excite our laughter if it were not for the gravity of the events it portrays. After a time it became manifest, even to the hoodwinked officials, that they had been cherishing a delusion when they imagined the sepoy knew better than to rise. They soon saw that an outbreak

was imminent. In their consternation, they hastily sent to the Rev. Mr Schatz and his colleagues, accepting the magnanimous offer of the splendid force they had proposed to collect. But it was too late. The sepoys had outwitted them. A general scramble for life was made by the residents. The missionaries, too, were obliged to fly. Running on foot through a marshy country, plunging into water up to their necks, and exposed to the awful rays of the sun, they at last, through God's merciful providence, after a journey of several days, made good their escape, and found their way into Calcutta in safety.

Unaided and undefended, the native Christians were now in a sorry plight. They were completely at the mercy of their oppressors, of the mutineers, and of any rebels that rose up against the Government. Their sufferings and trials were of the most soul-harrowing description, the very recital of which makes one shudder.

"They lost all their property, and were obliged to hide themselves in caves and jungles from the wrath of their enemies. Those who fell into the hands of their cruel persecutors were mercilessly tortured and ill-treated ; some were kept to be offered as sacrifices to Doorga ; and had the English army delayed a little longer, they would have been sacrificed. Great numbers died from want of food and clothing in the jungles. But not one made shipwreck of his faith. They are miserable objects, indeed—half-starved, with only a few rags to cover their nakedness ; nevertheless, they are full of joy and happiness, and their exclamation is,

‘Jab talak swas rahega, main apna Isa ko na chhorunga,’
—‘As long as I have breath left, I shall never forsake
my Jesus.’” One of the missionaries, who has returned
to this poor persecuted people, makes the following
remarks about their condition, and of the mission gene-
rally:—“Our mission,” he says, “is now in the same
state in which it was thirteen years ago, when it was
commenced. We have nothing left besides ruined
houses. The rebels took nothing away except money ;
yet all is desolation here. This is altogether the work
of the chiefs of Hoetia, their friends and their people.
But the poor native Christians have suffered a greater
loss than we. They have lost everything. They have
neither food to eat nor clothes to wear. Although
martial law has been proclaimed here, yet they do not
venture to return. Such of them as have come back
are in great fear. Their rice-fields on the hills have
been totally reaped by the zemindars ; and those on the
low lands have been all spoiled, because there was no
one to look after them. On some of them presenting
themselves at church yesterday, their distress was ma-
nifest. The women were ashamed to come out, not
having sufficient clothes to cover themselves with. Yet
they do not heed their distress, but rejoice in the Lord.
All the windows in the church, and the organ also, are
destroyed. But still we praised God there, and when
we came out of church, they all began to say, ‘We have
received a new birth and a new spirit now.’ They who
in the time of danger determined to face it and not to
fly, had their hands and feet tied together, and were

thrown out into the rain, where they remained for several days. At such a time, their wicked persecutors used to come near and tauntingly ask, 'Where is your Father now? Where is your Jesus? Why does He not come to you when you cry out? Where are the Feringhees (Europeans) now? They have run away, and you have fallen into our hands.' Then they would kick them, and beat them, and prick them with their weapons, and would say, 'Sing to us now one of your sweet songs,' or, 'Open your book and read, and we will hear.' But who can describe all the sufferings the poor native Christians endured? Yet God be praised that in this great sea of suffering no one made shipwreck of faith. They are now coming back one by one. As soon as they arrive, they speak to one another comforting words, to the effect that Jesus is their Helper and Preserver."

In spite of all the persecution and distress encountered by this people, yet so far from Christianity having been injured thereby, when the missionaries returned to their station they found that there were one hundred and forty candidates awaiting the rite of baptism, and a large number besides who were eagerly looking forward to receiving the rite when they should become prepared for it. This was in the month of January of the present year, 1858.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSION IN JUBBULPORE.

THE mission in this city has been only recently established. It had previously received occasional visits from missionaries, but no society had seriously made the attempt to plant a mission there. The city is one of the most important in Central India. Situated on the high road from the Ganges to Central and Southern India, and to Bombay, and lying within three miles of the Nerbudda river, one of the great arteries of the country, it is a matter of some surprise that it was so long excluded from evangelical ministration. It has been lately taken up by the Church Missionary Society, and a small mission is now in existence there. During the outbreak, the Rev. E. Stuart, the ordained missionary, was absent in England, as he had been obliged to leave India for a season on account of the indisposition of his wife. The mission, therefore, was left in the care of his assistant, Mr Rebsch.

For several months during the rebellion the residents of the station were placed in constant jeopardy of their lives and property. On occasion of the mutiny of the 52d N. I., which took place on the 18th September, a large number of the neighbouring petty rajahs and

chieftains became disaffected against the Government, and threatened the safety of the small body of Europeans who remained in the station at Jubbulpore. The country generally was in a state of open rebellion. "I had arranged," writes Mr Rebsch, soon after the mutiny, "three times to fly with my family, but was detained; now we must stop. The Gonds have risen too, and begun to burn bungalows and the property of Europeans. Their rajah has been blown away from our guns, with his eldest son. He was found plotting against the Government, and tampering with the sepoy. For this the Gonds and the 52d have sworn vengeance against Jubbulpore. A paper in Hindee was found with the rajah, of which I send you an English version which I have made:—

'O great Kali, cut up the backbiters—trample under thy feet
the wicked—
Grind down the enemies, the British, to dust—
Kill them that have remained—
Destroy their common servants and children—
Protect Shankar Sahae—preserve and keep the disciples—
Listen to the call of the humble—
Do not delay to cut off the heads of the unclean race
(Malechhas)—
Devour them quickly, O great Kali!'

Shankar Sahae was the rajah's name. His forefathers had occupied the Gond throne for 1500 years. The Mahrattas had taken the country from him. When the English took possession of this part of the country, he was found destitute. The British Government gave him eight or ten villages, for which he thanks them in

the above poem. I went to see the old white-headed and bearded man. Half-naked and in irons, he was squatting on the ground. With great firmness did he walk up before our guns with his son. Our men fastened his hands and feet to the wheels before the muzzle. A more ghastly sight I never saw before, as the blowing away of these two men. Arms and heads went high up into the air, and nearly the whole was afterwards left a prey to dogs and birds; till in the evening some remains were picked up and carried to the Ranees."

Through God's mercy the Europeans in Jubbulpore weathered the storm which blew for a long period on every side of them; and the mission was preserved, although on one occasion the rebels tried to set fire to the bungalow.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSION IN LOODHIANA.

ALTHOUGH the American Presbyterian Mission has suffered great losses in the rebellion, yet these have been confined to the North-western Provinces. Of the ten mission stations located in these provinces, six were destroyed ; while of the four existing in the Punjaub territory, not one has materially suffered. It is not necessary to discuss the reasons for this great difference in the fate of the two extensive branches of this society's important operations in India. The security in the one locality was certainly much greater than in the other. The arrangements for quelling the mutinous spirit, and defeating the evil designs of the enemy, were certainly more successful in the one place than in the other. And, on the other hand, the numerical force of the organised foe in the Punjaub was as certainly very far superior to that existing in the North-west Provinces. Had the same arrangements been made in the former territory as in the latter, what the result would have been I will not venture to predicate. The like disasters might perhaps have been seen in the country of the Five Rivers, as in the region ruled over by the Government of Agra. The

doctrine, that similar causes produce similar effects, might possibly lead to a conclusion on this subject which it would not become us dogmatically to pronounce. As a fact, the Punjaub remained safe; I might say more—shall I say that it was saved?

The mission at Loodhianah was the only mission bordering on the Punjaub in connexion with the American Presbyterian Society that the rebels demolished. I should add, too, that, so far as my inquiries have gone, no mission of any other society in the Punjaub itself, with the exception of that at Sealkote, has sustained any loss whatever from the disturbances. The account of the ruthless spoliation of the mission premises at Loodhianah, including bungalows, the school-house, the press establishment, books, apparatus, and so forth, will be best described by the missionaries themselves. In their report they furnish the following interesting narrative of the affair.

Brief Account of the Demolition of the Loodhianah Mission by the Rebels, taken from the Report of the Missionaries.

“There were evident tokens of a deeply seated fellow-feeling on the part of many of the people in the city, particularly the Mohammedans, in the advancing rebellion; and when, early in June, a large body of mutineers from Jullunder reached Loodhianah, they found a crowd ready to join them in their work of plunder and devastation. Through a gracious Providence, a body of loyal Sikhs, being part of a regiment formerly raised in

Loodhianah, had just arrived, and partial defence was thus realised; just as, twelve years before, the arrival of a force of Goorkhas and others had, under God, saved Loodhianah from an army of Sikhs. A locality in the cantonments was fortified, and there Mr and Mrs Thackwell, with other Europeans, obtained shelter; but those who had come for rapine and blood soon found opportunity on the mission premises for the former, while the Lord in His mercy interfered to prevent their attaining their special object in the latter. Our church in the city, where for years the gospel had been preached, often to seriously attentive listeners, was set on fire. The school-house shared a similar fate; and with its library, extensive and valuable philosophical apparatus, and depôt of books for sale, became a desolate pile. The depository on the mission premises, with its contents of many thousand volumes of books for distribution, was reduced to ashes, its broken and blackened walls alone remaining. The bookbinding establishment, with its large stock of printed sheets, binders' tools and materials, to the value of several thousand rupees, shared a similar fate. The paper-room, with a large supply of printing paper newly arrived, and the church on the mission premises, were set on fire—the former destroyed, the latter much injured. The dwelling-houses were plundered, windows broken, and an attempt made to fire one of them, where an additional stock of books for distribution had been stored, after filling the depository; but most providentially it failed.

“On the arrival of the mutineers, the native Christians

and orphan girls fled, and found shelter on the premises of one of the Cabul princes living in the neighbourhood. Thus the Lord was pleased to preserve the lives of all our company. Their houses were rifled, and some of them set on fire; but not one of themselves was permitted to be injured. Soon after this work of destruction was over, that of retribution commenced, for additional troops arrived, and the magistrate found it in his power to execute summary justice. Much of the stolen property was recovered, and, agreeably to an old law of the country, a tax was levied on the inhabitants, to make good the losses that the mission and other parties had sustained."

The compensation which the Government made to the mission in the manner above referred to, amounted to 44,000 rupees, or £4400. This was not the full amount of the loss, yet it is gratifying to see that the Government in the Punjaub is established, not upon the old destructive principle for a long time so pertinaciously observed by our rulers, of discarding missions and refusing to acknowledge either their importance or their claims. If there be one point more extensively illustrated, and more clearly and forcibly proved than another by this rebellion, it is that missions in India form an institution of prodigious influence over the native population—it is that Christianity must be preached to the people, until their vile practices, their degrading ceremonies, and their wicked religion, give place to the holiness and the civilisation of the

gospel—it is that no Government in India, which declines to act in all its proceedings on the principles of Christianity, and which hesitates to carry these principles out in its dealings with the native races, can be safe, can secure either the honest unsuspecting good-will of the people governed, the sympathy of Christendom, or the blessing of the Almighty. The authorities in the Punjaub have seen with an eagle's eye the necessities of the times, and the grand defects of the Indian Government. The ruler there has seized the difficulties of our Indian policy, so far as his jurisdiction extended, with a resolute hand. He has shewn that they can be overcome, and that in future no question, whether of religion, of caste, or of custom, need frighten the Government of India out of its common sense, but that it possesses an adequacy of power to cope with every legislative difficulty, if it will only exert the volition to use it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSION IN SEALKOTE.

THIS mission was only lately established. The Church of Scotland, wishing to extend its missionary operations in India, selected this place for a new mission, and sent thither the Rev. T. Hunter for the purpose of commencing it. He had been engaged in this sphere of labour some six or seven months when he was called away from the Church militant on earth to the Church triumphant above. It occasionally happens that a new mission becomes, as it were, consecrated by the sudden death of its founder, but rarely by his martyrdom. I earnestly trust the Church of Scotland will consider itself solemnly pledged before God, by the death of its zealous and pious evangelist, Hunter, to send to this honoured spot its choicest missionaries, that with all the earnestness and holy fire of men bent on the salvation of souls, they may enter on the work so nobly begun and so nobly terminated by the first martyr there.

The further notice of this infant mission resolves itself into a narration of the circumstances connected with the death of Mr Hunter, and a biographical sketch of his life, which I proceed to give.

*Account of the Rev. Thomas Hunter, Missionary of
the Church of Scotland, Sealkote.*

Mr Hunter was born in Aberdeen on the 4th of December 1827, and was the son of Mr John M. Hunter, clerk of the Inland Revenue, of the same city. He studied in the Grammar School, then in King's College, and afterwards in the Old Divinity Hall, Aberdeen. Two circumstances appear to have united in directing his mind to missionary labour in India—the one, that his elder brother was already employed as a missionary at Nagpore, in Central India; the other, the influence which the Rev. Dr Duff and the late Rev. Robert Nesbit exerted over him. He was appointed to India in the summer of 1855, and with Mrs Hunter set sail for Bombay, which they reached at the close of the year.

On arriving in Bombay, Mr Hunter was engaged for some time in the Society's Institution there. His original destination was the Punjaub, but it was found desirable for him to remain for a while in Bombay. While there he appears to have entered on his duties in a true missionary spirit, aiming to win souls to Christ, and to lead the sinner into the ways of holiness. It is very gratifying to perceive, too, that the labours of so young a missionary were not without their fruit. In the following year, 1856, he baptized two persons from the Institution, one a teacher, the other a pupil. The Lord was thus evincing His approval

of the earnestness, the fervour, and diligence of His servant.

In the month of October 1856, he was enabled to carry out his cherished purpose of proceeding to the Punjaub. The scene of his labours was Sealkote. Here he endeavoured to establish a mission, and was in the midst of his plans for the evangelisation of that part of the country, when the mutiny supervened and brought them to an abrupt close. It seems that, when the outbreak occurred and the station of Sealkote was threatened, a number of the residents left for Lahore, and took refuge in the fort there. Mr Hunter deemed it right to remain behind, and hoped he might be able with the rest to weather the storm. It was a noble resolution to remain at the post of danger, and one worthy of his position as a minister of the gospel, as, although a non-combatant, such an example may possibly have been productive of much good in re-assuring the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Many places have been saved during the insurrection by the exhibition of such a heroic spirit. On the 9th of July, the long impending mutiny took place. The 46th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry and the 9th Irregular Cavalry broke loose. The Europeans, as seems to have been previously arranged, at once tried to make their way to the fort. All were successful with the exception of seven persons, among whom were Mr and Mrs Hunter, and their infant child. Little can be learned of the exact circumstances of the massacre of the missionary and his family. An officer who was proceeding to the

fort, accompanied by several others, under an escort of a body of mounted police, states in a letter, that on their way they called at the mission-house for the Hunters, but found that they had already left. He says, "Mr Hunter and his family had gone on some time before, and had been all murdered on the road. It seemed to have been no part of the Sealkote mutineers' plan to massacre ladies and children, but perhaps Mrs Hunter had offended the fanatical Mohammedans by establishing a small female school—a crime, in their eyes, deserving death." A lady also, writing from the fort three days after the mutiny, remarks that she and her husband escaped to the quarter-guard, and adds, "We had not long been there when a horse was brought in wounded, and the servant said it belonged to Mr Hunter, the missionary, and that he and his wife and child had been killed in 'their carriage, and were lying dead on the roadside.'"

I append the following observations upon the life and character of this lamented missionary and his wife, which were originally printed in a Scottish periodical. From them it will be seen that the Church of Christ has cause for holy exultation in the belief that our dear brother and sister have finished their course with joy, and entered into the reward of the faithful:—"At an early period, the eminently Christian character both of Mr and Mrs Hunter had been clearly shewn. He laboured with much faithfulness and affection as a district visitor in connexion with a parish in Edinburgh, and impressed most favourably those who had an oppor-

tunity of observing his disinterested services. One who knew him well has said, 'Most unquestionably he was no common young man. Young as he was, he had a martyr's spirit, and soon indeed did he obtain the fulfilment of the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Of this I have no doubt. And as little do I doubt that the gentle spirit who followed him in his journeyings, and shared with him in his sufferings, is now sharing his reward.' She, too, had early shewn a missionary spirit. As a teacher in the Sabbath-school connected with the same parish and congregation, and latterly also as a district visitor, she laboured for several years with earnest and affectionate fervour ; while 'the gentleness of her nature, the manifest simplicity of her aim, and the singular modesty which characterised all her movements, rendered her a universal favourite.' She had so won the hearts of those who attended her classes, that some of them are known to have eagerly sought information respecting her labours in Sealkote ; and all of them received, we cannot doubt, with heavy hearts, the melancholy intelligence of her early and cruel death. Can we doubt that theirs has been a transition from toil, and struggle, and danger, to the triumphs of everlasting rest?"

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAPLAIN IN LUCKNOW.

*Brief Account of the Rev. H. S. Polehampton, M.A.,
late Chaplain of Lucknow.*

THROUGH the watchful care of God over our fellow-countrymen, who were shut up for so long a period in the Residency at Lucknow, it was so ordered that among their number should be two clergymen, men of earnestness and fidelity, who were ready to imperil their lives in ministering to the spiritual necessities of the imprisoned garrison. One of them was the Rev. J. R. Harris, a Company's chaplain, whose conduct in attending on the sick, in going from house to house, from hospital to hospital, or from one part of the Residency to another, in pursuit of his sacred vocation, at all hours of the day, and when shot and shell were falling in his path, was most exemplary. It was then seen that while the soldier could gallantly brave death to support the honour of his country in resisting every attack of the enemy, the minister of religion also, in his endeavours to direct the eye of the wounded warrior to Jesus the Saviour, through whom his sins, though many, might be pardoned, and a blessed entrance given to him into the kingdom above, could also face the gall-

ing fire, and present himself fearlessly as a mark for the bullet or any other death-dealing missile. I remember when the women and children were brought from Lucknow to Cawnpore, and thence, though exposed to not a little danger from the presence of the victorious Gwalior Contingent in front of the intrenchments of the latter place, to Allahabad, whence some of them proceeded in steamers down the river Ganges to Calcutta—I remember when the first steamer arrived off the ghats at Mirzapore, and several ladies came to my house for a few hours, that in the course of conversation a singular circumstance was narrated, which, while highly interesting and affecting in itself, testified to the imminent risk which Mr Harris was obliged to encounter. A lady in the Residency had given birth to a child, and wished to have it baptized. It was difficult, nay, apparently impossible, to select a spot for the ceremony free from danger. The room in which it was to be performed was under the fire of the enemy. Cannon-balls and even shells might at any time enter through the openings between the pillars, and through other spaces. When the rite was administered, therefore, some persons stood behind one pillar, and some behind another, while others retreated into a corner of the room, and all were watching lest some messenger of destruction should suddenly enter the room. Under such extraordinary, and, I will venture to add, unparalleled circumstances, was the rite of baptism administered to the dear infant. In the despatch of Brigadier Inglis he makes especial reference to Mr Harris, as one

deserving the thanks of the Government and of the country for his self-denying zeal.

The other clergyman present with the garrison was the Rev. H. S. Polehampton, also a chaplain of the Company. His career was cut short in its commencement. It was permitted him to end it illustriously, like one who bears the flag in the front rank of a conquering army, and is struck down with the cry of victory on his lips. Whilst at the bedside of the sick, Mr Polehampton received the first warning from his Master to prepare himself for his departure. Doubtless he had not neglected this preparation until so solemn a warning arrived. He was, I say, attending to the spiritual wants of the sick and wounded, when a ball from the enemy struck him and laid him prostrate. The second and final warning was also a summons to depart. It came quick upon the heels of the first. Though life was about closing while manhood was yet supple, and its powers unimpaired by age, still it had not been unproductive of fruit. Mr Harris has written me the following interesting particulars respecting his fellow-labourer and friend:—"Mr Polehampton was educated at Eton and Oxford. He was a Scholar, and subsequently a Fellow, of Pembroke College, Oxford. After serving some years in holy orders in England, he came out to this country as chaplain, and was at once appointed to Lucknow. He had scarcely been there one year when the mutiny broke out. During that year he had ministered most devotedly through a terrible visitation of cholera, and won the grateful acknowledgments of the

whole community. He was shot through the body whilst with the sick and wounded in hospital, one week after the commencement of the siege ; and though for a time he went on well, and the wound was not necessarily mortal, he was seized with cholera on the 19th of July, and died early the next morning, immediately before the first grand assault, universally and most sincerely lamented, and by none more than myself." May we not indulge the hope that in the hour of dissolution he was enabled humbly, yet with clear assurance, to utter the ecstatic words of the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Nor must I forget to mention the devotion of the beloved wife of Mr Polehampton, after the decease of her husband. She was found among the sick, soothing them in their anguish and pain. Here, in acts of piety and love, she sought to carry on the holy work which her husband was not permitted to accomplish. Her name stands out conspicuous among the female members of the garrison, as one of the four illustrious ladies who, at a time of imminent peril, were employed in deeds of mercy in waiting upon the afflicted in the hospitals, and whose Christian charity was considered worthy of especial record in the despatch of the Brigadier, addressed to the Governor-General in Council.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ACTING CHAPLAIN OF SHAHJEHANPORE.

Brief Account of the Death of the Rev. John Maccallum, late Chaplain of Shahjehanpore.

THE tale of the Shahjehanpore massacre is familiar to most persons. It was perpetrated on Sunday the 31st of May, while the residents were assembled in the church for Divine service. The service had barely commenced, when it was observed that the sepoys were surrounding the church. These murderers called out to the Europeans inside to come out. It seems that those who went out were at once attacked, and those who remained in the church were fired upon. Among the first who went out to the mutineers, at their threatening solicitation, was Mr Maccallum, the clergyman. The mutineers rushed upon him; but, strange to say, he escaped from them, with the loss of one of his hands. He then fled to the river, where he hid himself, in company with a writer, Mr Smith. "The latter, towards the evening, went to the house of Mr Ricketts; was there found by the sepoys, and murdered. The chaplain, seeing men weeding in the fields, thought that they might be induced to help him. He accordingly left his hiding-place, and offered them money if they

would assist him in reaching some place of safety. No sooner did they see the money, than they rushed upon the unfortunate man with their sticks, and, knocking him down, commenced beating him to death. His cries attracted the attention of a Pathan in a neighbouring village, who, armed with a sword, rushed up and severed his head from his body." All the residents of Shahjehanpore—men, women, and children, with scarcely a single exception—were massacred by the bloody sepoys, either in the station itself or on their way to Seetapore.

The Rev. J. Maccallum came to India about the year 1835, and commenced his career as a missionary in connexion with the mission established by the Rev. W. Start, and was for a short time stationed at Patna. After a brief period, he left Mr Start's mission, and took charge of an English school, established by Government at Corruckpore. From that place he was transferred to a similar school at Chittagong. Subsequently he left the service of Government, sought ordination from the Bishop of Calcutta, and joined the Clergy Aid Society, with which he remained connected till the day of his death. For some years he was stationed at Bhaugulpore; thence he was removed to Shahjehanpore, where, as above described, he was barbarously murdered. So far as I have been able to ascertain, Mr Maccallum was a man much esteemed by his colleagues and acquaintances, as a faithful preacher, a sincere friend, and a true servant of Christ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE SPIRIT DISPLAYED BY THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS,
AND THE SERVICES RENDERED BY THEM TO THE
GOVERNMENT DURING THE REBELLION.

A FEW months ago, a native Christian, in the opinion of many men professing to be well acquainted with India, was a mythic personage, of whose real existence they were in considerable doubt. It is true they sometimes caught sight of an object which declared itself to be a native Christian, and which they eyed with much suspicion, scanning it from top to toe, as though it were a curious specimen of natural history—a sort of *lusus naturæ*—which had no business to come into existence anywhere. The asseveration of this singular object, that it was a Christian, with Hindoo blood in its veins, was listened to with incredulous astonishment, as, in the first place, it was believed that Christianity had not taken actual root in the breast of one solitary Hindoo, and, in the second, that any pretence that it had was a monstrous imposition and an utter fiction.

Suddenly, and at a time when it was important to know who were our friends and who our enemies, the discovery was made, that we had a few friends in the

midst of us—staunch and loyal to the back-bone—on whose presence and aid at such a time we had not previously reckoned, and that they went by the remarkable cognomen of native Christians. Let us look for a moment at the social and political condition of this newly-discovered phenomenon prior to the rebellion.

The Government of India had, for the most part, left out of its calculations, as proper objects of rule, this class of the people. It framed laws, which respected minutely the peculiar institutions of the Hindoos, of the Mohammedans, and of the Parsees, and which secured the promotion of many members of these important sections of the community to positions of honour and emolument in the State. But the Government disowned the native Christian. Politically, he was an outcast; he could gain admission to no office under Government. In every district, several hundreds, and even thousands, of persons were in the employ of the State, occupying a vast variety of posts, many of which were of a very subordinate nature; but the native Christian, because he was a native Christian, and was neither Hindoo, Mussulman, nor Parsee, was totally ineligible for the lowest. He was equally excluded from military preferment, at least in the Bengal army, except in the capacity of a drummer. He could not be accepted as a sepoy. A Christian sepoy would have been an anomaly, would have elicited a folio of correspondence, would have been the infallible cause of a severe reprimand being administered to the officer who appointed him, and would have been in-

gloriously dismissed. Nay more, should a sepoy have become a Christian, which occasionally happened, he was, *ipso facto*, incapacitated for further service in the army, and was obliged to quit the ranks immediately, as a man whose conduct had disqualified him for military duty. So watchful was the Government over the honour of Hindooism, of Moslemism, and of Parseeism, and so reckless in the abandonment of its own!

Need I state the consequences? Unrecognised by the Government of the country, banished from every office of dignity, and ignominiously treated by many officials, what wonder if the people generally regarded the native Christians with disfavour, and, while respecting their principles, were inclined to despise them for the sacrifices they had made? Cast out by their relatives and friends, and neglected by the Government, surely it was a hard position to be placed in. They were thus, in the majority of instances, thrown on the world without any means of livelihood whatever. Of course the missionaries cared for their wants, and endeavoured to procure them employment by which they might subsist. But, nevertheless, the result was irresistible. The ejection of the native Christians from their families, and the dishonour heaped upon them in various directions, sanctioned and practised by the authorities themselves, caused the position they occupied to be necessarily one of much degradation. They were branded by their fellow-countrymen and by the ruling power as a contemptible and incapable race.

It is true that Government officials, in their private

capacity, have not only rendered assistance to missions, and that occasionally with much munificence, but have also, though these instances have not been frequent, taken interest in native Christians personally and as a class. This was only to be expected in men professing to be imbued by the principles of the gospel and to be anxious for the salvation of their fellow-creatures. But still, and it is with no little sorrow that I make the remark, I have very seldom indeed met with pious Englishmen who cared to meet a pious native Christian and to hold intercourse with him. They have shewn unmistakeably that they were strongly affected by the prevailing prejudices against this class. Instead of courageously resisting these prejudices and aiding the missionaries to overcome them, they have preferred to stand aloof from objects on whom the ban of society rested. I would that this were all. But it is not so. When the difficulties with which native Christians have had to contend have been represented to them, they have seemed inclined to reproach the native Christians, and even the missionaries on their account. The missionaries, consequently, have been almost the sole supporters of the native Christians in their trials and sorrows, their sole defenders from the opprobrium with which they have been assailed. They have not received from their godly countrymen that zealous co-operation, that kindly assistance, and that holy sympathy, which they naturally looked for, as a service rendered not so much to themselves as to their Divine Lord and Master.

It might have been supposed that the peculiar hard-

ships which the native Christians encountered—hardships for which the Government and Europeans in general were to a great extent responsible—would have exasperated their minds against their rulers; and that on occasion of a rebellion in their midst, when authority was at an end and law was no longer obeyed, they would have shewn themselves to be doubtful friends. It is true their fidelity was tested in a remarkable manner. The sun of Britain seemed fast going down into the shades of night, whereas the star of revolt was rising higher and higher over the hills and plains of all Northern India, seducing from their allegiance multitudes on whom its lurid glance fell.

And what was the spirit evinced by the native Christians as a body, when their principles and honour were thus brought to a trial? Was it time-serving or recreant? Was it such as to confound the missionaries, to warrant the aspersions of enemies, and to fulfil the unkind insinuations and suspicions of professed friends? Blessed be God it was of a very different stamp. From the first they made common cause with the English, and rallied round the British flag. They were ready to share in the common danger, and to resist the common foe. It was a natural instinct—the instinct of Christianity—which led them spontaneously to consort with Europeans, and to regard their own safety as one with theirs.

I would here remark in passing, that if the loyalty and hearty co-operation of the native Christians were of such a character, how materially would the Govern-

ment have been strengthened had their number been a hundred times greater than what it was! And the thought, too, presents itself with striking force, that for the natives to become evangelised is for them to be made loyal subjects of the British crown. The institution of missions in India is an institution that makes faithful and peaceable subjects of Her Majesty, which no other institution in all India, springing out of the two great services, the civil and military, or any of their collaterals, has been able to do. It is a necessary result of Protestant missions wherever they are established—a necessary effect proceeding from them as an adequate cause—a necessary conclusion in a syllogism of which they, in their efficient and godly management, are the perfect premises, that they produce good citizens, men that will honour their governors, and, if need be, fight for them to the death. Let the Government of India, therefore, as a matter of administrative policy, throw all the weight of its influence into the scale of missions, for by so doing it will add immensely to its own stability, and, it may be, prevent the possibility of a second rebellion.

The native Christian community not only boldly placed itself on the side of the Government, but gave various and solid proofs of its fidelity and zeal. This statement I shall proceed to establish. One of the most extensive missions in Northern India is that situated at Krishnaghur, in Bengal, under the superintendence of the Church Missionary Society. No sooner did the news of the revolt in Meerut and Delhi, and

the mutinous spirit displayed in other places, reach the native Christians there, than they were eager to render assistance to the Government, either by their persons or their property, or in any way in which they might be of service to the State. This noble offer of help must have been amongst the very first the Government received, as it was made before the end of the month of May. It was couched in the following modest and hearty terms:—

“To the Most Noble the Governor-General of India,
The Humble Address of the Native Christians,
residing in the district of Krishnaghur.

“It is now one hundred years that, by the Divine favour, the illustrious English have, in a very wonderful manner, brought under their dominion and good government a great part of the world, by which the people of Bengal have enjoyed great security, and lived in happiness and safety. The Government have promulgated very beneficial laws for the punishment of the wicked, and the protection of the peaceable inhabitants, and by many kinds of gifts and honours have manifested their affection towards their subjects, and rendered them illustrious; the very relation of which benefits almost produces tears.

“But what painful circumstances have now arisen, that suddenly like thunder, in the midst of the territories of such powerful and very just English, danger has arisen! Alas! their own forces have revolted, and manifest treason in many parts of the Honourable Company’s territories. Especially do they slay persons

connected with the Government [*lit.*, royal persons], with their wives and children. This bad news we have learned through many of the newspapers, and in the trouble of our governors we are troubled; and with troubled minds we give our signatures to state, that in case any further troubles should arise, we native Christians in the Krishnaghur district, if called on, will be ready to aid the Government to the utmost of our power, both by bullock-garries and men, or in any other way in which our services may be required, and that cheerfully, without wages or remuneration.

“If a letter be sent to the missionaries in the Krishnaghur district, what we have said shall be cheerfully done; they will exert themselves to give their people, or to aid in any way that may be required. We native Christians, being happy in the prosperity of the Government, desire also to share in the troubles that may come upon it.

“It may be right to ask one question of our illustrious Governor, Why after so long a time has Almighty God so suddenly permitted troubles to arise? He does nothing without a cause. It may be, perhaps, that in the Honourable Company’s territories, there has been some injustice towards the ryots permitted to continue, on which account God has caused difficulties to arise.

“However that may be, we shall day and night continue in prayer to Almighty God, that He may pardon whatever is wrong, and restore the blessing of peace to the country.

“28th May, A.D. 1857.”

Herein was expressed, in simple and unadorned language, the gratitude of the Memorialists, together with their anxiety for the honour and stability of the British Government in India. Yet, can it be believed that their earnest request to render assistance to that Government was refused, *because* it might be distasteful to the Hindoo and Mohammedan community—*because* it might have the appearance, that the authorities trusted the Christian more than the heathen population, at a moment when the safety of the State and the permanence of true religion in the country were imperilled—*because*, as the loyalty of the latter was very doubtful, and of the former was beyond suspicion, it was deemed politic to smile upon and caress the one, and to behave rudely and cavalierly to the other ?

In Benares, the Christians of the Church mission united together for the defence of the mission premises, and of their own lives and property, and under the leadership of their gallant chief, the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, remained steadfast at their post during the times of the greatest danger. A scheme was set on foot in Benares for raising a military corps, principally, I believe, for the performance of police duties, the members of which were to be drilled and placed under a military system, to receive the same pay as sepoy, namely, seven rupees per month, and to consist exclusively, or nearly so, of native Christians. It so happened, that on account of the disturbances throughout the entire province of Benares, an unusual number of Christians, who had fled thither from the outlying stations, were gathered to-

gether in the place. It was consequently a very favourable opportunity for giving information to the Christians, that they might now, if they chose, render important services to the local government at a most critical juncture, and also for ascertaining the spirit which animated them. The corps was in process of formation, and the Christians shewed that they were quite ready to overlook the contempt with which hitherto they had been regarded, and to fight for the Government if necessary. One or two companies were already formed, when suddenly the order came from the Lieutenant-Governor that the men were to be discharged. The order was issued, I say, by the late Lieutenant-Governor, Mr John Peter Grant, who, jealous of the fine feelings of Hindoo and Moslem, thought that it would be offensive to the natives in general, and might create difficulties, and so forth, if native Christians were *at such a time* introduced into the army. At such a time, forsooth! Where was the Bengal army at this time? It was melting away, and soon became a nonentity. And as to loyalty and honour, on how many men could the finger be placed during those months of terror, *beside the Christians*, in respect of whom it could be said with certainty, that they were staunch to the core?

Another opportunity, however, was offered the Christians of performing military service. Presently a police levy was raised, the rank and dignity of which were to be considerably lower than of the corps of which I have been speaking. Nothing daunted by disappointment

and by the selfishness with which the Government was acting, not a few of the Christians enlisted in this levy, of whom several were promoted to the rank of officers. The levy did excellent service in the rebellion. It was several times led out against the enemy. For six months it was located in Mirzapore, and was the only force the station and city had to depend on in case of attack by rebels from without, or of an outbreak among the sepoys of the 47th Regiment B. N. I., quartered in the cantonments. The intrenched position or redoubt, erected last year for the security of the residents, was garrisoned by the levy. The duties which this police corps performed were thus in reality of a strictly military character. As the pay of the men was much less than the pay of the old sepoys, some of the Christians, being able to earn a better livelihood by other means, were unwilling to risk their lives and submit to all the inconveniences and hardships of a military life, and to receive so small a remuneration. They, therefore, retired from the corps. To give an instance. An active intelligent man, named John Christian, of the Mirzapore mission, entered the levy. After several months' service he rose to become a havildar, when he received eight rupees as monthly wages. The pay of a havildar of the Bengal army, including everything, was eighteen rupees, making a difference between the two of ten rupees. John Christian, while merely a police sepoy, had latterly been in the receipt of only five rupees a month, which, in fact, was a reduction of a rupee, as the men had received wages when the corps was first

enrolled at the rate of six rupees a-month. Even with the increase arising from his new position, the pay of John Christian was so meagre that he retired from the levy, for a situation in which he receives from twelve to fifteen rupees monthly. I mention this circumstance to shew that some of the native Christians who left the service had good reason for so doing. They would certainly not have been justified in sacrificing themselves and curtailing the income of their families, when they could obtain a less hazardous and more lucrative employment elsewhere. Notwithstanding, there are Christians still in the levy, and amongst them are three officers, namely, two jamadars and a havildar major.

The public services of the Christians in Benares were not confined to the levy. They were employed in various ways, according to their abilities. So also in Mirzapore, in addition to those in the levy, others were engaged as sowars, or horsemen, or found employment in the commissariat.

In Agra, prior to the outbreak, a great number of the native Christians at Chitoura acted as chowkedars or watchmen. The Christians also at the Secundra Press received from the Lieutenant-Governor a considerable quantity of materials for fighting, including sixty muskets. It is evident, therefore, that he and the authorities generally regarded the Christians as faithful to the Government. And yet, by a policy strange and cruel, they were for a short time excluded from the fort after the Europeans had entered it, and when the life of every Christian outside was in the most imminent peril.

It is difficult to comprehend such a spirit of inhumanity on the part of men bearing the British name. There is some ground, too, for the supposition, that had not one of the missionaries threatened to share the dangers of the Christians, and to remain out of the fort, they would have been left to their fate; and, to a moral certainty, that fate would have been a general massacre. The Christians had already afforded important aid to the Government, and were about to render still more valuable assistance. On admission into the fort, they were called upon to undertake any and every kind of labour that was imposed on them. This was proper. At such times it was absolutely necessary that every hand should be actively employed. Civilians, officers, clerks, soldiers, native Christians, and all other occupants of the fort, laboured as men in earnest to save their lives and those of their families. Many of the native Christians took the places of the heathen and Mohammedan servants, who abandoned the fort when they imagined it was liable to an attack. Had the native Christians not been then present, I fear the residents, who numbered some four or five thousand persons, would have experienced great inconvenience. On a diminution of the danger, many of the servants returned, when the Christians were less needed for this duty. In addition to the service thus rendered, some of the native Christians assisted the artillerymen in manning the guns, and others were employed in various ways, both in the civil and military department.

In many places the Christians were, and still are,

employed in the department of the police. I understand that before the fall of Delhi the Commissioner of Meerut wrote to Lahore for additional men to serve in the police, stating that the only men he had were Christians and Sikhs. In Backergunj, in various stations in Behar, in Gopeegunj, in Allahabad, in Futtehghur, and in other cities and towns, they have discharged either police or military duties. The Christians have been much sought after, as almost the only class absolutely free from the contagion of revolt. In Allahabad a troop of cavalry, consisting entirely of native Christians, is now being formed under the eye and with the direct sanction of the Governor-General. If at this moment there were a thousand Christians, or indeed more, in my own mission, I believe they might all find immediate employment in some contingent or levy now being raised in the neighbourhood. How strangely fickle are human affairs! A few months ago this class was much despised—now it stands high in public opinion as the most loyal in India.

In the Hooghly Police Corps, organised under the superintendence of Mr Hodgson Pratt, consisting of about one hundred and thirty or forty men, one hundred are Christians drawn from the Krishnaghur mission. It is said that these men are “well behaved and orderly;” and there is good reason for believing that they give satisfaction to the authorities. They seem to be treated with the respect paid to European soldiers, for every Sunday they are marched to church to Divine service. The permission to attend on public worship

is granted, I imagine, in most cases wherever Christians have entered any police or military force. In Catania's levy, in Mirzapore, the Christians off duty can always come to the church on the Sabbath.

It appears, however, that the old scruples in regard to native Christians being engaged in any way in the service of the Government, are still retained by some of the officials in Bengal; for where men have been wanted, and native Christians have been at hand, they have not in every case been appointed. For instance, I hear that in Dacca upwards of one hundred and fifty men were required for the discharge of police duties, yet not a single Christian was elected. The Christians, on the contrary, were anxious to enter the force, and on being disappointed in Dacca, proceeded to Tipperah, where they were in great demand. "One man danced attendance on the magistrate for three months, and got nothing, while the most notorious lattials (scoundrels) were appointed."

In the chapter on the mission in Chhota Nagpore, I have already drawn attention to the magnificent and loyal offer on the part of the missionaries there, when the sepoy exhibited signs of disaffection, and an outbreak was of all things most probable. The offer to raise a force of ten thousand men, consisting of Christians and villagers, over whom their influence was paramount, with whom they had closely associated, and in whom they had unbounded confidence, was declined by the Government officials. What might not such a force have effected, if properly drilled and accoutred?

They might, at the least, have held the country until the arrival of British troops ; might have kept down the unruly spirit of the zemindars ; might perhaps have assisted in repelling the disastrous march of the Dinapore mutineers, and have stopped the Ramghur battalion, and other bands of sepoys on their devastating career ; and might, with certainty, have prevented the headlong flight of the residents, and have preserved to them the respect and esteem of the natives. Better to risk all than owe deliverance to the foresight of a missionary, or to the courage of despised Christians !

A similar offer seems to have been made by the Rev. Mr Mason, American missionary at Tounghoo, in Burmah. His proposal to Government was, that the Christian Karens should be formed into a police battalion. They are an active and able-bodied people, and hearty in the allegiance they pay to the Government. From their numbers, they would have been able to perform immense service to the State. Instead of enlisting fifty thousand Sikhs, who, possibly, in a few years might turn upon their masters as the dastardly sepoys have done, if Mr Mason's proposition had been extended, and instead of a police battalion, some eight or ten regiments of Christian Karens had been raised, and interspersed among the Sikhs, diminished by that number, they would have exercised a powerful influence in keeping the remainder faithful to their salt. It is hardly necessary to say, as I suppose the result will have been already conjectured by my readers, that the loyal proposal of Mr Mason was not accepted, on the

ground that it would create an "invidious distinction."

In Southern India, the native converts are much more numerous than in the North. Had the Government wished it, I have no doubt that several complete regiments might have been raised amongst them. On the breaking out of the rebellion, the Christians made protestations of loyalty to the Government, and, like their brethren in Northern India, expressed their readiness to render any service for the re-establishment of order and the subjugation of the common enemy that they were capable of performing. This offer of aid, which was made to the Governor of Madras, was declined, though on what precise grounds I am unable to say. I suppose they were similar to those which had influenced the Government in the North, and yet, if so, it is difficult to comprehend them. The same repugnance to the appointment of Christians as sepoys in the army, whereby they had been totally excluded from the Bengal army, had not existed to the same extent in the Presidency of Madras. Christians were admitted into the ranks. The 17th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, which was sent into the North during the first months of the mutiny, was stationed for some time in Mirzapore. In it there were, I understood—and I made inquiries on the subject at the time—about forty Christians, Catholics and Protestants. Some of the Protestants attended the Hindustanee service in the church, and a friendship sprung up between them and the Christians of the mission. I am at a loss, there-

fore, to conceive the reason why the Christians in the South of India, when they proffered their services to the Government at a time when those services were intensely needed, should not at once have been formed into a battalion, and that with all possible despatch, so as to be ready for any emergency which might possibly have occurred in that quarter.

I think little more need be said to illustrate the spirit manifested by the native Christian community during the period of the great mutiny and rebellion. The idea seems not to have entered the minds of the rulers of India, that the loyalty of the Christian convert was a matter of principle, was a dictate of his inner conscience, trained and purified through faith in the Saviour. The general feeling among Europeans in India is, that the Hindoo is destitute of a conscience; and, I must confess, that his habits tend to justify the feeling. To the outrage of Christianity, the Europeans have placed the Christian convert in the same category as the idolatrous Hindoo, one chief reason of such a monstrous and unnatural promiscuousness being, as has been already remarked, that few, even of the "godly sort," among our fellow-countrymen, have cared to own a native Christian, or to hold any intercourse with him. The Government officials in India, in all the Presidencies, have never in their lives witnessed a hearty and thorough loyalty among the natives with whom they have come in contact. And why? Because they have never secured the affections of the natives—have never touched the strings which vibrate through their hearts.

✓ The missionaries have seen that which India's rulers, with all their retinue, their pomp, their great name, their large salaries, have hitherto in their histories not been permitted the honour of beholding. They have seen natives of unmistakeable and genuine loyalty—men who were of necessity faithful to the crown, and who could not be otherwise. And why? Because that necessity was the necessity of a religious principle governing their hearts, and enlisting strongly their affections. They *could* not be disloyal to the Queen of Britain and of India, and take the part of Hindoo and Mussulman, for they would then have been disloyal to their God, who abominates the idolatries of the one and the false worship of the other. What, therefore, the Englishman says of England, the native convert ✓ says of her rule in India, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

But the dawn of a better day has arrived. Not only for military employment, but for civil employment likewise, the demand everywhere is for native Christians. Throughout the whole of the North-western Provinces and the Punjaub, qualified Christians are, I believe, admissible to the Government offices. In some places the preference is given to them. The famous order on the subject drawn up by Mr Montgomery, Judicial Commissioner of the Punjaub, and issued by Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, has already found its way into these provinces, and been in some places adopted. I cannot forbear inserting so important an order. It is as follows :—

“The sufferings and trials which the Almighty has permitted to come upon His people in this land during the past few months, though dark and mysterious to us, will assuredly end in His glory. The followers of Christ will now, I believe, be induced to come forward and advance the interests of His kingdom, and those of His servants. The system of caste can no longer be permitted to rule in our service. Soldiers and Government servants of every class must be entertained for their merits, irrespective of creed, class, or caste. The native Christians as a body have, with rare exceptions, been set aside. I know not one in the Punjaub (to our disgrace be it said) in any employment under Government. A proposition to employ them in the public service six months ago, would assuredly have been received with coldness, and would not have been complied with. But a change has come; and I believe there are few who will not eagerly employ those native Christians competent to fill appointments. I understand that in the ranks of the army at Madras, there are native Christians, and I have heard that some of the guns at Agra are at this time manned by native Christians. I consider I should be wanting in my duty at this crisis, if I did not endeavour to secure a portion of the numerous appointments in the judicial department for native Christians, and I shall be happy (as far as I can) to advance their interests equally with those of the Mohammedan and Hindoo candidates. Their future promotion must depend on their own merits. I shall, therefore, feel obliged by each missionary favouring me

with a list of the native Christians belonging to them, who, in their opinion, are fit for the public service. The following suggestions will aid the missionaries in classifying their men. For burkundazes (policemen in the ranks) able-bodied men are required. If the candidate can read and write, and is generally intelligent, he is pretty sure to rise rapidly to the higher ranks. For assistants in public offices, and for higher appointments in the judicial and police departments generally, it is imperative that candidates should read and write Urdu in the *Shikasta* hand fluently, and be intelligent, ready, and trustworthy. Candidates must be prepared at first to accept the lower grade of appointments, in order that they may learn their duties, and qualify themselves for the higher posts. Arrangements can sometimes be made to apprentice a candidate for a few months, with a view to teach him his work; but during this period the candidate must support himself. It is suggested that no persons be nominated whom the missionaries do not consider, by their character and attainments, to have a good prospect of success. Better wait till a candidate qualifies himself fully, than recommend an inferior man."

If the spirit of this order be acted upon throughout the whole of India, a new epoch will commence in the history of the native Christian community. But it is to be feared that as the sting of the rebellion ceases to be felt by the Governments at home and in India, the old irreligious policy will be reverted to, and the native convert, in some places, if not in many, be depressed

below the Hindoo and Mohammedan as before. But such an inauspicious and ungodly result of this terrific struggle will never be possible, so long as the people of England, with a clear and emphatic voice, forbid it. The remedy under God is in their hands.

THE END.



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

31 MAR '63 PY	JAN 21 1996
	RECEIVED
REC'D LD	DEC 09 1995
MAR 17 1963	CIRCULATION DEPT.
REC'D LD	
MAY 13 '64 -2 PM	
OCT 22 1986	
AUTO. DISC.	
OCT 21 1986	
NOV 01 1992	
AUTO DISC.	
NOV 02 1992	
CIRCULATION	

LD 21A-50m-11,'62
(D3279s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YB 28336

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



8000895256

476119

DS478

S5

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

